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# VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES

BY

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD-GRANVILLE, EARL OF ST. GERMANS,
G.C.B.,

MY EVER KIND AND VALUED FRIEND,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS PRESENTED, WITH AN EARNEST PRAYER THAT THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ELIOT, EMINENT FOR CENTURIES, AND HISTORIC SINCE THE TIME OF SIR JOHN ELIOT, THE PATRIOT, MAY NEVER KNOW A VICISSITUDE.

J. BERNARD BURKE,

ULSTER.

*Record Tower,*
*Dublin Castle.*

# PREFACE.

THIS new and compact edition of the "Vicissitudes of Families" has been very carefully revised, re-modelled, and in many parts re-written. Originally the work appeared in three distinct series, published at different periods, and was not devoted exclusively to one matter, —"The Vicissitudes of Families." Essays on other subjects were introduced, thus somewhat marring the unity of the whole plan. My present purpose is, by the omission of a few irrelevant chapters, and by the addition of new stories of appropriate interest, to produce a substantive and complete record of the changeful fortunes of great houses, — a work, in fact, illustrative of that portion so eventful, and yet so little known, of domestic history. My topic is the greatness that has gone by, passing either rapidly, like the lion struck down in his pride, or slowly, like the oak for ages withering away. In the performance of my task, I have left no available source of information unexplored. I have, too, and I trust successfully, endeavoured to avoid the introduction of a single narrative, or the expression of a single word which might possibly be painful to any one's feelings.

## PREFACE.

I have completed this edition during a long and severe illness; its preparation has been an occupation and an amusement, beguiling many a wearisome hour. To me, the book has been a labour of love; but its theme in itself is indeed so instructive that I do hope I am not too presumptuous in the pleasing anticipation that these "Vicissitudes" may attract and interest my readers, and turn their hearts to the sorrows and sufferings of those who have fallen, oft not deservedly, from high estate and dazzling glory, into utter misery and oblivion:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

J. B. B.,
Ulster.

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# VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

"Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris, quam temporum varietates, fortunæque vicissitudines."—Cicero.

The vicissitudes of great families form a curious chapter in the general history of mankind: in fact, the interest attaching to individual fortunes is of a more human character, and excites more of human sympathy than that which belongs to the fate of kingdoms. But such details are seldom to be found close at hand. They lie for the most part scattered about in private papers, and in chronicles seldom read, buried under a mass of dry and unattractive materials, from which they must be disinterred, and have the dust swept off, before they can be fitly presented to the public at large. The obscurity in which they are thus shrouded may be considered as one reason why these domestic stories have excited so little general notice. Another cause must, no doubt, be sought in the multitude of subjects that press on the reader's time and attention, from every side, leaving but a narrow space for the development of any particular study. The history even of kingdoms has, in the course of ages, grown to a size so monstrous, that a lifetime is scarcely sufficient to

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houses have their seasons, more or less,
constitutional strength : they have their s
nmer sunshine glare, their wane, decline

back only so far as the year 1637, and we shall find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire! Nor is this the only branch from the tree of royalty that has dwarfed and withered. If we were to closely investigate the fortunes of the many inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be shown that, in sober truth, "the aspiring blood of Lancaster" had sunk "in the ground," aye, and deeply too. The princely stream flows through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher, and a tollbar collector; the first, a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, who died in 1855; the latter, a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley, who died in 1846. Then, again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's Hanover Square—a strange descent, from sword and sceptre to the spade and the pickaxe!

In the ranks of the untitled aristocracy time has effected wondrous changes. The most stately and gorgeous houses have crumbled under its withering touch. Let us cast our eye on what county we please in England, and the same view will present itself. Few, very few, of those old historic names that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a *male* descendant. It has been asserted, I know not exactly with what truth, that in

Herefordshire, a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, there are but three or four county gentlemen who can show a *male* descent from the proprietors recorded in the Visitations. In the North, these genealogical vicissitudes have been hastened by the influence of commercial success, which has done so much to uproot the old proprietary of the soil, that one marvels how, in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, such families as Towneley, Hulton, Gerard, Blackburne, Trafford, Ramsden, Tempest, and Wentworth, still hold their own. Others, of no less fame and fortune, have passed altogether away, and others have dwindled from their proud estate to beggary and want; "Eversæ domûs tristes reliquiæ."

It has often been remarked, that the more distant a county is from London, the more lasting are its old families. The merchant's or manufacturer's gold tends to displace the ancient aristocracy; but its action is most generally felt within a limited circle round the metropolis, or the great city wherein its accumulation has been made. The aim of the prosperous trader is to fix himself on some estate in his own immediate neighbourhood. Thus it is that few old resident families are to be found in Middlesex, Surrey, or Essex; while in Northumberland, Cheshire, Shropshire, Devon, and Cornwall—all remote from London—many a stem is still flourishing, planted in the Plantagenet times. Quaint old Fuller is not altogether of my way of thinking. Here are his words:—

"It is the observation of Vitruvius, alleged and approved by Master Camden, that northern men advancing southward cannot endure the heat, but their strength

melteth away and is dissolved, whilst southern people removing northward, are not only not subject to sickness through the change of place, but are the more confirmed in their strength and health. Sure I am that northern gentry transplanted into the south by marriage, perchance, or otherwise, do languish and fade away within few generations; whereas southern men, on the like occasions, removing northward, acquire a settlement in their estates with long continuance. Some peevish natures (delighting to comment all things in the worst sense) impute this to the position of their country, as secured from sale by their distance from London (the staple place of pleasure), whilst I would willingly behold it as the effect and reward of their discreet thrift and moderate expense."

This is a curious subject, and I may be pardoned for giving another extract from the same agreeable author:—

"The fable is sufficiently known of the contest betwixt the wind and the sun, which first should force the traveller to put off his clothes. The wind made him wrap them the closer about him; whilst the heat of the sun soon made him to part with them. This is moralized in our English gentry. Such who live southward near London (which, for the lustre thereof, I may fitly call the sun of our nation), in the warmth of wealth, and plenty of pleasures, quickly strip and disrobe themselves of their estates and inheritance; whilst the gentry living in this north country on the confines of Scotland, in the wind of war (daily alarmed with their blustering enemies), buckled their estates (as their armour) the

closer unto them: and since have no less thriftily defended their patrimony in peace than formerly valiantly maintained it in war."

It must not be imagined for a moment that striking alternations of fortune are confined to England. North of the Tweed, the same state of things is to be met with. Scotland has had her full share of family vicissitudes. Her national and civil wars, her religious strifes, and her chivalric devotion to the feeling of loyalty produced in many instances disastrous consequences. The royal house of Stuart affords in itself so many remarkable examples, that I shall have to devote a whole chapter to it. During the Usurpation, Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, the proudest, and richest, and best born heiress in Scotland, was at one time so reduced in circumstances as to be dependent for her daily subsistence on the industry of a young companion and friend, Miss Maxwell, of Calderwood, who was an expert sempstress, and maintained herself and her ruined mistress by the produce of her needle. Better times, however, came, and the Duchess, restored to her estate, rewarded her preserver with the gift of Craignethan Castle, in Lanarkshire, which, after Miss Maxwell's marriage to Mr. Hay, gave designation to the respectable Scottish family of Hay of Craignethan. But we need not travel so far back. Not very long ago, indeed within the memory perhaps of some still alive, Urquhart, laird of Burdsyard, a scion of the famous family of Urquhart of Cromarty, after passing many years as an officer in a distinguished regiment, and mixing in the first society of London and Edinburgh, was necessitated, by his

extravagance, to sell his estate, sank, step by step, to the lowest depth of misery, and came at last a wandering beggar to his own door—or rather to that door which had once been his own.

A somewhat similar story is told of a Scottish peer. Frazer of Kirkhill relates that he saw John, Earl of Traquair, the cousin and courtier of King James VI., "begging in the streets of Edinburgh." "He was" (these are Frazer's own words) "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and pannier's breeches, and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble. He was standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovatt, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself, were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant."

Across the Irish channel, the story is even more significant. There is, perhaps, no part of the world where such violent and almost incessant internal convulsions have disorganized society, and overturned all social happiness and prosperity, as in Ireland. The attentive student of Irish history is wearied with the record of perpetual wars. From the earliest period until within our own memory, that fine country was the scene of civil discord, and for more than ten centuries it can scarcely be said to have enjoyed fifty consecutive years of calm. As a necessary consequence, the Irish annals present a series of the most striking vicissitudes; and there is scarcely a family or a seat that has not shared deeply in those feverish changes and calamities

An Irish "Peerage" gives a very inadequate account of the royal and noble blood of Ireland. A few of the Milesian races have found their way into the peerage,* and a few still inherit a portion of their ancient possessions; but it is in the German, Austrian,† French, Italian, or Spanish service, that search should be made for the great majority of the real representatives of the ancient Reguli. The territories of most of the old princes, and the lordships of very many of the old chieftains are now enjoyed by the descendants of Henry the Second's barons, of the knights and gentlemen of Elizabeth and James, of the shrewd countrymen of the

* The only Milesian families granted peerages by the sovereigns of England, have been the O'Neills, earls of Tyrone, and barons of Dungannon, and, in modern times, viscounts, earl, and baron O'Neill, in Antrim; the O'Donnells, earls of Tyrconnel; the MacDonells, earls of Antrim, who were Scots of Irish descent; the Maguires, barons of Enniskillen; the Magenisses, viscounts of Iveagh, in the county of Down; the O'Haras, barons of Tyrawly, in Mayo; the Dalys, barons of Dunsandle, in Galway; the Malones, barons of Sunderlin, in Westmeath; the O'Carrolls, barons of Ely, in the King's County, and co. Tipperary; Kavanagh of Carlow, baron of Ballyane for life; the MacGilpatricks, or Fitzpatricks, barons of Gowran in Kilkenny, and Earls of Upper Ossory in the Queen's County; the O'Dempseys, viscounts of Clanmalier and barons of Philipstown, in the King's and Queen's Counties; the O'Briens of Clare and Limerick, earls and marquesses of Thomond, earls and barons of Inchiquin, viscounts of Clare, &c.; the MacCarthys of Cork and Kerry, earls of Clancare and Clancarty, and viscounts of Muskerry and Mountcashell; the O'Callaghans of Cork and Tipperary, viscounts Lismore, in Waterford; the O'Quirs of Clare, barons of Adare, and earls of Dunraven, in Limerick, and the O'Gradys of Clare and Limerick, viscounts Guillamore.

† Austria has always been the favourite service for the Irish, and sometimes for the English and Scotch:

Colonel Count MacCaffry-Maguire, a very distinguished officer,

latter monarch, of the staid soldiers of Cromwell, and of the troopers of William III. A Psalter of Tara and an Irish "Peerage" have little in common; still the descendants of some of the aboriginal royal races hold their own even to this day. Kavanagh of Borris, in the county of Carlow, male representative

commands the 3rd Regiment of Austrian Lancers now quartered at Pardubitz in Bohemia.

Major General Henry Isaacson, an Englishman, commands a cavalry brigade at Hermannstadt, in Transylvania.

Major General Count Maximilian O'Donell (of the ancient princely dynasts of Tyrconnell), who so gallantly saved the Emperor's life some years ago, has retired from active service, and resides in the romantic old Castle of Goldegg, not very far from Gastein. His brother, Count Maurice O'Donell, Chamberlain to the Emperor, has a numerous family, of whom Henry, the only son of his first marriage with a Princess Cantacuzeno, distinguished himself in the campaign against Prussia, in 1866.

Lieut.-Colonel Viscount Taaffe, formerly Austrian Secretary of Embassy in St. Petersburg, has retired in consequence of infirm health, from active service. He is unmarried, and his younger brother and heir presumptive, the present Minister of the Interior of the Empire, though married for some years, has no children. The Irish peerage and the Austrian line of the Taaffes seem menaced with extinction.

Lieutenant-Colonel Count de Montmorency, an Imperial Chamberlain, uterine brother of the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., has retired from active service, and is married to a Hungarian Lady of ancient family, of the house of Lonyay, a near kinswoman of the Hungarian Minister of that name.

Major Baron Alexander Piers, a scion of the Tristernagh family, is Chamberlain and Chief of the Court of Archduke John, the youngest brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Count MacDonnell is Chamberlain in waiting to the Archduchess Adelgunde of Austria, Duchess of Modena, daughter of the late King Louis of Bavaria. His younger brother, Alexander, was decorated for distinguished conduct in command of a small detached corps of Lancers in the late war against Prussia.

of MacMurrough, King of Leinster, retains a splendid estate in the very heart of MacMurrough's kingdom; Lord O'Neill of Shanes Castle, the heir general of the kings of Ulster, has succeeded to some 30,000 acres of the old Clanaboye principality, stretching for miles

Of the sons of my revered friend the late distinguished F.M. Prince and Count Nugent, Knight of the Golden Fleece, two survive, both Colonels in the Austrian Army, but neither in active service. Count Richard Nugent, of another branch of the family, is an officer of Lancers.

In addition, the late war against Prussia brought into notice Lieutenant-Colonel Beales, an Englishman, created a Knight of the Iron Crown—an order which conveys hereditary knighthood of the Austrian Empire, and another Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Dickinson, also decorated with the Iron Crown, who was long A.D.C. to the late F.M. Nugent, and who died of his wounds in the autumn of 1866, at Lady Emily Digby's, at Dresden.

Three others, all Irishmen, Majors FitzGerald and Anderson, and Captain Murray, received the Cross of Military Merit for their gallantry in the same campaign.

Besides the above mentioned, there are in Austria Counts Wallis (Walshe), of Carrigmaine; Counts Jerningham (of English origin); Counts Butler, scions of the house of Ormonde, settled in Hungary; Barons Kavanagh, the nearest agnates of the Borris family, of that ancient dynastic stock ; Barons MacNevin O'Kelly; Barons Smith of Balroe, and Barons Herbert of Rathkeale; most of which families are represented in the army, the diplomacy, or the Court service of the Empire. There are Barons Spens of Boden, and Barons Loudon, who derive from a Scottish origin, and the Counts Larisch, who claim, perhaps erroneously, remote Scotch extraction. In Bavaria there are, of Irish descent, Counts Butler, Barons Harold, and Barons Grainger. The Duchess d'Ascoli is a daughter of this last named family, which, by female descent, represents the very ancient Cambrian House of Parry of Twysog. Martyns of the Tullyra family are settled in Hungary, and in possession of considerable estates there.

It is not generally known that there are existing military foundations in Austria, made by Irishmen, for Irishmen :—

General Baron O'Brady's scholarships (now two in number), are for

along the banks of Loughneagh; and it was only within the last few years that the vast Thomond property passed from the regally derived O'Briens. Many of the descendants of the minor dynasts might possibly be discovered under the frieze coats of the peasants; and many a sunburnt mendicant may perchance be sprung

youths of Irish birth and extraction to be educated in the Austrian military engineer academy. The right of presentation is in the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin for ever. Should the Archbishop omit or decline to present candidates, the Austrian Ministry of War claims the presentation.

General Count Charles O'Gara's scholarship, in the same institute, is for sons of Irish born officers in the Imperial service—failing such, for youths of Irish extraction and gentle blood. The privilege of presentation to this scholarship is exercised by the Austrian Ministry of War.

It would be desirable to examine the terms of the deeds by which Generals O'Brady and O'Gara founded these scholarships, to see with what degree of right the presentation is claimed to be exercised by the Ministry of War. It seems to me very probable that Count O'Gara, who was a kinsman of our royal O'Conors, and a direct descendant of the Mecænas of the Four Masters, provided for some right of presentation by his own countrymen and kindred.

The value of each of these scholarships is about £80 per annum, and at the end of the course of studies the foundation scholars are fully equipped as Lieutenants in the army for whatever arm they may select, infantry, cavalry, &c., &c.

France has also a formidable array of officers of Irish descent. First and foremost is the gallant Marshal MacMahon, Maurice MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, sprung from the MacMahons of Clare, of the royal House of O'Brien. I have seen a very interesting letter addressed to Mr. Charles H. O'Neill, barrister, of Dublin, in which another distinguished Marshal of France, Adolphe Niel. refers with no inconsiderable pride to his Irish origin. Then there are the Generals Morris, O'Farrell, Sutton Comte de Clonard, Barret de Rouvray, Count D'Alton, O'Malley, Roche, O'Shee, &c., all of high rank in the French service, in which also will be found

from an O'Melaghlin, an O'Connor, a MacCarthy, an O'Rorke, an O'Reilly, an O'Ryan, or an O'Sullivan, of fame

> "Ere the emerald gem of the western world
> Was set in the crown of a stranger."

But in most cases (if we except the O'Melaghlins) the representatives of the Celtic princes of Ireland, those heirs and representatives to whom their lands would have fallen by inheritance, are to be sought for and may probably be traced through the records of the War Departments of foreign countries.

It might with a certain degree of truth be asserted that the English yeomanry are the representatives of some of the ancient proprietors of England, and for this reason:—During the wars of the Roses, many a noble house fell, and many a noble race was utterly ruined, and few of the sufferers emigrated. The reverse happened in Ireland. The dispossessed chieftains and the attainted lords of that country had too much spirit and pride to remain passively at home and to accept the new order of things. Catholic Europe invited them to a participation in its wars and its honours, and English policy favoured and encouraged the exodus.

In truth the Irish gentleman of the times of the Tudors and the Stuarts was not in the humour, after the battle was lost and his lands confiscated, to turn his sword into a reaping-hook, but was more likely to

the familiar names of O'Brien, Barry, O'Reilly, Dillon, O'Heron, Brady, &c., &c.

In Russian history, De Lacy and O'Rorke are as famous as they were in the Irish annals; and in Spain, O'Donnell, Magennis (Condé de Iveagh), Sarsfield, O'Neill, and O'Reilly have not forfeited their old renown.

offer that sword to some one of the sovereigns of Europe, who would give him a new field of occupation and adventure.

It was not in the farm-houses of Munster or the pasture lands of Meath that an O'Neill, an O'Donnell, a FitzGerald, an O'Connor, an O'Reilly, or a De Lacy contented himself to abide; the contending armies of Europe were only too eager to receive the exiled Irish soldier, and in the camp of Wallenstein, at the courts of Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, or in the holy sanctuary of Rome, the gallant and devoted Irish refugees found welcome and honour.

Let us take for example the cases of the chief landowners in Ireland who suffered spoliation: FitzGerald of Desmond, O'Neill of Tyrone, and O'Neill of Clanaboye, O'Donnell of Tyrconnel, MacCarthy of Kerry and Cork, O'Dogherty of Inishowen, Maguire of Fermanagh, Magennis of Iveagh, and O'Reilly of Breffny.

To begin with Desmond, where is there a peasant who ever dreamt of being "the FitzGerald of Desmond?"

Gerald FitzGerald, the rebel Earl—"ingens rebellibus exemplar"—was attainted in 1582, and his vast estates parcelled out among "undertakers" from England; those estates now form the possessions of a chief portion of the existing landed proprietors of the counties of Cork and Kerry. After the "rebel Earl" came his son James, Earl of Desmond, who died unmarried a prisoner in the Tower of London, 1601, and was succeeded by his cousin James FitzGerald, styled "the Sugan Earl," *the Earl of Straw*, who also died *sine prole* in the Tower of London. The Sugan Earl had two brothers who both went to Spain and were "Condés"

there, as did their kinsman and next of kin Maurice FitzGerald, whose cousin german, James Geraldine, was the Pope's Generalissimo.

Thus the *direct* male line of the dispossessed Earl of Desmond expired for want of a male heir, while the cadets sought refuge in foreign countries. I am confident that there is not a peasant in Kerry or Cork, or anywhere else, who could, by descent as a male Geraldine, be entitled to an acre of the Desmond estate.

Turn next to the O'Neills. What happened when Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was conquered and his lands seized? "The Flight of the Earls"* answers this. Tyrone found an asylum abroad and died at Rome 20th July, 1616, being buried in the church of San Pietro Montorio. The last of his direct descendants, John O'Neill, "El Condé de Tyrone" in Spain, was killed in Catalonia, and his collateral representatives sprung from Art Oge O'Neill, and his brother the victor of Benburb, Owen Roe O'Neill, General of the Confederates, were also in the Spanish service.

I do believe that every one of the O'Neills of Tyrone, who, if there had never been a confiscation, might have inherited the lands, either died issueless or else settled in a foreign country.

Then as to O'Neill of Clanaboye, whose prodigious estate covered a vast tract of Ulster, what was the fate of that princely race? The last Prince of Clanaboye, Shane MacBryan O'Neill, was deprived of the greater

* The Flight of the Earls forms the subject of a delightful and interesting volume, by Rev. C. P. Meehan, entitled "The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone and Rory, Earl of Tyrconnel."

part of his immense territory, but still sufficient was left with him to form the Shanes Castle estate, long the possession of the Lords O'Neill his descendants, and still the property of the present Lord O'Neill.

Hence it may be fairly inferred that there is not any portion of the lands of O'Neill of Clanaboye, or O'Neill of Tyrone, of which a peasant could be said to be the *de jure* inheritor now.

The same analysis, applied to O'Donnell, Prince ot Tyrconnel, would shew that the heirs of that illustrious house became extinct by failure of male issue or were lost sight of in exile. Not one of those heirs stayed at home to turn ploughman or to found a peasant's race, and the same may be said of MacCarthy of Cork and Kerry. The representative of the MacCarthy More, Charles MacCarthy, died *sine prole* in 1776, having devised his estates to his cousin, Mr. Herbert, of Mucruss.

The senior line of the O'Briens, Princes of Thomond, preserved their estates, while the younger, the O'Briens Viscounts Clare, outlawed after the Boyne, fled to France, and gained military honour in the person of Charles 6th Viscount Clare, the celebrated Marshal Thomond.

O'Dogherty ruled in Inishowen, but the power of that mighty race perished with Sir Cahir O'Doherty, at Kilmacrenan in 1608: he died without male issue, but his collateral heirs entered foreign service; and long kept up in Spain the high fame of the Lords of Inishowen.

Maguire was Prince of Fermanagh, and an Irish peer, as Baron of Enniskillen. The last Lord,

Connor, was executed in 1644, his heirs fled to the Continent, and continued to call themselves "Lords Maguire." Magennis, Viscount Iveagh entered the Austrian service, and the cadets of the family, the French and Spanish. There is still in Spain "the Condé de Iveagh." Bourke, of Ardnaree, was the head of one great line of the De Burghs in Ireland: the last MacWilliam Bourke, Sir Theobald Bourke, of Ardnaree escaped to Spain after "the flight of the Earls," and was created by Philip II. "Marquis of Mayo." And the same story—the story of foreign service and foreign distinction—may be told of the heirs of the O'Reillys, Princes of Breffny; Taaffes, of Carlingford; Walshes, of Carrigmaine; Mahonys; O'Rorkes; Sarsfields, of Lucan; O'Connors; O'Briens; O'Mores; MacMahons, of Clare (ancestors of the Duke of Magenta), &c., &c.

Ireland is, indeed, the Tadmor in the desert of family vicissitude; time out of mind it has been the prey of the spoiler. Cromwell and William III. spared few of the aboriginal lords of the soil: the former may be said to have confiscated well nigh all Ireland, and the alienation of property, under the Encumbered Estates' Court effected a fearful revolution amongst the landed gentlemen of English descent. Confiscation, civil war, and legal transfer have torn asunder those associations between "the local habitation and the name," which have for centuries wound round each other. The gentry of Ireland are now, in many cases, dispossessed: new manners and new men are filling the land, and the old time-honoured houses are passing rapidly away. Whoever collects instances of fallen families, some thirty years hence, will have a fruitful field to gather

in. No one will gainsay the beneficial influence the Encumbered Estates' Court exercised in a national point of view, or fail to trace to its introduction into Ireland the dawn of the prosperity which is now shining on that country. That it has worked infinite public good is undeniable; but it is equally certain, that the general benefit has been effected at the cost of much individual misery. The condition of the country is increased by it, as the state of a boat's crew, tempest-tossed, with only a slender basket of provisions, is improved by some of the unhappy sufferers being thrown overboard and drowned. But the relatives of the doomed cannot but mourn, and even the unconnected spectators of such stern and sharp justice cannot remain unconcerned. No cases of vicissitudes would be so pathetic, no episodes of decadence so lamentable as those that could be told in connection with the transfer of land in Ireland; but the wounds are too fresh, and the ruin too recent, for me to enter on so painful a theme. Many a well-born gentleman—torn from his patrimony—has sought and found on the hospitable shores of America and Australia the shelter and happiness denied to him in the land of his birth; while some I might mention, who stayed at home in the vain hope of retrieving the past, or were too old to enter on a new career, ended their days in the Poor-house. What story of fiction is more striking than that of Mr. D'Arcy, of Kiltullagh and Clifden Castle, in the county of Galway, the descendant of one of the most distinguished Anglo-Norman families, who, after the ruinous sale of his estates, took orders and became a working clergyman in the very district which used to

be his own; or, what more marvellous instance of the depreciation of property, than that of Castle Hyde, in the county of Cork, the inheritance of Mr. Hyde, a scion of the Berkshire Hydes, and cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, who was deprived of his fine old place in the worst times of the famine? At the period of the sale, Mr. Hyde asserted, that his father had expended on building the mansion of Castle Hyde, more than the amount of the purchase money obtained by the Court for the whole estate, and a grand and beautiful estate it is! One tale of those tragic times, the story of the heiress of Connemara, I will in a future page relate.

This decadence of noble and wealthy families is a fact of too frequent occurrence to be now a subject of doubt or dispute, but the cause of such decadence, though equally obvious, seems to have puzzled a host of inquirers. The whole matter is referable to a few general agents. Historically considered, the decay and extinction of great houses may be mainly attributed to the Civil Wars, from Hastings to Culloden, and to the law of attainder, which, in England more than in any other country of Europe, undermined and overthrew the landed aristocracy.

At the Norman Conquest, a great dispersion of families occurred. Malcolm of Scotland gave protection to the Saxon exiles, and they availed themselves of it in such numbers, that in the words of Simeon of Durham, " they were to be met with in all the farm-houses, and even in the cottages."

Passing over the turbulent times of the early Plantagenets, the baronial stripes, and the French contests—

all more or less destructive of the ancient noblesse—we arrive at the most striking era of family decadence, that of "the Wars of the Roses." With regard to the Yorkists (who, by the way, were the Liberals of those days), it was their policy, De Comines asserts, to spare the common people, and to cut off the nobility and gentry: and thus the victors became enriched by the forfeited lands of the vanquished. Through these means, and the fearful loss of life in the battle-field and on the scaffold, very many of the chief historic houses were destroyed. Of the survivors, some that bore the territorial prefix *De*, dropped it, having lost the inheritance to which it applied; and others were so impoverished, that an Act passed to degrade to a lower rank such of the nobility as had not adequate estates. Ruined lords and gentlemen went into exile, to be the miserable pensioners of foreign courts, or wandered in beggary and wretchedness through many of the countries of Europe.

Nothing has more contributed to the startling vicissitudes of our great families than these civil wars, so long and bloodily maintained between the houses of York and Lancaster. As either party rose or fell in the scale—and such mutations were not few—it inflicted or suffered persecution and the worst of cruelties. Death, exile, and pauperism were the constant results to the defeated. Of this, we have a lively picture in the history of Philip de Comines, who narrates how "in the wars between these two contending houses (York and Lancaster) there had been seven or eight memorable battles in England, in which threescore or fourscore persons, sons of the blood royal of that kingdom, were

cruelly slain. Those that survived were fugitives, and lived in the Duke of Burgundy's court; all of them young gentlemen (whose fathers had been slain in England), whom the Duke of Burgundy had generously entertained before his marriage (with King Edward's sister) as his relations of the house of Lancaster. Some of them were reduced to such extremity of want and poverty before the Duke of Burgundy received them, that no common beggar could have been poorer. I saw one of them, who was Duke of Exeter—but he concealed his name—following the Duke of Burgundy's train, bare-foot and bare-legged, begging his bread from door to door. This person was the next of the house of Lancaster; he had married King Edward's sister, and being afterwards known, had a small pension allowed him for his subsistence. There were also some of the family of the Somersets, and several others; all of them slain since in the wars." From these data the quaint annalist deduces the very comfortable moral, that "those bad princes and others who cruelly and tyrannically employ the power that is in their hands, none, or but few of them, die unpunished, though perhaps it is neither in the same manner nor at the same time that those who are injured desire."

The dynasty which succeeded in uniting the rival roses was scarcely more favourable to the old nobility. It seems to have been the principle of the Tudor kings to break down the ancient families of Norman origin, and consequently, during their rule, the vicissitudes of the Howards, the Percys, the Cliffords, the Dudleys, the Nevilles, the Staffords, the Courtenays, the Greys, and the De la Poles are full of melancholy and pathetic in-

terest. The star of the Stuarts was unlucky to all within its influence. The great Civil War of Charles the First's reign broke down the Cavaliers—the men of pure blood, and long-derived lineage; and the reckless extravagance of the court of Charles's son and successor, which extended its baneful influence even to the remotest corners of the kingdom, brought with it rioting, drinking, gambling, and ruin, and gave the finishing blow to the shattered fortunes of a great number of our oldest families; while the devoted loyalty of the Jacobites dispersed through the armies of France, and Austria, and Spain many of the best-born subjects of King James. Where these causes for the decadence of families have been wanting, another, not less efficient, has occurred to produce the same results in that personal extravagance, so frequent amongst those of large fortune and high position; exposed as they are to a thousand temptations unknown to the low-born and the needy. Then there are the electioneering struggles, the rivalry of one great county House with another, and the efforts of the old gentry to retain their place above the new men advanced by trade or by professional success. Another source of family vicissitude has been overlooked, or misunderstood: the peculiar talents and disposition that have led to the aggrandisement of any one person are seldom repeated in his immediate successor. As a general rule, nature seems to delight in varying her creations, and rarely reproduces herself but at certain intervals. Thus it is not often that a miser is succeeded in the same line by a miser, a poet by a poet, or a commander by a son of the same military ability as his father. More usually in the miser's case, a spend-

thrift comes to scatter the hoards of his predecessor with reckless and unsparing hand. If nature has provided poison in the shape of misers to accumulate, she has not forgotten to supply the antidote in spendthrifts that squander; thus the balance of society is kept even, and the general harmony is preserved by the very means which the short-sighted on either side are most disposed to call in question.

> Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
> Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Misers' wealth seldom prospers. The pent-up stream, once the hand that stayed its course is removed, finds a rapid vent, and wastes and scatters its waters to the exhaustion of the original source. So it is with treasures accumulated by avarice: seldom do they remain with the heirs of him who has worn his life away in their acquisition, and in very rare instances do they form the foundation of a family's establishment. Warriors, statesmen, merchants, and lawyers—all have originated great and flourishing houses, but misers are rarely the patriarchs of families of lasting prosperity: the same remark may be made with reference to those who gathered gain by the slave trade: they never flourished. It has been ascertained, almost to a certainty, that an estate, acquired by the slave trade, never continued for more than two or three generations in the family of him who obtained it by that unholy pursuit; and a similar observation applies, to some extent, to the profits of the usurer. A very learned friend of mine, deeply versed in the intricacies of genealogy, assures me that he never knew four descents of an usurer's family to endure, in regular unbroken succession.

But, after all, I am inclined to think, that, in modern times, the main cause of the misery and deplorable fate that have happened to some of our most eminent families may be discovered in that part of the law of inheritance which, in the absence of direct heirs male, allows the estates to pass to an heiress, while the title to which they had belonged devolves on a collateral branch that may be equally devoid of wealth or education; in other words, the property goes to one line, and the dignity to another, incapable of supporting it.

In Ireland, family history and national history can scarcely be separated; the vicissitudes of the one are the vicissitudes of the other. Ireland is a country of ruins, and among the ruins may be classed the old aristocracy. I often, as I pass the roofless churches with their desecrated grave-yards, "where princes and where prelates sleep," think of the lines of Pope—

> "That grave where e'en the great find rest,
> And blended lie the oppressor and oppressed."

For here are mingled in one undistinguished mass the Irish, the Norman, the Elizabethan, the Scotch, the Cromwellian, and the Williamite, who have successively fought and bled for the possession of the neighbouring fields. Family vicissitudes are ever recurring in Ireland. The loss of records and the neglect and consequent destruction of monumental memorials evidence the constant revolution of property there. What cares the purchaser in the Landed Estates' Court for the preservation of the tombstones of the old gentry in the neighbouring unwalled churchyard? What cared the Williamite for the bones of the Jacobite, or the

Cromwellian for the relics of the Norman, or the Norman for those of the conquered Irish? Nowhere can we trace sepulchral brasses, and very rarely indeed, knights' burial effigies; but to supply this want in some degree, the remembrance of historic events and of historic names still retained among the people is something quite marvellous. During centuries of gloom and defeat, it was all that was left to them of better days, and, like the ivy that adheres to the ruined palaces and mansions of byegone prosperity and pleasure, they clung to those memories with singular tenacity; and now, when an era of prosperity has at last opened on their country, they love to recall the old times again, and the old families which perished in the national struggles.

Tradition is confessedly the handmaiden of history, assisting the annalist in his labours and ministering ever to his wants. Tradition is the lamp which, with flickering but faithful ray, guides the genealogist along his misty path, and is ofttimes the only light to indicate the course he is to take. All this, tradition has been to me. In my researches into the vicissitudes of families, the village legend and the peasant's tale have been my constant helps. I am pretty well acquainted with England and Ireland, and in both, but especially in Ireland, I have found the local memories of the old races wonderfully vivid and accurate; the details, sometimes exaggerated and sometimes partially forgotten, are of course frequently inconsistent with fact, but the main features of the story are substantially true, and are generally confirmed by the test of subsequent investigation. The original edifice stands boldly out,

though additions may have been made to the architecture, or time may have mouldered a portion into decay. In this consists one great charm of an "old country." The boundless prairies, the interminable forests, the gigantic rivers of the far West strike the mind with awe and admiration, but the heart is untouched; whereas with us every vale, and hill, and stream can tell of days gone by, of a long succession of native heritors, and are replete with ancestral story. One little anecdote it may be permitted me here to introduce from the English side of the Channel, as peculiarly illustrative of the endurance of local tradition.

The hamlet of Finderne, in the parish of Mickleover, about four miles from Derby, was, for nine generations, the chief residence of a family who derived their name from the place of their patrimony. From the times of Edward I. to those of Henry VIII., when the male line became extinct, and the estate passed, by the marriage of the heiress, to the Harpurs, the house of Finderne was one of the most distinguished in Derbyshire. Members of it had won their spurs in the Crusades, and at Cressy, and at Agincourt. The sons were brave and the daughters fair: one, alas! was frail as well as fair, and the heaviest blow that ever fell on the time-honoured race was when Catherine Finderne, about the middle of the fifteenth century, consented to be the mistress of Henry, Lord Grey of Codnor. In the remarkable will of that remarkable nobleman, who, in 1463, obtained a licence from the king for the transmutation of metals, provision is made for his illegitimate issue, by Catherine, in terms which were, no doubt, deemed unexceptionable in those

days, but which would be deemed highly offensive in our own. The territorial possessions of the Findernes were large: the Findernes were High Sheriffs, occasionally Rangers of Needwood Forest, and Custodians of Tutbury Castle, and they matched with many of the best families. Finderne, originally erected *tempore* Edward I., and restored and enlarged at different periods, was in 1560 one of the quaintest and largest mansions in the midlands. The present church, then the family chapel, had rows of monumental brasses and altar-tombs, all memorials of the Findernes. In 1850, a pedigree research caused me to pay a visit to the village. I sought for the ancient Hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it had stood! I entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there! I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes!" said he, "we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them: we have *Findernes' flowers.*" "Show me them," I replied; and the old man led me into a field which still retained faint traces of terraces and foundations. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of "garden flowers grown wild," "there are the Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will, they will never die!"

Poetry mingles more with our daily life than we are apt to acknowledge; and even to an antiquary like myself, the old man's prose and the subject of it were the very essence of poetry.

For more than three hundred years the Findernes had been extinct, the mansion they had dwelt in had crumbled into dust, the brass and marble intended to

perpetuate the race had passed away, and a little tiny flower had for ages preserved a name and a memory which the elaborate works of man's hand had failed to rescue from oblivion. The moral of the incident is as beautiful as the poetry. We often talk of "the language of flowers," but of the eloquence of flowers we never had such a striking example as that presented in these flowers of Finderne :

> Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
> On battlement and tower,
> And where rich banners were displayed,
> Now only waves a flower.

The vicissitudes of TITLES are as striking as the vicissitudes of FAMILIES.

"Where is Bohun?" exclaimed Chief Justice Crewe, "Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet?"

Remarkable, indeed, is this extinction of families, but the extinction of TITLES is even more so to the historical reader, who cannot but experience feelings of sorrow at the disappearance of those famous titles, household words with him, the wearers of which —senators, statesmen, or warriors—shed such brilliancy o'er many a chapter of our English annals. In some instances a tendency to vicissitudes attaches to a particular *title*, and passes on through successive possessors of it, although of different lineage and name. Where now are Clare and Clarence, March and Mowbray, Gloucester and Dorset, Oxford and Rivers, D'Arcy and Lovel, Herbert of Cherbury and Bassett of Drayton, Montagu and Halifax, Wharton and Harcourt ? Those

old dignities are, however, not forgotten; and the best English houses are proud of being able to connect themselves, ever so remotely, with them.

There is a charm that wins us in the titles that occur in our early reading, especially in those titles that are linked to feudal achievements. The magnificence of chivalry hangs upon them, and dazzles the young mind with a brightness that never entirely fades upon the memory. After-study may render us more correct and certain, but it is the histories we have pored over and doated on in our youth, that really make "familiar in our mouths as household words—Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster." Each one of us seems to have a personal interest and a personal pride in our great bygone titles, and each would feel hurt, as it were, should an unworthy person—a person not up to the mark—re-assume any of them. Like the bow of the Conqueror, or the Crown of Queen Elizabeth, they must not be grasped by the weak or the churlish. They are the trade marks of that historic gold which admits of no alloy.

I have always considered that it would be of infinite advantage if means could be devised for providing in some way or other for the inseparable union of title and estate. But for the immense difficulty of rendering, even by legislative enactment, real property perpetually inalienable, it might be well that the crown made it a *sine quâ non* that every recipient of an hereditary title of honour should be required, before his patent could pass, to *endow* the dignity granted to him with lands which could never afterwards be detached from it. A Baronet's qualification

might be fixed at £400 or £500 a year, a Peer's at £2,000. Such an endowment would be a deed of insurance in favour of posterity, a fortification against extravagance. Hereditary dignity would never be reduced to absolute penury, and cases of want and misery, so frequent amongst landless peers and baronets, could never occur. If a provision, however small, were attached to titles of honour, what painful scenes of fallen greatness and national reproach might we not have been spared! How often do we see the descendants of some mighty peer, to whom a nation's gratitude assigned, with acclaim, a title which has become historic, sink to abject destitution! Within my own knowledge I could name several; and it is only a few years ago that I found in a common pauper, in one of the Dublin workhouses, the heir presumptive of a barony that is associated with the martial exploits of Poictiers and Cressy.

Another beneficial result from this *endowment* of hereditary titles would be the preservation of the correct line of inheritance; and, in the case of a Baronet, the creation of a test by which the succession might be regulated. At present there does not exist any authorized tribunal, any legal means to decide on a disputed Baronetcy, but once a landed property was attached to each title, a court of law would control and protect the descent.* I believe myself that

* From the peculiar constitution of a Baronetcy, being an hereditary honour, with no office or privilege attached to it, its inheritance or assumption calls for no public notice or proof. Not so the other titles and dignities of the realm. Peerages are protected by the House of Lords, and no one can assume them without a certainty of detection. The non-sitting in the House of Lords, or, in

nothing would stop more effectually the false assumption of Baronetcies, nothing preserve old titled families more, than a legal enactment, which would associate inalienably title and estate. In point of fact, the Baronetage was originally devised for the estated gentlemen of the kingdom, and at its first institution such were alone included; for instance, Bacon and Tollemache of Suffolk, Molyneux, Hoghton and Gerard of Lancashire, Mansel and Stradling of Glamorganshire, Shirley of Leicestershire, Leke of Derbyshire, Pel-

case of a Scotch or Irish peerage, the non-exercise of the right to vote for a representative peer, must lead to the eventual subversion and confusion of a self-dubbed noble. Claims to peerages are now invariably tried and settled by the House of Lords, and consequently, in the Committee for Privileges, its tribunal for the purpose, there has arisen a system of genealogical jurisprudence which is unrivalled. With such a safeguard, the peerage of these realms is an institution certain and secure. Knights of the different orders, knights bachelors, and all other bearers of non-hereditary dignities cannot be pretenders, from the simple fact that their patents or other modes of creation are of recent record, and are capable of immediate reference and proof. Not so with a Baronetcy. The succession to that hereditary honour occurs without the slightest public control; and, as sometimes happens, if that succession be disputed, each claimant coolly takes the title, and there being nothing to hinder the assumption, two Baronets arise instead of one. Sometimes the real Baronet, or, at any rate, the apparently better claimant, is put back altogether by the quicker action of an opponent. For instance, a Baronet dies; his title is snapped up by some one, and when he who has the real right comes, after a lapse of time, upon the scene, he finds himself too late to contend against what has been already publicly acknowledged and accepted. In other cases, where there is no member of the family to interfere, the title, at the death of a Baronet, is sometimes assumed by his illegitimate issue, and this may be easily and safely managed; for where is the public authority to gainsay the birth or parentage?—*Serjeant Peter Burke, on Doubtful Baronetcies.*

ham and Shelley of Sussex, Hobart and Knyvett of Norfolk, Booth of Cheshire, Peyton of Cambridgeshire, Clifton of Notts, Aston of Staffordshire, and St. John of Wilts.

In England the extinction of hereditary dignities has been rapid: less so in Scotland, and far less so in Ireland.

The Peerage of Scotland is still adorned by the famous titles of Argyll, Athole, Montrose,* Huntly, Crawford, Caithness, Abercorn, Angus, Perth, Strathmore, Southesk, Lauderdale, Dundonald, Falkland, Forbes, Saltoun, and many others, all held by the male heirs of those on whom the dignities were conferred.

In Ireland attainder and confiscation have either

* There are three remarkable facts connected with the history of the family of Montrose:

I. For seven hundred years, there has never been a collateral succession, since the Grahams first branched off from the family of Dalkeith and Abercorn. On two occasions, the grandson succeeded his grandfather, but there is no instance of the direct line being broken.

II. The intermarriages, which continued this long line of ancestors, have invariably been with *noble* families. As far as they can be ascertained, for four hundred years the wives have been always daughters of actual peers.

III. Not one of the successive heads of the House of Montrose has married an heiress, except on one occasion, when a Marquess of Montrose married the younger daughter of the only Duke of Rothes; but as the lady did not share her father's inheritance, she did not, according to the rule in Scotland, bring the arms.

Thus, in consequence of the long continuance of the male line in noble families in Scotland, and the paucity of heiresses, this Montrose family, one of the noblest of the three kingdoms, has no quarterings, while other families of much shorter duration in the male line, have quarterings by the hundred.

driven into exile, or reduced to an obscure position at home, the heirs of several of its oldest titles; but it is rare in that country for a peerage to fail for want of a male succession.

The Irish Peerage exhibits the ancient titles of Kildare, Ormonde, Clanricarde, Cork, Meath, Kerry, Granard, Inchiquin, Fingall, Howth, Westmeath, Gormanston, Netterville, Taaffe, Kingsale, Trimleston, Dunsany, Dunboyne, and many others, all still possessed by the *male* heirs of the original grantees; while in England a considerable number of the existing dignities with historic titles, such as Northumberland, Marlborough, Newcastle, Bath, Buckingham, Exeter, Suffolk, Dudley, Salisbury, Westmoreland, Warwick, Leicester, Burlington, Beauchamp, Le Despenser, De Ros, Berners, Grey de Ruthyn, Beaumont, Camoys, Hastings, &c., are held either by heirs general, through females, or by families slightly, and in some cases not at all, connected with the early possessors. Nevertheless an ancient peerage is like a regiment: on its colours and name are inscribed the honours and deeds of men long departed; but still it is the same corps, inheriting the olden glory, and bound to maintain and perpetuate an entail of fame.

It is, indeed, quite surprising the ever-occurring extinction of English titles of honour.

After William of Normandy had won at Hastings the broad lands of England, he partitioned them among the chief commanders of his army, and granted about twenty Earldoms: not one of these now exists, nor one of the dignities conferred by William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., or John.

All the English Dukedoms, created from the institution of the order down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II., are gone, except only Norfolk and Somerset; and Cornwall, enjoyed by the Prince of Wales. At one time in the reign of ELIZABETH, Norfolk and Somerset having been attainted, the whole order of Dukes became extinct, and remained so for about fifty years, until James I. created George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

Winchester and Worcester (the latter now merged in the Dukedom of Beaufort) are the only existing Marquessates* older than the reign of George III.!

The Earl's coronet was very frequently bestowed under the HENRYS and the EDWARDS: it was the favourite distinction, besides being the oldest; and yet, of all the Earldoms created by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, eleven only remain, and of these, six are merged in higher honours, the only ones giving independent designation being, Shrewsbury, Derby, Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Devon.

The present House of Lords cannot claim amongst its members a single male descendant of any one of the Barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or of any one of the Peers who are known to have fought at Agincourt; and the noble House of Wrottesley is the solitary existing family, among the Lords, which can boast a male descent from a founder of the Order of the Garter. Sir William Dugdale's History of the Baronage of England, published in 1675, contains all the English

* I do not, of course, include Marquessates—the second titles of Dukedoms—titles which neither have nor ever can have separate existence.

peerages created up to that time. The index of these titles occupies fourteen closely printed columns, a single one of which would easily include the names of all the dignities that remain now out of the whole category.

But though titles have thus passed away, the Peerage of England even now is, to use words of "Coningsby," "the finest in Europe:"*

"multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum."

The fortunes of exiled families is another feature on which I should have liked, had space permitted, to have dwelt—the remarkable fortunes of those gallant and energetic men, who, driven from their own land, established themselves in foreign countries, and won distinction abroad.

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena *cruoris?*" Everywhere in Europe, in every great war, and in

* Jean Jacques Rousseau, anything but a flatterer of aristocracy, thus refers to the peerage of this country:—"If you know the English nobility you must be aware that it is the most enlightened, the best taught, the wisest, and the bravest in Europe. This being so, it is unnecessary to inquire if it be the most ancient, for, in speaking of what it is, no question arises as to what it has been. The peers of England are certainly not the slaves of the prince, but his friends; not the tyrants of the people, but its chiefs, its guarantees of liberty, sustainers of their country, and supporters of the throne, they form an invincible equilibrium between the people and the sovereign. Their first duty is to the nation, their second to him who governs it: it is not his will but his right that they consult; supreme administrators of the laws in the House of Lords, and sometimes law makers, they render justice equally to the people and the crown, and they allow no one to say, 'God and my sword,' but only 'God and my right.'"—*Nouvelle Heloise, Letter LXIII.*

almost every martial enterprise, our countrymen may be traced. Their fame is universal: France, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Russia, Belgium, North America and South America have all been served, and gallantly served too, by English, Scotch, and Irish prowess. The vicissitudes consequent on civil wars and attainders—which have driven good and brave men thus to devote to foreign lands those energies and abilities which under better auspices might have added lustre to the history of their own country,—have affected the public weal almost as much as any other form of family suffering.

At a very early period, offshoots of Scottish families settled in France, the most historic of which was Stuart of Darnley. After the famous victory of Beaugé, Charles the Dauphin conferred on Sir John Stuart of Derneley the Lordships of Aubigny and Concressault; and during the campaigns in Italy against Gonsalvo de Cordova, the most renowned Captain was Sir John's grandson, Bernard Stuart, Chevalier d'Aubigny, Viceroy of Naples.

David Anstruther, younger brother of Andrew Anstruther, ninth Baron of Anstruther, married a French lady of high rank, and became domiciled on his wife's inheritance. He was progenitor of a long line of Barons d'Anstrude and Seigneurs de Barry, who have always kept up the ancestral traditions of their descent from the noble Scottish House of Anstruther.

It was a common thing for Scottish men of good family, who had occasion to settle abroad, to obtain birth brieves, which had the sanction of the King, Privy Council, and Chancellor of the Kingdom, giving an attestation of

their descent, in order that they might be admitted to the privileges of the nobility in the foreign countries which they visited, or in which they established themselves. There are, indeed, several instances of distinguished foreigners, who have taken great pains to authenticate a descent from an ancient Scottish house, bearing a name either identical with or similar to their own. A very memorable case in point was that of Colbert, the famous Minister of Louis XIV., King of France. He wished to illustrate his own obscure French ancestry, by tacking himself on as a branch to the ancient Invernesasshire family of Cuthbert of Castle Hill. For this purpose he applied for a birth brief from the Privy Council of Scotland, which, probably from some pique, was flatly refused by the Duke of Lauderdale. Colbert, however, was not to be discouraged. He obtained, in 1686, through his own influence, an attestation of the descent of his family from the Cuthberts of Castle Hill; and for the more secure establishment of his claim, he procured an act of the Scottish Parliament. The Cuthberts of Castle Hill were never a family of much importance; but they were old Scottish lairds, and *noble* in the real and continental sense of the term. They were, however, made to appear illustrious in a French genealogy, which set forth the establishment of their junior branch in France about the close of the thirteenth century. An Act of Parliament, confirmed by letters patent of King James II., of Great Britain, in 1687, cites a line of four lesser Barons of Castle Hill, in Invernessshire, as common ancestors of the Cuthberts and Colberts. The family of the great Minister of Louis XIV. obtained high titles, and made

brilliant alliances; but they looked to the ancient, though obscure family of Cuthbert, as the source of their genealogical grandeur. And various members of that family derived great advantage from the patronage of their powerful and wealthy French cadets. At the time of the first French Revolution, a younger son of Cuthbert, laird of Castle Hill, who had become a priest of the church in France, and who then adopted the name of Colbert, had been made Bishop of Rodez; and as such found shelter as an *emigré* during the terrors of that awful period.

In two of the greatest victories ever achieved over the English, those of Beaugé and Almanza, the French were commanded, in the former by the famous Scotch General, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, and in the latter, by the equally renowned English commander, James Duke of Berwick. Singularly enough, at Almanza, while the French were thus under an English General, the English army was led by a French officer, the Marquis de Ruvigny.

In more modern times there was scarcely one of the Marshals of Napoleon abler or more considered than Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum; and in our own day, Maurice MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, has given another illustrious addition to the roll of British names associated with foreign renown. But the settlement of Scottish families in France forms the subject of an entire work by Francisque Michel, entitled "Les Ecossais en France et les Français en Ecosse," and is therein fully discussed. This migration of the families of one country to another recalls to my memory a very remarkable instance in our own:

"Michael Palæologus," says Gibbon, "was the most illustrious, in birth and merit, of the Greek nobles. Of those who are proud of their ancestors, the far greater part must be content with local or domestic renown, and few there are who dare trust the memorials of their family to the public annals of their country. As early as the middle of the 11th century, the noble race of the Palæologi stands high and conspicuous in the Byzantine history; it was the valiant George Palæologus who placed the father of the Comeni on the throne; and his kinsmen or descendants continue, in each generation, to lead the armies and councils of the State. The purple was not dishonoured by their alliance; and had the law of succession and female succession been strictly observed, the wife of Theodore Lascaris must have yielded to her elder sister, the mother of Michael Palæologus, who afterwards raised his family to the throne."

Michael Palæologus was crowned Emperor in 1260, and in the following year Constantinople was recovered. With the next fall of that famous city, its capture by Mahomet II. in 1452, ended the imperial house of Palæologus. At that memorable siege, Constantine Palæologus, the last Greek emperor, who "accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier," fell by an unknown hand, and with him fell the empire over which he ruled. The Palæologi—the great race so honourably commemorated by Gibbon—furnished eight emperors to Constantinople, and were the last of the ten dynasties, exclusive of the Franks, that reigned over the Greek empire. Mighty, indeed, were these Palæologi: mighty in power, dignity, and renown; yet, within less than two centuries from the heroic death of

the Emperor Constantine, their direct descendant, Theodore Palæologus was resident, unnoticed and altogether undistinguished, in a remote parish on the Tamar, in Cornwall.

The parish was Landulph, about two miles from Saltash, a locality already associated with the Courtenays, another family of Byzantine celebrity. The ancient church of Landulph has many curious memorials; but there is one monumental brass of surpassing interest inscribed with these words:—

> "Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus
> Of Pesaro in Italye, descended from ye Imperyall
> Lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece,
> Being the soone of Camelio ye sonne of Prosper,
> The sonne of Theodoro the sonne of John ye
> Sonne of Thomas second brother to Constantine
> Paleologus the 8th of that name and last of
> Yt lyne yt raygned in Constantinople untill sbb
> Dewed by the Turks. Who married wth Mary
> Ye daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye in
> Sobffolk, Gent., and had issue 5 children,
> Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria and Dorothy,
> & departed this life at Clyfton ye 21th of
> Janbar, 1636."

This inscription is surmounted by the imperial arms of the Greek empire.* The family of Theodoro Palæo-

* In 1811, the tomb in which Theodoro Palæologus was buried was accidentally opened, and a body was there found in a single oak coffin, in so perfect a state as to determine that he was in stature far beyond the common height, and that his features were oval, and his nose very aquiline—all family traits. He had a very white beard, low down on his breast.

For this interesting anecdote, and much curious matter connected

logus continued to reside at Clifton, near Landulph, for some time after the date of the monumental brass. The daughter Maria, thereon commemorated, died at Clifton, in 1674, and her sister Dorothy, who married William Arundell, Esq., and who is styled in the parish registry of marriages at St. Mellion's, where the ceremony took place, as "Dorothea Paleologus, *de Stirpe Imperatorum*," resided in the neighbourhood of Landulph up to the time of her death in 1681.

Of Theodoro's sons, the eldest, named after his father, was at one time a lieutenant in Lord St. John's regiment, and died without issue; the second, John, fell at Naseby, fighting under the royal banner; and the third, Ferdinando, escaped after that same disastrous fight in which he was also engaged *ex parte regis*, to the island of Barbadoes, where he inherited an estate from his grandfather Bales, and where he married and settled, calling his distant home "Clifton Hall," in remembrance of his native Landulph. There he closed his life in 1678, leaving an only son, Theodore Palæologus, who died soon after, young and unmarried. Thus expired, in all likelihood, the male line of the Palæologi! But many a long year after, so late as the last war of independence in Greece, a Deputation was appointed by the Provisional Government to enquire whether any of the family of Palæologus existed. This deputation proceeded to Italy, and various countries, where the Palæologi had become refugees, and, amongst other places, to Landulph; but, as I have shown, no male Palæologus existed, or else

with the subject of this reference to the extinct imperial race of the Palæologi, I am indebted to John Thomas Towson, Esq., antiquary and scholar.

the descendant of Theodoro, the humble resident of the Cornish village, might perchance have ascended the restored throne of Greece.

Under every nation's banner but their own, when raised in discontent in Ireland, the Irish fought with success, and some of them attained the highest rank. Marshal Brown, who contended so ably against the great Frederick, De Lacy, who organized the Russian army, and the heroic Mahony, who saved Cremona, who gained immortal glory at Almanza, and became eventually Lieutenant-General and Commander of Castile, were Irishmen. "The Thirty Years' War" enlisted many a bold and adventurous Englishman and Scot in the army of Sweden, and many an enthusiastic soldier from Ireland in that of Austria. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein were the leaders of the antagonistic parties and religions, and the Protestant and Catholic had each his opportunity of service.

The "Lion of the North" ranged under his colours the Hamiltons,* and Douglasses, and Gordons, and a host of others from Scotland: (who does not recall Captain Dugald Dalgetty of Sir Walter Scott's Legend of Montrose?) and during the period of religious persecution the protection of Austria and Spain seduced from home many a well-descended Catholic, many a Dormer, a Leslie,† an O'Reilly, and an O'Donnell; while the attractions of a new world, where a greater freedom of

* The Hamiltons have risen to the highest honours in Sweden, contracted the noblest alliances, and acquired immense wealth. Their present leader is Count Adolphe-Louis-Wathier Hamilton de Barsebeck.

† Walter Leslie, a younger son of the ancient family of Leslie, of Balquhain, in Aberdeenshire, entered the service of the Emperor of

thought existed, led across the Atlantic the Pilgrim Fathers to form a mighty nation on the western main. In the United States might be traced, I imagine, the representatives of some of our old families and titles. It is more than probable that a well founded claim to one of the oldest and greatest of Scottish Earldoms, that of Menteith, may, one day or other, be established by an American citizen, and it is most certain that the Livingstones of New York are sprung from the noble Scottish house of Livingstone. Some years ago members of the American family visited

Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and rose to high distinction during the Thirty Years' War. He was devoted to the interests of the House of Austria; and the share which he had in the death of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, has been celebrated by the pen of Schiller. He was amply rewarded for his services by the Emperor of Germany, who created him Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, and bestowed upon him large estates in Bohemia and Styria. He married the Princess Anna Francesca, daughter of Prince Dietrichstein. This alliance is remarkable, insomuch as it shows the position in which a family of the untitled Scottish gentry stood in the scale of European nobility in the seventeenth century. Walter Leslie was the younger son of an Aberdeenshire laird of ancient and noble blood, but what we now-a-days would call a commoner. He was a younger branch of that family, which was subsequently raised to the peerage with the title of Rothes, and his highest dignity was that of being possessor of an estate that was a barony. He was a Scottish lesser Baron. Yet the second son of this untitled country gentleman was considered a fit and proper husband for the daughter of a German princely family. It is true, that he had previously been created a Count of the Empire, but that dignity would not alone have opened the door of the Dietrichstein palace to him in the relation of son-in-law if his birth had not been regarded as thoroughly noble. There can be no doubt that his "sieze quartiers" of pure nobility were curiously scanned before the Princess Anna Francesca was induced to bestow her hand upon this successful soldier of fortune.

Admiral Sir Thomas Livingstone, then keeper of the Royal Palace of Linlithgow, who received them with hospitable welcome in their original fatherland. Then there are the families of Dudley, Montgomerie, and many a one beside. Not long since I read a very remarkable, and very interesting book, "The Adventures of my Grandfather," by an American gentleman, John Lewis Peyton, as well as an essay on Mr. Peyton's works, by Mr. B. Blundell. I learned from the perusal that the Baronet, Peyton of Isleham, still exists on the other side of the ocean. Sir Edward Peyton, Bart., of Isleham, in Cambridgeshire, the Puritan and Parliamentarian, died in 1657, much impoverished, having, in conjunction with his son—afterwards Sir John, third baronet—sold his whole estate, including Isleham. Under these circumstances, Robert Peyton, a younger brother and a grandson of Sir Edward, the Puritan, resolved to try "what his long pedigree, backed by a bold heart and a clear intellect could do in America," and, shortly after the Restoration, settled in Virginia, where he named his residence Isleham, in memory of his ancestral English home, and where his offspring continue, after the lapse of two centuries, verifying, in their high position and worldly prosperity, the words of the Psalmist, "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the virtuous man forsaken nor his seed begging their bread."

The gentlemen of Virginia were at all times proud of their English and Scottish blood. The Washingtons, though the illustrious patriot will ever be the brightest ornament of their house, look back with satisfaction to the old English stock, to which they trace their origin;

and the Lord Fairfax of Cameron, whose ancestor, captivated by the climate and attraction of Virginia, made it his home and country more than a century since, is not the less respected because he is the representative of a race of nobles memorable in the annals of England. America was early the refuge for all sufferers: the persecuted Puritan fled to New England—the oppressed Catholic to Maryland—and the defeated Cavalier to Virginia. But the most interesting and most striking exodus of all was that of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, with defective means but heavenly and heroic purpose, embarked for the new world in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

I cannot but think that there is a deep-rooted affection in America for the "old country," and that the great American nation cherish a brotherly love for the Saxon, Norman, and Celtic race from which they spring. Our genealogy, our literature, our traditions, our history are all to a considerable extent their own. These glorious antecedents make us one people, and interest them as deeply as they do us.

For many years, among the most intelligent and zealous of my genealogical clients and correspondents have been those from the other side of the Atlantic, all yearning to carry back their ancestry to the fatherland, and to connect themselves in some way with its historic associations. Massachusetts is more genealogical than Yorkshire, and Boston has sustained, what London never did, a magazine devoted almost exclusively to genealogy and biography. My friend, Mr. H. G. Somerby, a very accomplished American antiquary, employed himself for several years in researches through the parish registers

of England for the parochial entries of the founders of the chief American families, and especially of the Pilgrim Fathers; and I have been told that a very large sum was given at Boston for the purchase of a collection of our English County Histories,* as the best sources of American genealogy.

The "Vicissitudes of Families," "moving accidents" as they are of human life, afford lessons of wisdom of incalculable value. "They teem with moral associations, and keep up the ever interesting story of human existence." The experience of the past is a warning for the future:—Consilium futuri ex præterito venit: they have all their moral. Some warn against reckless waste, the gambling-table, the race-course, and the countless ills that profligacy entails. Some tell the story of electioneering ambition and ruinous expenditure; some exhibit the picture of political and religious oppression, and some again of loyalty, right or misguided, but faithful even to the last; some, for the warning and instruction of mankind, prove that the mighty may be put down from their seats, and the lowly raised up; and some serve to suggest the ill luck that seems occasionally to be linked with a particular race, we know not why, unless it be from some hereditary failing, reminding one of the observation of Cardinal Richelieu, who used to say that he would never continue to employ an unlucky man.

Yet in commenting on such vicissitudes, I cannot but

* The Library of Congress, at Washington, and the Astor Library, in New York, also possess collections of English County Histories, and I am informed that these works are in constant requisition.

observe how all the greater on their account does the blessing appear that has fallen to the lot of those ancient families (and I rejoice to say there are many, many of them in this empire) which "have stood against the waves and weathers of time," have flourished from generation to generation, and still exist in all the splendour of untarnished merit and honour. Thankful, indeed, should be those descendants who have been thus Providentially favoured; those whom—to borrow the beautiful language of the Psalms—the Lord hath been mindful of, and blessed, as He blessed the House of Israel and the House of Aaron, being their help and their shield, and increasing them more and more, they and their children.

The vicissitudes of families have in them a moral of infinite importance to coming generations, and they tell us, in exposing the weaknesses of human provision and forethought, that there is a guiding law, the law of the Spirit of life, beyond and above the control or reach of all worldly ambition. Royal and imperial dynasties, noble and gentle families, the proudest warrior and the ablest statesman "fret their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more." It is in vain in many cases to analyze the causes of the rapid downfall of mighty houses, and the striking contrasts in the most powerful.

"Changes so extensive, shocks so violent, defy all calculation, but they should not shake our confidence in Him who gives the sunshine as well as the storm, the fertilizing rain as well as the drought—the manna, the milk, and the honey, as well as the stony rock and the sandy desert—who from evil brings forth good, and in judgment remembers mercy."

# The Percys.

"Now the Percy's crescent is set in blood."

OLD BALLAD.

THE Percys and the Nevilles held almost regal sway in Northumberland and Durham. "The two great Princes of the North were Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmoreland at Raby Castle." Yet, how strikingly unfortunate were the Percys during the reign of the Tudors, and, indeed, long before! Sprung from the marriage of Josceline of Louvaine (son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Lower Brabant, and brother of Adeliza, second Queen of Henry I.), with Agnes de Percy, daughter and eventual heiress of William, third Lord Percy, this illustrious and eminently historical family is conspicuous alike for its achievements and its sufferings. Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was slain at Bramham Moor; and his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, K.G., the early companion in arms of the Black Prince, and subsequently the renowned Earl of Worcester, was beheaded in 1403. The first Earl's son, the gallant "Hotspur," the best captain of a martial epoch, had already fallen at Shrewsbury. Henry, second earl of Northumberland (Hotspur's son), passed his youth, attainted and despoiled of estate, an exile in Scotland; subsequently restored by Henry V., he returned to

England, and, true to the tradition of his race, achieved a soldier's fame, and found a soldier's death at the battle of St. Albans. In the same wars, his two sons, Sir Thomas Percy Lord Egremont, and Sir Ralph Percy, were also both killed; Egremont at Northampton, and his brother at Hedgeley Moor. None were more chivalrously true to the Lancastrian cause than the Percys. "I have saved the bird in my bosom!" that is, "my faith to my king," were the last words of the dying Sir Ralph.

The next and third possessor of the title, Henry, Earl of Northumberland, the husband of the great heiress of Poynings, was slain at Towton in 1461, still on the side of the Red Rose; and his son, Henry, the fourth Earl, endeavouring to enforce one of King Henry VII.'s taxes, was murdered by a mob, at Thirsk, in 1489.* Henry, the fifth Earl, although he was at the battles of Blackheath and Spurs, died in peace; but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed at Tyburn, in 1537, for his concern in Aske's rebellion. Henry, the sixth Earl, the first lover of Anna Boleyn, compelled by his father to marry against his own wish the Lady Mary Talbot,

* The funeral of this Earl is a memorable instance of the lavish expenditure of the time; at the present valuation of money, the cost was £12,080! Of his magnificent monument in Beverley Minster, a few vestiges only remain, although that erected to his Countess is still in the highest preservation, and is one of the most beautiful sepulchral specimens in this kingdom. Dugdale has a memorandum that the grave of this lady, in the church at Beverley, was opened on the 15th Sept. 1678,—nearly two hundred years after her death, —and that "her body was found in a fair coffin of stone, embalmed and covered with cloth of gold; and on her feet slippers embroidered with silke; and therewith a wax lampe, a candle and plate candlestick."

lived a most unhappy life, childless and separate; at last, sinking under a broken constitution, he could not bear up against the sorrow brought on by his brother's execution and his house's attainder, but died in the very same month in which Sir Thomas had been consigned to the block. This Earl, known as "Henry the Unthrifty," disposed of some of the fairest lands of his inheritance. After his decease, the peerage honours of the Percys were obscured by Sir Thomas's attainder, and during the period of their forfeiture the rightful heirs had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. This nobleman, however, being himself attainted in 1553, the Earldom was restored, in 1557, to Thomas Percy, in consideration that his ancestors, "ab antiquo de tempore in tempus," had been Earls of Northumberland, but the sunshine of his prosperity was soon eclipsed. He joined the Rising of the North against Queen Elizabeth, and ended his life on the scaffold, August, 1572. His brother Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, still blind to the hereditary sufferings of his race, intrigued in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots, and being imprisoned in the Tower, was found dead in his bed, wounded by three pistol bullets. His son Henry, ninth Earl, was convicted on a groundless suspicion of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, stripped of all his offices, adjudged by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £30,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Tower. His grandson, Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, outlived his only son, and with him ended, in 1670, the male line of the most historic, perhaps, of all our English families.

The last Earl's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy—twice a wife and twice a widow before she was sixteen—was the greatest heiress of her time. Her first husband, Henry, Earl of Ogle (whom she married when only fourteen years old), died the year after his marriage, and her second, Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, "Tom of ten thousand," was assassinated by Count Koningsmark.

Eventually the Lady Elizabeth became the wife of Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset, and thus her splendid inheritance passed to the Seymours. A singular claimant had, however, arisen to the hereditary renown, broad lands, and nobility of the illustrious house of Percy, in the person of a humble trunk-maker of the city of Dublin, one James Percy, who went over in 1670, the very year the Earl died, especially to prefer his claim, which he subsequently pursued with all the enduring boldness of a Percy against the might and wealth of the most powerful nobleman in the kingdom. The trunk-maker contended against the Duke of Somerset for full fifteen years, and obtained during the contest some temporary triumphs, although I firmly believe that he had no right whatsoever to the title he sought, but he was hardly dealt by, and of consequence excited no little sympathy pending the affair; nor did his defeat and total annihilation finally set his pretensions at rest, for it is even still believed by many that the trunk-maker was the true Percy. Certain it is, that the poor claimant was absolutely treated as criminal for presuming to "trouble the House of Lords," and daring to enter the lists with the potent and haughty Duke of Somerset.

During the struggle, between the years 1674 and 1681, no less than five suits connected with the matter were tried in the Courts of Law. The first action brought by Percy was against one James Clark for scandal in having declared that he, Percy, was an impostor; but in this he suffered a nonsuit—a result he attributed to the venality of his attorney, in a printed pamphlet, in which he further states that Lord Chief Justice Hale had declared that James Percy had as much right to the Earldom of Northumberland as he, the Chief Justice, had to his coach and horses, which he had bought and paid for. The claimant next brought an action against one John Wright, another of his adversaries, also for slander, for having declared that he was illegitimate, and the case was tried before Chief Justice Rainsford, when, having proved his legitimacy and pedigree, he had a verdict of £300. Subsequently Percy had protracted litigation with the sheriff of Northumberland for the twenty pounds granted out of the revenues of the county to the earldom by the patent of creation. During these lawsuits, several proceedings were instituted in the House of Lords; and at length, in 1689, the Lords' Committee for Privileges declared Percy's conduct to be insolent in persisting to call himself Earl of Northumberland, after the former decisions of the House, and finally adjudged that "the pretensions of the said James Percy to the Earldom of Northumberland are groundless, false, and scandalous," and ordered that the said claimant be brought before the four courts of Westminster Hall, wearing a paper upon his breast, on which these words were written, "The false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland."

Thus ended the attempt of the trunk-maker, and nothing further was ever heard of the unfortunate man or his family, beyond the fact that one supposed to have been his son, Sir Anthony Percy, filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1699.

# The Nevilles.

" The sun shone bright, and the birds sung sweet,
The day we left the North countrie,
But cold is the wind, and sharp is the sleet,
That beat on the exile over the sea."

OLD BALLAD.

BRIGHT as is the halo which romance and song have shed round the name of Percy, I question much whether any one of that famous race ever reached the pinnacle of power attained by Ralph Nevill, the first Earl of Westmoreland, or by Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, " the greatest and last of the old Norman chivalry—kinglier in pride, in state, in possessions, and in renown than the king himself." A recent writer remarks with much truth, that " the Neville was to mediæval England what the Douglas was to Scotland." No family surpassed it in the brilliancy of its alliances and honours, or the vastness of its estates. Of the house of Neville, there have been six Earls of Westmoreland, two Earls of Salisbury—one of whom, and the more renowned, was also Earl of Warwick—nineteen Barons, and five Earls of Abergavenny, one Earl of Kent, two Marquesses of Montacute—one of whom was also Duke of Bedford—five Barons Latimer, one Lord Furnival, and one Lord Fauconberg. The illustrious names that adorn the pedigree of the Nevilles are numerous beyond all

precedent. A Neville was Queen of England, and a Neville, mother of two of our English monarchs. Twice was a Neville consecrated Archbishop of York, and twice did a Neville fill the dignified office of Lord High Chancellor: seven Nevilles were Duchesses, nine Nevilles were Knights of the Garter, a Neville presided over the Commons as Speaker, and Nevilles without end pervade our national records as warriors and statesmen. The annual income in land of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, independently of his own patrimony, would be, calculated in our present money, full £300,000. Lord Lytton has vividly pourtrayed "the Last of the Barons." "His wealth," says the novelist, "was enormous, but it was equalled by his magnificence, and rendered popular by his lavish hospitality. No less than thirty thousand persons are stated to have feasted daily at the open tables with which he allured to his countless castles the strong hands and grateful hearts of a martial and unsettled population."

The genealogist will recollect that, when Josceline de Louvaine received in marriage the heiress of the Percys, the proud condition was imposed on the Flemish Prince, on his accepting the Norman alliance, that he should relinquish either his own name or coat of arms in favour of that of his bride, and that he decided the option by assuming the name of Percy. Whether in performance of some similar agreement, or out of gratitude for their large maternal inheritance, or from the mere fashion of that day to normanize, the descendants of Robert Fitz Maldred, the Saxon Lord of Raby, by Isabel Neville, his wife, the Norman Lady of Brancepeth, assumed the surname of Neville. The vast estates thus united de-

volved in due course of time on Ralph de Neville of Raby, son of Robert Neville, by Mary, his wife, daughter and sole heiress of Ralph Fitz Randolph, Lord of Middleham. This Ralph de Neville, of Raby, was careless in the management of his affairs, and fonder of residing with the monks of Coverham and Marton than in his own castles. He married twice, and by his first wife, Euphemia Clavering, had two sons, on the elder of whom, Robert, called, from his love and show of finery, "the Peacock of the North," his grandmother settled the castle and lordship of Middleham, with all its appendages in fee; but dying before his father, who survived until the year 1331, and was buried on the south side of the altar at Coverham, he was succeeded by his only brother, Ralph, Lord Neville of Raby, who in the fifth year of Edward III. obtained a fresh charter of free warren in all his lands and lordships in the county of York. At one time he was Ambassador to treat with Philip of Valois, in the presence of the Pope, and on various occasions he was engaged in the Scottish and French wars. At length, having spent a long and active life, he died in 1367, and was buried in Durham Cathedral, where his monument still remains, he having been the first layman who had sepulture there. His son and heir, John, third Lord Neville, of Raby, who fought in Scotland, France, and Turkey, was such a gallant soldier that John of Gaunt, in consideration of fifty marks a year, charged on his estates in Danby and Forcett, Yorkshire, retained him in his service for life. By his first marriage with Maud, daughter of Lord Percy, he had Ralph, his heir; by his second union with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William, Lord

Latimer, he had John, subsequently Lord Latimer. John, third Lord Neville of Raby, died on St. Luke's day, anno 12 Rich. II., and was interred near his father at Durham. His eldest son and successor, RALPH DE NEVILLE, having first won the golden spurs of knighthood, was, in the 21st year, Rich. II., created Earl of Westmoreland, and subsequently received from Henry IV. a grant of the Earldom of Richmond (which title, however, he never assumed). During the time of this—the great Earl of Westmoreland—the power and grandeur of his race seem to have attained a very high degree of eminence. He was a Knight of the Garter, Warden of the West Marches, and Earl Marshal of England, and died possessed of the honours and castles of Richmond, Middleham, and Sheriff Hutton, with many a dependent manor, and many a fair southern lordship. His eldest son (by the Lady Margaret Stafford, his first wife, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford, K.G.) John, Lord Neville, who died before him, was the direct ancestor of Charles, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, whose miserable end I will by and by narrate. The eldest son of the second princely alliance of the first Earl of Westmoreland with Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was Richard Neville, Lord of Middleham, who, by his marriage with Alice, daughter and heiress of Thomas Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, acquired that title, and having joined the standard of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who had married his sister, the Lady Cecilia Neville, was beheaded after the disastrous battle of Wakefield, A.D. 1460, when his estates became forfeited to the crown. But in the following year Edward IV. regained the throne of his ancestors, and

Middleham Castle, with all its vast domains and wide-spread manors, reverted to their rightful owner, the Earl's eldest son, the renowned "King Maker," Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, K.G., and (by his union with Anne, sole heiress of her brother Henry, Duke of Warwick) Earl also of Warwick:

> "For who liv'd king, but he could dig his grave,
> And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?"

Under him the ancient fortress of Middleham seems to have reached the height of its magnificence, and within its walls he kept all but royal state. To quote the words of the author of "the Last of the Barons," "the most renowned statesman, the mightiest Lords flocked to his Hall: Middleham—not Windsor, nor Shene, nor Westminster, nor the Tower—seemed the Court of England." Here it was that the Duke of Gloucester, his future son-in-law, learned the art of war from the princely Earl: here it was that the fourth Edward, conducted as a prisoner-guest, by his gallant bearing and soul-stirring address, bent the barons, knights, and retainers of his overgrown subject to his will. Hence (being left, as tradition states, under the surveillance of Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York, and indulged with the privilege of hunting in the park,) Edward escaped on a fleet horse, and resumed the reins of government. But I must not dilate too much. That mighty Earl, who had made and unmade kings, found a bloody grave at Barnet; and Middleham, with its dependencies, was allotted to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, in right of his wife, the Lady Anne Neville, Warwick's youngest daughter.

In 1469, the House of Neville attained the acme of its glory. Within exactly one hundred years, its ruin was accomplished. In 1569, Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, received at his castle of Brancepeth his neighbour the Earl of Northumberland, and there was concocted "the Rising of the North:"

> "And now the inly-working North
> Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
> A potent vassalage to fight
> In Percy's and in Neville's right."

But the insurrection was ill-planned and rashly determined on. It resulted in total defeat, and in the utter destruction of the Nevilles of Raby. Lord Westmoreland fled to Scotland, and found protection and concealment for a long time at Fernyhurst Castle, Lord Kerr's house, in Roxburghshire. Meanwhile, the Earl's cousin, Robert Constable, was hired by Sir Ralph Sadleir to endeavour to track the unfortunate nobleman, and, under the guise of friendship, to betray him. Constable's correspondence appears among the Sadleir State Papers—an infamous memorial of treachery and baseness. Despite, however, the efforts of Government, the Earl succeeded in effecting his escape to Flanders; but his vast inheritance was confiscated, and he suffered the extremity of poverty. Brancepeth, the stronghold of the Nevilles in war, and Raby, their festive Hall in peace, had passed into strangers' hands, and nothing remained for the exiled lord. He was living in the Low Countries in 1572, on a miserable pittance allowed him by the bounty of the King of Spain, and so deplorable had been his previous con-

dition, that Lord Seton, writing two years before to Mary Queen of Scots, states that "the Earl of Westmoreland had neither penny nor half-penny." The petition to the Spanish Monarch which obtained the trifling pension, gives a pathetic description of the poor nobleman's wretchedness, and sets forth that the estates of which he had been deprived were worth 400,000 doubloons per annum (that is £150,000 of our money). His lordship survived his flight from Scotland more than thirty years, eking out a wretched existence, and dying penniless and almost forgotten in Flanders in 1601. By his high-spirited and devoted wife, the Lady Jane Howard, the worthy daughter of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, he left four children, viz., Katherine, married to Sir Thomas Grey of Chillingham; Eleanor or Elizabeth, who died unmarried; Margaret, married to Sir Nicolas Pudsey; and Anne, married to David Ingilby, of Ripley. Pecuniary pressure and severe suffering were the lot of these ladies; the third, Margaret, endured persecution and oppression. There is a letter from Hutton, Bishop of Durham, to Lord Burghley, dated 1594, suing for the Lady Margaret's pardon, wherein he says:—"I sent up in the beginning of the term to sue for the pardon of the Lady Margaret Neville. She lamented with tears that she hath offended God and her sovereign. Dr. Aubrey hath had her pardon drawn since the beginning of term. If it come not quickly, I fear she will die with sorrow. It were very honourable for your good lordship to take the case of a most distressed mayden, descended as your lordship knoweth of great nobilitie, the House of Norfolk, the House of Westmoreland, and the House of

Rutland, in memory of man, and was but a child of five years old when her unfortunate father did enter into the rebellion; and now she is a condemned person, having not one penny by year to live upon since the death of her mother, who gave her £33 6*s*. 8*d*. a-year, part of that £300 which her Majesty did allow her. It were well that her Majesty were informed of her miserable state: she is virtuously given, humble, modest, and of very good behaviours."

Thus tragically closed the last act of the eventful drama of the Nevilles of Raby. The Bishop of Durham's supplicatory letter in behalf of "the distressed maiden," is indeed a sad end to the history of the mightiest and noblest race in our English annals. What a different scene does the Bishop's petition disclose from the gorgeous display of power and wealth of the preceding century. The crowd of retainers has dispersed, the castles are dismantled, and the broad lands parcelled out among strangers. In their stead is the poor desolate lady, dwelling in a lowly residence in a foreign land, and suing for some small pittance to stave off actual want:—

> "As highest hilles with tempests be most touched,
> And tops of trees most subject unto winde,
> And as great towers with stones strongly couched,
> Have heavy falls when they be under mynde,
> E'en so by proofe in worldly things we finde,
> That such as clime the top of high degree,
> From perill of falling never can be free."

# Rise and Fall of the Cromwells.

"Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?"
SHAKESPEARE.

LONG before the time of the great OLIVER, the Cromwells were of consideration and high county standing in Huntingdonshire, seated at their fine old mansion of Hinchinbroke.

They came originally from Wales, and bore the surname of Williams; the first who took that of Cromwell was Sir Richard Williams, and he did so as nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the "malleus monachorum," or, as old Fuller renders it, "the mauler of monasteries." The alteration of name was made at the express desire of Henry VIII., and, through the favourite's influence, great wealth and station were conferred on Sir Richard.

"As Vicar-general of all things spiritual," (I quote from Thomas Cromwell's "Memoirs"), "the Earl of Essex had an opportunity of obliging his kinsman, then Richard Williams, alias Cromwell, Esq., and others, with the sale of the lately dissolved religious houses, at sums infinitely below their very great value, some of the most advantageous purchases were made by this ancestor of the Huntingdonshire Cromwells; and amongst others, those of the nunnery of Hinchinbroke, and the monastery of Saltry-Judith in that county, together

with the site of the rich abbey of Ramsey. Additions were made to his possessions by the king, even after the fall of the favourite Cromwell; so that at the period of his death, Sir Richard's estates probably equalled (allowing for the alteration in the value of money) those of the wealthiest peers of the present day. At a tournament held by his royal master in 1540, and described by Stowe, Richard Cromwell, Esq., is named as one of the challengers; all of whom were rewarded on the occasion by the king, with an annual income of an hundred marks granted out of the dissolved Franciscan monastery of Stamford, and with houses each to reside in. His Majesty was more particularly delighted with the gallantry of Sir Richard Cromwell (whom he had knighted on the second day of the tournament), and exclaiming, 'formerly thou wast my *Dick*, but hereafter thou shalt be my *Diamond*,' presented him with a diamond ring, bidding him for the future to wear such an one in the fore-gamb of the demi-lion in his crest, instead of a javelin, as heretofore. The arms of Sir Richard, with this alteration, were ever afterwards borne by the elder branch of the family, and by Oliver himself on his assuming the Protectorate, although previously he had borne the javelin."

In 1541 Sir Richard Cromwell served as High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire and Hunts; in 1542, was returned knight of the latter shire to Parliament, and in 1543, became one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber to the king. In this year, a war breaking out with France, Sir Richard proceeded to that kingdom as General of the English infantry, and joined the army of the Emperor, then engaged in the siege of Landrecy; but after a few

months' service, the auxiliary force returned to England, and Sir Richard Cromwell received, as a mark of royal favour, the office of Constable of Berkeley Castle. The date of the death of Sir Richard has not been ascertained, but certain it is that he left a very large estate, derived chiefly from ecclesiastical confiscation. He had married early in life, A.D. 1518, Frances, daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Myrffin, the then Lord Mayor of London, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heir of Alderman Sir Angel Don, whose wife was a descendant of the ancient Cheshire house of Hawardine. This alliance brought several quarterings into the Cromwell family. Sir Richard's son and heir, Sir Henry Cromwell, called from his liberality and opulence "The Golden Knight," rebuilt, or, at all events, remodelled and as good as built the mansion of Hinchinbroke. Here he resided in princely state, and here he received a visit from Queen Elizabeth, on her progress from the university of Cambridge. In 1563 he was elected M.P. for his native county, and served as High Sheriff no less than four times. At length, 7th January, 1603, at a good old age, he died, leaving the character of "a worthy gentleman, both in court and country." By Joan, his first wife, daughter of Sir Robert Warren, Knt., he had several sons and daughters; the latter were, I. Joan, married to Sir Francis Barrington, Bart.; II. Elizabeth, who married William Hampden, Esq., of Great Hampden, and was mother of JOHN HAMPDEN, the patriot, and grandmother of Edmund Waller, the poet: III. Frances, who married Richard Whalley, Esq., of Kirkton, Notts, and had three sons; 1. Thomas Whalley, father of an only son, Peniston, of Screveton (who, after dissipating

a considerable fortune, passed the latter years of his life a prisoner for debt in London); 2. Edward Whalley, the regicide, who died an exile after the Restoration; and 3. Henry Whalley, Judge Advocate, whose ultimate fate is unknown; IV. Mary, who married Sir William Dunch, of Little Whittenham, Berks, and had a son, Edmund, whose representatives are Sir H. C. Oxenden, Bart., and the Duke of Manchester; and V. Dorothy, who married Sir Thomas Fleming, son of the Lord Chief Justice Fleming, ancestor of the Flemings of Stoneham, in Hampshire. The sons of Sir Henry Cromwell, the Golden Knight, were OLIVER, his heir; Robert, father of the Lord Protector; Henry of Upwood;* Richard, M.P., who died unmarried, and Philip.

The eldest, Sir OLIVER CROMWELL, who succeeded to the family estates, magnificently entertained King James I. at Hinchinbroke, on his Majesty's journey from Scotland to London, and was made a Knight of the Bath, previously to the coronation. At the outbreak of the civil war Sir Oliver remained not an idle spectator, but enrolling himself under the royal banner, raised men, and gave large sums of money to support the king's cause. This devotion to an unfortunate party obliged him to sell Hinchinbroke to the Montagus, since Viscounts Hinchinbroke and Earls of Sandwich, whose stately pleasant house

* Henry Cromwell, of Upwood, third son of Sir Henry, of Hinchinbroke, left one son, RICHARD (whose only surviving child, ANNE, a poetess, married her kinsman, Henry Williams, alias Cromwell, of Ramsey), and two daughters; Elizabeth, married to the Lord Chief Justice Oliver St. John, and Anna, married to John Neale, Esq., of Dean, co. Bedford, ancestor, by her, of the Rev. Edward Vansittart, who inherited the estate of Allesley, and assumed the surname of Neale.

it still is, on the left bank of the Ouse, and a short half mile west of Huntingdon. Sir Oliver retired to Ramsey Abbey, and there ended his days, on the 28th August, 1655, in his 93rd year, impoverished and broken-hearted, but still unshaken in his allegiance. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Bromley; and secondly, Anne, widow of Sir Horatio Palavicini; by the former, he had issue, four sons, HENRY, Thomas, John, and William, and four daughters. The sons were all cavalier officers, and suffered much in consequence. The eldest, Colonel HENRY CROMWELL, who inherited the wreck of his ancestor's vast estates, took a very active part for the king, and had his property sequestered, but on a petition to Parliament, 9th July, 1649, the sequestration was discharged, and the fines for delinquency remitted, "at the request of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Oliver Cromwell." From this time Henry Cromwell appears to have led a private life, harassed, however, by debt and difficulties, the consequence of his family's devotion to the royal cause, and the hereditary misfortune—extravagance and ostentation. He died 18th September, 1657, and was interred in the chancel of Ramsey church the day following, to prevent, it was reported, the seizure of the corpse by his creditors. By his second wife, Battina, daughter of Sir Horatio Palavicini, Colonel Henry Cromwell left a son, HENRY CROMWELL, Esq., of Ramsey, baptized there 22nd June, 1625. This gentleman, either swayed by interested motives, or won by the favour of the Protector (who in the worst of times was a kind and considerate kinsman), gave in his adhesion to the new order of things, and took his seat in Parliament. The

moment, however, the proposal for the restoration of the monarchy was mootod, it had his hearty support, and fearing that the name of Cromwell would prove distasteful at the court of King Charles, he resumed the original patronymic of his ancestors, and styled himself Henry Williams. Under this designation, we find him set down as one of the intended knights of the Royal Oak. He died 3rd August, 1673, leaving no issue; and thus expired the great Huntingdonshire line of Cromwell, for a long series of years the most opulent family in that part of England. Their estate of Ramsey alone, with the lands and manors annexed, would now be valued at £80,000 per annum; and besides that, they had extensive possessions in other parts of the county, and in Essex. From the last Henry Cromwell, alias Williams, the abbey of Ramsey passed by sale to the famous Colonel Titus, and became afterwards, by purchase also, the property of Coulson Fellowes, Esq., whose descendant still enjoys it.

The second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, "the Golden Knight," of Hinchinbroke, was ROBERT CROMWELL, Esq., at one time M.P. for Huntingdon, who, by the will of his father, had as his portion an estate in and near that town, which, at our present valuation, would be worth about £1,000 per annum. On this he resided as a country gentleman, managing his own lands and acting as a justice of the peace for the county. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of William Steward, of Ely, an opulent man, a kind of hereditary farmer of the cathedral tithes and church lands round that city, in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, Knt., in due time succeeded him, resident also in Ely. Elizabeth was a

young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to "one William Lynne, Esq., of Bassingbourne, in Cambridgeshire," had lasted but a year; her husband and an only child are buried in Ely Cathedral, where their monuments still stand. By this lady (whose descent Noble and Brooke both derive, with little or no proof, from the royal house of Stuart), Mr. Robert Cromwell left at his decease, in 1617 (his widow survived until 1654, when she died at her apartments in the Palace, Whitehall), one son, the renowned OLIVER, and five daughters: Catherine, married first to Captain Roger Whetstone, and secondly, to Colonel John Jones, one of King Charles's judges; Margaret, married to Colonel Valentine Waughton, another of the regicides; Anne, married to John Sewster, Esq., of Wistow; Jane, married to Major-General John Desborough; and Robina, married first to Dr. Peter French, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford (by whom she was mother of Elizabeth French, wife of Archbishop Tillotson), and secondly, to Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born in St. John's parish, Huntingdon, 25th April, 1599, and christened there, on the 29th of the same month, receiving his baptismal name from his uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver Cromwell, of Ramsey.* At the age of twenty-one, he married a lady of fortune, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex, a gentleman of some civic

* The fiction of Oliver Cromwell having been a brewer rests upon no better authority than this :—the little brook of Hinchin, flowing through the court-yard of the house towards the Ouse, offered every convenience for malting or brewing; and there is a vague tradition that, at some remote time before the place came into possession of the Cromwells, it had been used as a brewery.

position, and had with four daughters* as many sons, viz.: ROBERT, born in 1621, who died unmarried; OLIVER, born in 1622, killed in 1648, fighting under the parliamentary banner; RICHARD, who succeeded to the Protectorate; and HENRY, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Oliver Cromwell, who was inaugurated as Lord Protector, 16th December, 1653, died in 1658, at Whitehall, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on "his beloved and victorious third of September," and was buried with more than regal pomp, in Henry VII.'s chapel, on the 23rd of November following. His remains, with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, were dug up after the Restoration, and, being pulled out of their coffins, were hanged at Tyburn, 30th January, 1661, until sunset, when they were taken down and decapitated; the heads fixed on the front of Westminster Hall, and the trunks flung into a deep hole under the gallows. On Cromwell's coffin being broken open, a leaden canister was found lying on his breast, and within it a copper plate gilt, with the arms of England impaling those of Cromwell on one side, and on the other, the following inscription:—"Oliverius, Protector Reipublicæ Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, natus 25 Aprilis, anno 1599; inauguratus 16 Decembris, 1653: mortuus 3 Septembris, anno 1658: hic situs est." Oliver's

* The Lord Protector's daughters were, 1. BRIDGET, married first to Lieutenant-General Henry Ireton, and secondly to General Charles Fleetwood; 2. ELIZABETH, married to John Claypole, Esq.; Mrs. Claypole was the Protector's favourite child, and her death (6 August, 1658) was thought to have accelerated Oliver's own: 3. MARY, married to Thomas Belasyse, Viscount Fauconberg; and 4. FRANCES, married first to Robert Rich, grandson of Robert, Earl of Warwick, and secondly, to Sir John Russell, Bart. A correspondent informs me that a lineal descendant of General Ireton's eldest son is at this present time a basketman in the Cork market.

widow survived her husband fourteen years, living in great obscurity, and died 8th of October, 1672, aged 74, at Norborough, her son-in-law, Claypole's house.

At the decease of his father, Oliver, RICHARD CROMWELL, succeeded to the sovereign power, as tranquilly and unopposedly, it has been remarked, as though he had been the descendant of a long line of princes; yet his reign lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days. He subsequently resided abroad until about 1680; but where his various peregrinations led him is not known with any degree of certainty. On his return to England he appears to have assumed the name of Clark, and to have resided at Sergeant Pengelly's house at Cheshunt to the end of his life, courting privacy and retirement, and cautiously avoiding so much as the mention of his former elevation, even to his most intimate acquaintance. He died at Cheshunt, 13th July, 1712, in the 88th year of his age. Pennant mentions that his father had told him that he used often to see, at the Don Saltero Coffee House at Chelsea, poor Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life." By Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Richard Major, Esq., of Hursley, Hampshire, he had three daughters, the youngest of whom, the wife of John Mortimer, Esq., F.R.S., died at the age of twenty, without issue; of the other two, Miss Elizabeth Cromwell and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Luson says, "I have several times been in company with these ladies; they were well-bred, well-dressed, stately women; exactly punctilious; but they seemed, especially Mistress Cromwell, to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied

with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it. They had neither the great sense nor the great enthusiasm of Mrs. Bendysh; but, as the daughter of Ireton had dignity without pride, so they had pride without dignity." Their unfilial conduct to their father remains a sad blot on their memory; and the meekness of poor Richard Cromwell makes their want of feeling more especially painful.

The male representative of the Lord Protector Oliver's family, vested, at the decease of this his eldest son, in the descendant of his second, HENRY CROMWELL, of Spinney Abbey, at one time Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, on the death of his father, quietly resigned his government and returned to England, where he continued afterwards to reside as a country gentleman, at Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, unconcerned in the various changes of the State, and unembittered by the ills of ambition. By Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, he left, at his decease, in 1673, five sons and one daughter. To the latter, Elizabeth, wife of William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, I shall refer in the sequel. Of the sons, all died without issue except the second, HENRY CROMWELL, Esq., who was born in Dublin Castle, during his father's government of Ireland, 3rd March, 1658. He inherited eventually the estate of Spinney Abbey, but was compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to sell that property, and experienced great vicissitudes and pecuniary distress. A letter of his is still preserved, in which he deplores his condition. "Our family," he writes to Lady Fauconberg, his aunt, "is low, and some

are willing it should be kept so; yet I know we are a far ancienter family than many others; Sir Oliver Cromwell, my grandfather's uncle, and godfather's estate that was, is now let for above £50,000 a-year." Shortly after, so deep was his distress, that he petitioned the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to give him some employment, but prayed to be excused from going over with his Excellency, as he was in want of the necessaries of a gentleman to appear in the Viceroy's suite. At length, the Duke of Ormonde procured for him the commission of Major of Foot, and he joined Lord Galway's army in the Peninsula, where he died of a fever in 1711. By Hannah, his wife, daughter of Benjamin Hewling, a Turkey merchant, he had a large family, of which the only son, whose descendants still exist, was THOMAS CROMWELL, who, "sic transit gloria mundi," carried on the business of a grocer, on Snow Hill, and died in Bridgewater Square, London, October 2, 1748. He married, first, Frances Tidman, the daughter of a London tradesman, and by her was father of a daughter, Anne, the wife of John Field, of London.* He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Nicholas Skinner, a merchant of London, and had to leave issue, an only son, OLIVER CROMWELL, a solicitor, and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, who succeeded, under the will of his cousins, the Protector Richard Cromwell's daughters, to an estate at Theobalds, Herts. Mr. Oliver Cromwell mar-

* The issue of Anne Cromwell and John Field were, 1. Henry, of Woodford, Essex; 2. Oliver; 3. John, an officer in the Mint; 4. William; 5. Anne, married to Thomas Gwinnell; 6. Elizabeth; 7. Sophia; 8. Mary; and 9. Letitia, married to the Rev. John Wilkins.

ried, in 1771, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Morgan Morse, and had a son, Oliver Cromwell, who died, *vitâ patris*, and an only daughter and heir ELIZABETH OLIVERIA CROMWELL, of Cheshunt Park, born in 1777, who married in 1801, Thomas Artemidorus Russell, Esq., and died in 1849, leaving several children. Her estate of Cheshunt Park is now held by her daughters Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Warner, after whom it will pass to her granddaughter the only child of Artemidorus Cromwell Russell, Esq., and now the wife of the Rev. Paul Bush.

With OLIVER CROMWELL, who died in 1821, the attorney, and the son of the grocer, the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired. Thus, the house of Cromwell, which, even before the great Oliver's time, possessed estates in Huntingdonshire and other counties of immense value, dwindled from its high and princely station, and, within four generations, sank first into obscurity, and then became, in the male line, altogether extinct.

No better destiny awaited many of the female descendants of the Lord Protector. Elizabeth Cromwell (daughter of Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland) left, by her husband, William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, seven sons and six daughters. Of the former, Francis Russell, Esq., baptized at Fordham Abbey, 1691, was father of Thomas Russell, Esq., a military officer, whose daughter, Rebecca, married, first, James Harley, Esq., by whom she had no issue, and secondly, William Dyer, Esq., of Ilford, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, by whom she had William Andrew Dyer, Esq., two other sons, and two daughters. Of the daughters of Elizabeth Cromwell and William Russell, the eldest,

Elizabeth, married Robert D'Aye, Esq., of Soham, a gentleman of ancient family, who dissipated his fortune, and became so reduced that HE DIED IN A WORKHOUSE, leaving his widow (the great granddaughter of the Lord Protector) dependent on an annual present from the daughters of Richard Cromwell: this ceasing towards the latter years of her life, she endured the severest hardships and the bitterest penury. She survived until 1765: her only surviving daughters were both married, one to Thomas Addeson, a shoemaker of Soham, and the other to one Saunders, a butcher's son, who was a fellow-servant in the family in which she lived.

Mary (the fourth daughter of Elizabeth Cromwell and William Russell) was left a poor, destitute, and forsaken child, in the village of Fordham, until Sir Charles Wager, who purchased her ancestral estate of Fordham Abbey, heard of her miserable condition, and had her educated. Eventually she married a Mr. Martin Wilkins, a respectable resident of Soham, and died without children. The fifth daughter, Margaret, formed a very humble connection; and the youngest married Mr. Nelson, of Mildenhall, by whom she had a son, a jeweller, and a daughter, who, after the death of her husband, Mr. Redderock, an attorney, kept a school at Mildenhall.

How pointedly does this story of the downfall of Oliver Cromwell's family tell of the instability of all human greatness! Within the scope of a single century, and after the lapse of a few generations, we find the descendants of one, who in power equalled the mightiest princes of the earth, reduced to the depths of poverty, and almost begging their daily bread.

To sum up:—Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Protector's

great grandson, was a grocer on Snow Hill, and his son, Oliver Cromwell, the last male heir of the family, an attorney of London. But it was in the female line that the fall was most striking. Several of the Lord Protector's granddaughters' children sank to the lowest class of society. One, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a little Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters; the elder, the wife of a shoemaker, and the younger, of a butcher's son, who had been her fellow-servant. Another of Oliver Cromwell's great granddaughters had two children, who earned their scanty bread by the humblest industry; the son as a small working jeweller, and the daughter as the mistress of a little school at Mildenhall.

# Dukes of Buckingham, Staffords, and Villierses.

"All the clouds that lowered on their house."
SHAKESPEARE.

THE history of the DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM—STAFFORDS, and VILLIERSES—affords one of the most singular pages in the misfortunes of great families.

Humphrey de Stafford, the sixth Earl of that name, and first Duke of Buckingham, closely allied to the royal house of Lancaster, may be said to have opened that tragedy, which deepened as it progressed towards a catastrophe with his successors. His eldest son was killed at the fatal battle of St. Albans, in which the Yorkists so signally defeated their opponents, and the Duke himself fell gallantly fighting for the Lancastrians at the battle of Northampton in 1459. Such a death, however, was much too common in those times of civil warfare, to have deserved of itself any particular notice; but it acquires a deep significance from after circumstances, as if being an omen of misfortune.

The second Duke of Buckingham, Henry de Stafford, thus becoming according to the custom of the times, a ward to the reigning monarch, was naturally brought up so far as education could influence him, in attachment to the House of York. He was even a main in-

strument in elevating to the throne King Richard III., who made him a Knight of the Garter and hereditary Lord High Constable of England. But, as every reader of Shakespeare knows,—

> "High-reaching Buckingham grew circumspect
> The deep, revolving, witty Buckingham
> No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels;
> Hath he so long held out with me untired,
> And stops he now for breath?"

Whatever might be the cause—whether the old family attachment, or the neglect of King Richard—the Duke collected a force to join Richmond; but his army deserting him, he was forced to seek shelter at the house of old servant Humphrey Banaster, near Shrewsbury, by whom he was betrayed: all other services were forgotten; it was then—

> "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham."

There is a tradition that King Richard refused to reward the betrayer, observing, "that he who could be untrue to so good a master, would be false to all other."

The Duke was decapitated in the market-place of Salisbury, 2nd November, 1483, and so recently as 1838, his headless skeleton was exhumed in the yard of the Blue Boar Inn, in that city.

The success of the Lancastrians restored the next heir of this house, Edward de Stafford, to the family honours, and he became the third Duke of Buckingham. The favour this nobleman found with Henry VII. was rather increased than diminished with that monarch's despotic successor. But he had the misfortune to

offend the all-powerful Wolsey—who, if Buckingham was proud, was yet prouder. The first occasion of dispute between them, according to the gossip of the day, was this:—It chanced on one occasion, that Buckingham held a basin for the king to wash his hands, when, Henry having completed his ablutions, the prelate dipped his fingers into the water. Buckingham was so offended at this, which he considered derogatory to his rank, that he flung the contents of the basin into the cardinal's shoes; and the latter being no less incensed in his turn, declared aloud, that he "would stick upon the Duke's skirts." To show his contempt for such a menace, the Duke came to court soon afterwards, richly dressed, but without any skirts; and the king demanded the reason of so strange a fashion; he replied it was "to prevent the cardinal from sticking, as he had threatened, in his skirts." How the bluff monarch received this jest we are not told, but, from subsequent events, we may only too well infer how little palatable it was to the haughty cardinal, who had long before resolved that—

> "Buckingham
> Should lessen his big looks."

It seems that the Duke had dismissed from his employ a steward named Knevet,—not, as Shakespeare has it, a surveyor,—the man having oppressed the tenants. Wolsey made use of this renegade's agency to accuse Buckingham of a design against King Henry's life; and, being tried at Westminster, before Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who sat as Lord High Steward of England for the occasion, the duke was found guilty, and beheaded on Tower Hill. When the Emperor Charles V. heard

of this atrocious murder, he is said to have exclaimed, "A butcher's dog has killed the finest *Buck* in England!"—the allusion being to the occupation of Wolsey's father.

The title of Duke of Buckingham fell at the same time under attainder; but in the reign of Edward VI. an act passed, by which the Duke's son and heir, Henry, was "taken and reputed as Lord Stafford, with a seat and voice in Parliament as a baron." The ill-fortune, however, of this illustrious family slept only for a few generations. In Roger Stafford, born at Malpas, in 1572 (grandson of this Henry Lord Stafford, by Ursula Pole, his wife, daughter of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury), the old disasters of this house broke out, and with him the male line of the Staffords became extinct. "This unfortunate man," says Banks, "in his youth went by the name of Fludd, or Floyde, for what reason has not yet been explained—perhaps, with the indignant pride that the very name of Stafford should not be associated with the obscurity of such a lot. However, one Floyde, a servant of Mr. George Corbet, of Cowlesmore, near Lee, in Shropshire, his mother's brother, is mentioned in a manuscript, which was once part of the collections of the Stafford family; and it is not improbable that this was some faithful servant, under whose roof he might have been reared, or found a shelter from misfortunes, when all his great alliances, with a cowardly and detestable selfishness, might have forsaken him, and that he might have preferred the generous, though humble name of Floyde, to one that had brought him nothing but a keener memorial of his misfortunes."

Under this simple name of Floyde, Roger Stafford, no

unworthy scion of an illustrious ancestry, submitted with fortitude and resignation to his fate, and, in an industrious calling, fought the battle of life, humbly but honestly.

Time rolled on. Roger had become an old man, and was still engaged in his obscure pursuits, when news reached him that Henry, Lord Stafford, the great grandson of his father's eldest brother, had died, in 1637, and that the honours of the house of Stafford were now his. The sun of fortune seemed for a moment to shine upon him, but it was only for a moment. He resumed at once his own noble name, and boldly petitioned Parliament for a recognition of his rights. Parliament referred the case to the King, and Charles I. undertook its adjudication.

Can we not picture to ourselves poor old Roger Stafford struggling to collect the necessary proofs? Can we not almost see him bending over the pile of family parchments with appended seals, parochial registers, and emblazoned pedigrees—more in unison with the ancient castle of Stafford than the miserable garret in which he is? Finally he has all complete, and he submits his case confidently to Royal decision. Every proof is scrupulously examined—deed, register, and document, all are minutely weighed, and yet nothing is found but what confirms beyond all controversy the poor suitor's claim. The King acknowledges this, and admits that Roger Stafford is by right Lord Stafford, but declares that his poverty is such he must not bear the title: that "the said Roger Stafford, having no part of the inheritance of the said Lord Stafford, nor any lands or means whatever," should make a resignation of

all his claims and title to the Barony of Stafford, for his Majesty to dispose of as he should see fit.

With the same meek submission to the decrees of fate, and the same magnanimous resignation, the last of the Staffords obeyed the Royal mandate, and did, by deed dated 7th Dec., 1639, for the consideration of £800, paid to him by the King, grant and surrender unto his Majesty his Barony of Stafford, and the honour and dignity of Lord Stafford.

This effort of Roger Stafford was the last flickering of the lamp. The glory of the Staffords had long before been extinguished. Naught was ever again heard of the poor outcast, presumed to have been the last of his race, who thus nobly but fruitlessly made an expiring struggle to restore his fallen house.

And thus disappeared the illustrious and royally-allied Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham!

> "Ah! what availed that o'er the vassal plain
> Their rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
> That Honour and her knights compos'd their train,
> And Chivalry stood marshall'd by their side!"

The title of DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, which we have thus seen sleeping for so many years, was once again (18 May, 1623) revived in the person of GEORGE VILLIERS, the son of Sir George Villiers, Knt., of Brokesby, co. Leicester. Although the favourite of two monarchs, he was heartily detested by the nation, and seems to have been under the usual malignant star of all who had hitherto borne the same title. His expedition to the island of Rhé, for the relief of the Rochellers, proved a most inglorious failure, from the consequences of which

he was only saved by the ill-judged favour of the sovereign. He then endeavoured to regain his lost credit with the nation by a second and more hopeful attempt. With this view he repaired to Portsmouth, to hasten the necessary preparations by his presence. Here, while passing through a lobby after breakfast, with Sir Thomas Fryer, and other persons of distinction. he was stabbed to the heart with a penknife, by one John Felton, a lieutenant in Sir John Ramsey's regiment. He died almost instantly of the wound, 23rd August, 1628 being then only in his thirty-sixth year.

The son of this unfortunate man, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, was no less remarkable for the absolute perfection of his form, than for the extent and variety of his talents. He had a command in the royal army at the battle of Worcester, and, on the king's defeat, made his escape to Holland. When, through the agency of Monk, royalty was restored, he returned to England, and by his admirable versatility, mingled, no doubt, with some degree of falsehood, he managed, at one and the same time, to ingratiate himself with the King and the Presbyterians. But his vices would seem to have been more than equal to his abilities. He formed one of the unpopular administration called the *Cabal*, from the initials of the names of those composing it, and, having first seduced the wife of Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, he slew that nobleman in a duel. It is said that the no less profligate countess was a looker-on at this bloody scene, and that, in the dress of a page, she held the Duke's horse by the bridle while he killed her husband.

This singular compound of vice and talent has thus been characterised by Walpole, in his "Catalogue of Noble Authors:"—"When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the Presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed the witty king and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country by a cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that a man of such parts should be devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist, when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser, when ambition is but a frolic, when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."

His Grace, profligate as he was, was much considered amongst the *beaux esprits* of his time. "The Rehearsal," a well known comedy, and other plays were among his literary productions. Dryden, with admirable truth, pourtrays this, the second George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham:—

> "A man so various that he seem'd to be
> Not one? but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinion—always in the wrong—
> Was everything by starts? but nothing long;
> Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then, all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
> Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking."

Such a career could hardly terminate otherwise than it did. He forfeited his friends, wasted his estate, and completely lost his reputation. His death occurred 17th April, 1687, at the house of a tenant at Kirby

Moorside, after a few days' fever produced by sitting on the damp ground when heated by a fox-chase; the picture of destitution so finely drawn by Pope in the third of his "Moral Essays" is greatly exaggerated. The duke had not reduced himself to beggary, nor did he breathe his last in the "worst inn's worst room." Pope's lines are, however, too good and too impressive to be here omitted; they are as follows:—

> "Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend,
> And see what comfort it affords our end!
> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung;
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw;
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies: alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
> Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> Or just as gay at council, in a ring
> Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
> No wit to flatter left of all his store!
> No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
> There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
> And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

In the Parish Register of Kirby Moorside, in the county of York, the entry of the Duke's death occurs in these words—I have before me a tracing of it and I give the exact spelling—

> "buried in the yeare of our Lord 1687
> Gorges Viluas Lord dooke of bookingam, Ap. 17."

John Villiers, who assumed, on questionable right, the

dignities of Viscount Purbeck and Earl of Buckingham, had his share of the evil destinies that were so long attached to the name of Buckingham. He became tne associate of gamesters, and having lived a life of debauchery and squandered his fortune, he married Frances, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Moyser, and widow of George Heneage, Esq., of Lincolnshire, a woman of dissolute character, whose only recommendation was her large jointure. By her he had two daughters, of whom the last survivor, "Lady Elizabeth Villiers," died in a disreputable purlieu, Tavistock Court, near Covent Garden, 4th July, 1768.

# The Royal Stuarts.

"—— a race, that with tears must be named,
The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all."
HOGG (THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD).

"All a true Stuart's heritage of woe."
AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE ROYAL STUARTS had no precedent in misfortune, and their vicissitudes form the most touching and romantic episode in the story of sovereign houses. Sprung originally from a Norman ancestor, Alan, Lord of Oswestry, in Shropshire, they became, almost immediately after their settlement in North Britain, completely identified with the nationality of their new country, and were associated with all the bright achievements and all the deep calamities of Scotland. James I., sent to France by his father to save him from the animosity of Albany, was unjustifiably seized by Henry IV. on his passage; suffered eighteen years' captivity in the Tower of London; and was at last murdered by his uncle, Walter, Earl of Athol, at Perth. James II., his son, fell at the early age of twenty-nine, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, being killed by the accidental discharge of his own artillery, which, in the exuberance of his joy, he ordered to be fired in honour of the arrival of one of his own Scottish earls with a reinforcement. James III., thrown into prison by his

rebellious subjects, was assassinated by the confederated nobility, involuntarily headed by his son, the Duke of Rothsay, who became in consequence King James IV. The hereditary mischance of his race attended the fourth James to Flodden, where he perished, despite of all warning, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry. His son, James V., broken-hearted at the rout of Solway Moss, where his army surrendered in disgust, without striking a blow, to a vastly inferior force, took to his bed, and never rose from it again. Just before he breathed his last, news came that the Queen had given birth to a daughter: "Farewell!" exclaimed pathetically the dying monarch, "farewell to Scotland's crown! it came with a lass and it will part with a lass. Woe's me! Woe's me!" The child—thus born at the moment almost of her father's death—was the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Stuart, who, after nineteen years of captivity, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle; and her grandson, the royal martyr, Charles I., perished in like manner on the scaffold. Charles's son, James II., forfeited the proudest crown in Christendom, and his son's attempt to regain it brought only death and destruction to the gallant and loyal men that ventured life and fortune in the cause, and involved his heir, "Bonny Prince Charlie," in perils almost incredible. A few lines more are all that are required to close the record of this unfortunate race. The right line of the royal Stuarts terminated with the late Cardinal York, in 1807. He was the second son of the old "Chevalier," and was born at Rome, 26th March, 1725, where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens. In 1745 he went to France to head an army of 15,000 men

assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England, but the news of Culloden's fatal contest counteracted the proposed plan. Henry Benedict returned to Rome, and exchanging the sword for the priest's stole, was made a cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV.

Eventually, after the expulsion of Pius VI. by the French, Cardinal York fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and borne down by the weight of seventy-five years. For a while he subsisted on the produce of some silver plate which he had rescued from the ruin of his property, but soon privation and poverty pressed upon him, and his situation became so deplorable, that Sir John Cox Hippisley deemed it right to have it made known to the King of England. George III. immediately gave orders that a present of £2,000 should be remitted to the last of the Stuarts, with an intimation that he might draw for a similar amount in the following July, and that an annuity of £4,000 would be at his service so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was accepted, and acknowledged by the Cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a deep impression on the Papal Court. The pension Cardinal York continued to receive till his decease in June, 1807, at the age of eighty-two. From the time he entered into holy orders, his Eminence took no part in politics, and seems to have laid aside all worldly views. The only exception to this line of conduct was his having medals struck at his brother's death, in 1788, bearing on the face a representation of his head, with this inscription—"Henricus Nonus Magnæ Britanniæ Rex; non voluntate hominum, sed Dei Gratiâ." Those who have visited Rome will

not fail to recollect Canova's monument in St. Peter's to the last of the Stuarts.

With Cardinal York expired all the descendants of King James II., and the representation of the Royal Houses of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart thereupon vested by inheritance in Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who was eldest son of Victor-Amadeus III., the grandson of Victor-Amadeus, King of Sardinia, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of King CHARLES I. of England. Charles Emmanuel IV. died *s. p.* in 1819, and was succeeded by his brother, Victor-Emanuel I., King of Sardinia, whose co-representatives are Francis-Ferdinand, EX-DUKE OF MODENA; Mary-Theresa, Duchess of Parma; Anne, Empress of Austria; and Francis, ex-King of Naples. It has been remarked, as a curious coincidence, that in the ex-ducal family of the little State of Modena are combined the representations of three of the greatest dynasties in Europe: the Duke is himself the eldest descendant of the Royal Stuarts of England; his eldest sister, Theresa, is married to Henri, Comte de Chambord, *de jure divino* King of France; and his younger sister, Mary, wife of John, maintained by his party to be *de jure* King of Spain, is mother of the infant Charles, who, according to the same view of the succession, stands in the position of legitimate heir-apparent, in the male line, to the Spanish monarchy.

Having thus summed up the vicissitudes of the royal line of Stuart, I will give more at length—as the details are less generally known—the history of the HOUSES OF ALBANY AND STRATHERN.

## The House of Albany.

ROBERT BRUCE is justly revered by the grateful enthusiasm of Scotland as the founder of its national independence, but his grandson, Robert II., has scarcely met with due appreciation from posterity. If the former placed the liberties of his country on a more solid foundation than in past ages, the latter had the merit of preserving and confirming them. During the reign of the degenerate David, Robert, the High Steward, was the unflinching asserter of national independence, and when at length, in mature years, he ascended the throne of the country which he had so long ably governed as Regent his rule was alike creditable to himself and beneficial to the people.

During the most stirring epoch of the dread struggle which Bruce carried on for his crown and his country, his only child, the Princess Marjory, was united to the bravest and worthiest of the Scottish magnates, Walter, the youthful hereditary Lord High Steward. This marriage, which gave birth to the long and hapless line of Stuart kings, took place in 1315; and the death of the bride and the birth of her son occurred within the year, on the 2nd of March, 1316. Tradition records a tale of an accident to the Princess while hunting, which resulted in a premature confinement, the lady's death, and the preservation of the child by the Cæsarean operation. The bloodshot eyes of King Robert the Second have been accounted for by a mishap in this violent birth. In his infancy he was declared heir to the Scottish crown, and it was not until some years after that his royal prospects were blighted by the birth of his uncle David, the child of

the Bruce's second marriage. The historian Fordun describes him while a youth as "comely, tall, robust, modest, liberal, gay, and courteous." In 1338 he was appointed Regent, and he held that high office until King David's return from his French asylum in 1341. He was again placed at the head of the realm when David was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Durham in 1346; and so he continued until the unworthy King's liberation from captivity in 1357. During the remainder of his uncle's reign he had a continual struggle to maintain his own rights and the independence of his country against the King's treasonable intrigues to place an English prince as his successor on the throne of Scotland, and against the cowardly promptitude with which both David and a large party of the Scottish nobles desired to answer the call of Edward III., by paying him homage.

At length, fortunately for Scotland, David II. died in February, 1371, and the succession to the crown opened to the Lord High Steward, then a grey-headed and experienced veteran, in his fifty-fifth year. His title was acknowledged in the most solemn manner at his coronation at Scone, on the 26th of the following month. Thus commenced the reign of the Stuarts, and it would have been well for them if they had inherited the wisdom and vigour of the founder of their dynasty. King Robert's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Mure, Lord of Rowallan in the shire of Ayr; for which marriage, as the parties were distantly related, a dispensation was obtained from Pope Clement VI., dated at Avignon, 22nd November, 1347, by which it appears that they had then several children of both sexes, who

were thereby legitimated. This does not imply that Elizabeth had been the mistress of the Lord High Steward; but that they were married irregularly, so that without this dispensation and legitimation their issue would have forfeited their right to the crown. This came afterwards to be a subject of much serious anxiety, and for many generations the royal posterity of King Robert II.'s first marriage were branded with the suspicion of illegitimacy. No one was bold enough actually to dispute the succession of the Stuart Kings; but the succeeding generations of a great family descended from the eldest son of King Robert II.'s second marriage were in the habit of boasting of their preferable claim to the crown. Indeed, it is a curious circumstance that the absolute right of the Stuarts to reign was only clearly proved exactly one hundred years after their reign had ceased, and when the direct line was on the verge of extinction. In 1789 the learned and astute Andrew Stewart of Castlemilk and Torrance discovered, after a long search in the Vatican at Rome the dispensation of Pope Clement VI. which legalized the marriage between the Lord High Steward and Elizabeth Mure. King Robert was father of a very numerous issue by both his marriages, as well as of several illegitimate sons, who were the founders of distinguished Houses. But it is concerning the fortunes of his second surviving son and his descendants that it is my purpose here to treat:

Robert, the third but second surviving son of the Lord High Steward and Elizabeth Mure, was born in 1339, and while yet a very young man, obtained the great Earldom of Menteith by his marriage with its

heiress, the Countess Margaret. He subsequently became Earl of Fife, and in 1383 he was appointed Great Chamberlain of Scotland. His father, Robert II., died at a good old age in 1390, and for several years previously, the Earl of Fife and Menteith exercised the office of Regent of the kingdom, which his father from age, and his elder brother John, Earl of Carrick, from bodily infirmity, were incapable of governing with vigour.

The Earl of Carrick, on ascending the throne, relinquished his baptismal name of John, which the remembrance of Balliol had made unpopular with the country, and ill-omened in the royal family, and assumed that of Robert, as being connected with more glorious associations. But the change of name could not render Robert III. fitted for governing a turbulent and disturbed country. The King was amiable, prudent, and sensible. His Queen, Anabella, daughter of the Lord of Stobhall, of the house of Drummond, was virtuous, wise, and affectionate. But their domestic virtues were buried beneath a load of adverse circumstances. The King was incurably lame, and unable to lead his barons to war, or to join with them in the tournament or the chase. As the second King of a new race, he had the same difficulty to contend against which beset the first Capetian monarchs,—a proud and haughty nobility, many of whom reckoned themselves great as the King, and some a little greater. He was not allied either by mother or wife to any of the puissant native magnates, nor to a foreign prince; and in a position which would have required great vigour both of body and mind, he had nothing to depend upon but piety, sound sense, and kindness of heart. His marriage had been long

unfruitful, as his eldest son that lived, the miserable Duke of Rothsay, was born, after twenty years, in 1378, and his son James, who afterwards reigned, not until sixteen years after, in 1394. He must have been fifty-two or three years old when he mounted the throne, in 1390. Unsupported by powerful alliances, infirm of body and mild in spirit, with a son in boyhood, he was quite incapable of wielding the strong sceptre of the Bruce. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he gladly left the supreme power of the state in the vigorous hands in which his father had already placed it, and was thankful to devolve his authority on his brother, Robert, Earl of Fife and Menteith, whom, in 1398, he still further dignified with the high-sounding and imposing title of Duke of Albany, *i.e.* of all Scotland north of the Frith of Forth and Clyde. It was a fortunate circumstance for Robert III. and his descendants, that the Duke of Albany was his full brother, and was thus involved in the same suspicion of spurious birth with himself, as son of Elizabeth Mure, born before her marriage was legalized. There can be little doubt that if Albany had been the eldest son of Robert II.'s second marriage, his elder brother would never have reigned, or his reign would have been brief. But Albany had a common interest with the King in repressing the ambitious aspirations of the sons of their father's second marriage, the Earls of Strathern and Athol.

In his irresolution, timidity, and anxious desire to conciliate the goodwill of all parties, the King commanded the respect and allegiance of none; and, accordingly, from the moment of his accession to the crown, he surrendered himself entirely to the guidance

of his strong-minded and able brother, who was in many respects, fitted to be a good master to the bold and lawless barons. He was, however, entirely wanting in justice, honour, and generosity.

The year 1402 was marked by the tragical death of David, Duke of Rothsay, the King's eldest son, at the age of twenty-four; a tale of which the romantic interest can scarcely be said to have been heightened by the faithful colouring of the first of Scottish writers. It is sufficient here to say that this young Prince, who had been for the moment deprived of his liberty by the King, in order to punish him for some youthful excesses, was, at the instigation of Albany, delivered into his keeping, and was most barbarously starved to death in the Regent's castle of Falkland, in March, 1402. No one should visit the county of Fife without reading Walter Scott's masterly description of the last days of this unhappy Prince, and afterwards visiting Falkland palace, where he will see a locality, which, whether or not it is *the vrai*, is, at all events, the *vraisemblable.* Two months after a parliament held at Edinburgh went through the form of investigating the facts of the case. Albany, and his ally the Earl of Douglas, admitted the imprisonment, but denied the murder. The Prince, they said, had died a natural death. However, their crime is proved by the words of the act of remission which was granted them, and which was given them in terms quite as ample as if they had actually murdered the heir of the crown.

Three years after Rothsay's murder, in 1405, the poor king, anxious to save his remaining son James, Earl of Carrick, then a boy in his twelfth year, from the plots

of his cruel uncle, confided him to the care of Henry Sinclair, second Earl of Orkney, Fleming of Cumbernauld, Halyburton of Dirleton, and Sinclair of Hermandston, who conducted him to North Berwick, where he embarked for France. But they had been only a few days at sea when their vessel was captured by an armed English ship, and the Scottish Prince and his suite were conveyed to London and shut up in the Tower. The old King, worn out by infirmity, and broken by sorrow, did not long survive his child's captivity, and died in April, 1406.

On the King's death, the estates of the realm assembled at Perth, and declared the Earl of Carrick to be King, as James I. The Duke of Albany was chosen Regent. The young King, in the meantime, continued a prisoner at the English court, where he was treated with great distinction, where he received a most finished education, and where, above all, he was in security. During his absence, the chief power of the state remained in the hands of Albany, who continued to be Regent or governor of Scotland until his death, which happened at Stirling, at the age of eighty, in 1419. He had ruled supreme over Scotland during thirty-four years, commencing with the latter years of his father's reign. And so effectually had he secured the favour of the nobility, or subdued them by terror, that his son, a quiet, unambitious man, succeeded without challenge to the power which he had so artfully and wickedly wielded. By his first marriage with the Countess of Menteith he had his son and successor, Duke Murdoch, and several daughters married among the greatest of the Scottish nobility. By his second marriage, with Muriella Keith, daughter of

the Great Marischal, he had, with two younger sons, who died without issue, a son John, Earl of Buchan, born 1380, appointed Constable of France after the battle of Beaugè in 1421. Buchan afterwards died in the bed of honour at the bloody battle of Verneuil, 17 August, 1424, and he was thus spared the pain of witnessing the utter ruin of his family, which took place in the following year. Buchan married Elizabeth, daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine, and had an only child, Margaret, who married George, second Lord Seton: her lineal descendant and male representative, is the Earl of Eglinton and Winton (one of the very few entitled to quarter the Royal Stuart Arms), and her heir general would seem to be Hay, of Dunse Castle.

In 1423 King James I. was restored to his kingdom, through the intervention of the new regent, Duke Murdoch, whose gentleness seems to have deserved a better fate than to expiate with his blood the offences of his father. The country fell into great disorder as soon as the vigorous arm of Duke Robert was unnerved by death. Murdoch was unable to control the turbulence of his own family, much less that of the haughty Scottish barons and chiefs.

In illustration of the insubordination of his family, a tale is told of a falcon, which was coveted by his son Walter, but which the Regent loved too well to part with. One day the unruly youth tore the bird from his father's wrist, and twisted off its head in a fit of spite. The Regent's remark was fraught with the fate of Scotland, and with that of his race: "Since I cannot govern *you*, I will send for one who can." This is supposed to

allude to the negotiation which restored the captive King to his country.

In the year 1391, Murdoch, son and heir of Robert, Duke of Albany, the Regent, was married to Isabella, the eldest daughter and heir of Duncan, Earl of Lennox, one of the most noble and powerful of the native magnates of Scotland, and this union was for many years eminently happy and prosperous, as well as fruitful. They had four sons, who, as is said by a contemporary writer (Cupar MSS. of the Scotichronicon), were men of "princely stature and lovely person, eloquent, wise, agreeable, and beloved." Robert, the eldest, died without issue before him, in 1421. Walter and Alexander were beheaded along with their father, and James survived to transmit the blood of his race, through many lines, to our own day.

The restored King was not slow in commencing the work of vengeance on the race by whom he had been so long supplanted. The first victim was Walter, the Regent's eldest surviving son, who was called Walter of the Lennox, as heir to the earldom of his maternal grandfather. He was carried off before the King's coronation, and confined in the Rock of the Bass. Soon after, the aged grandfather, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, was seized with Sir Robert Graham, and confined in the castle of Edinburgh. In March, 1425, James felt himself sufficiently secure on his throne to order the arrest of the late Regent himself, along with twenty-six of the most illustrious men in Scotland, many of whom, however, were immediately released, and were, in fact, compelled to sit in judgment on the distinguished and fore-doomed victims. When the Regent was arrested,

the Duchess Isabella was also seized, at the castle of Doune, and dragged to the fortress of Tantallon. James, the youngest son, alone escaped, and being a daring youth, he made one desperate effort to succour or avenge his family. With a body of armed followers he sacked Dumbarton, and put to death its commander, John Stewart, of Dundonald, natural son of King Robert II.; but his struggle was unavailing, and he fled to Ireland, where he became father of many families which have been great in the history of their country.

In a parliament where the King presided, in May, 1425, Walter Stewart of the Lennox was tried by his peers, convicted, and instantly beheaded. On the next day, his brother, Alexander, had his head struck off; and he was followed to the scaffold a few hours later, by Duke Murdoch, his father; and the Earl of Lennox also perished at the age of eighty. They were all put to death on the castle hill of Stirling, from which high position the unhappy ex-Regent was enabled to cast a last look on his rich and romantic territory of Menteith, and the hills of Lennox, to which his Duchess was heir; and he could even descry the stately castle of Doune, which had been his own vice-regal palace. The companion of those most unhappy princes, Sir Robert Graham, was released, and he lived to consummate his long-planned vengeance on the King, in 1437. He it was who, when James cried for mercy in his extremity, replied, "Thou cruel tyrant, thou never hadst any mercy on lords born of thy blood, therefore no mercy shalt thou have here!"

This ruin seems to have smitten the house of Albany most unexpectedly. On May, 1424, Duke Murdoch, as

Earl of Fife, seated his royal cousin on the throne, to receive the unction and the crown. His son, Alexander, then was made a belted knight by the King's hands, and the duchess appeared as the greatest lady at the court; but in the commencement of the following year she had to mourn the violent deaths of her husband, her father, and two sons.

It is said that when the relentless monarch had wreaked his vengeance on Albany and Lennox, and the young men, he sent all their bloody heads to the duchess to try whether, in the distraction of her grief, she might not reveal political secrets. But she endured the horrid spectacle with unshaken calmness, allowing no other words to pass her lips than these: "If they were guilty, the king has acted wisely, and done justice."

The widowhood of the Duchess of Albany was long and dreary, though rich and great. She inherited the vast estates of her father, which were not confiscated, and his earldom, which was not forfeited. She retired within her princely domains to her feudal castle of Inchmurran, in an island of Loch Lomond, where she bore, with punctilious ceremony, the lofty names of Albany and Lennox, and possessed all the broad and fair domains around that beautiful lake. Yet, widowed and childless, she was haunted by the recollection that her race was extinguished by the hand of the executioner, and that her fair and handsome sons would never return at her call

"To renew the wild pomp of the chase and the hall."

The widowed Duchess outlived the destroyer of her

family for twenty-three years; and if she harboured feelings of revenge against him, they were amply gratified by his murder, in 1437, which was attended by every circumstance of horror.

There are many charters of the Duchess of Albany which prove her to have lived at her castle in Loch Lomond, and in possession of the power and wealth of her family until the year 1460. A very interesting one, conveying lands for the pious purpose of offering prayers for the souls of her murdered husband, father, and sons, and dated 18 May, 1451, is attested by Murdoch, Arthur, and Robert Stewart of Albany, who all seem at that time to have been domesticated with her at Inchmuryne Castle.

Who were these three Stewarts of Albany? They were three of the seven illegitimate children of James Stewart, the Duke's youngest son, who fled to Ireland, and who there formed a connection with a lady of the house of the Lord of the Isles, which produced a flourishing progeny. These youths seem to have been adopted, after their father's death, by their grandmother, to bear her company in the melancholy deserted halls of her feudal castle. These seven sons are all well-known to history. Many of them were legitimated, which, however, did not entitle them to succeed to the great possessions of their family, though some of them and their descendants reached the highest rank and offices in the state, and founded great families. When the Duchess Isabella died, in 1460, her title of Lennox seems to have become dormant. She had no legitimate descendants, and those of her two sisters had each some claim to the succession. Her second sister, Margaret, was wife of

Sir Robert Menteith of Ruskey, and her daughters carried her claims into the families of Napier and Haldane. Her third sister, Elizabeth, was wife of Sir John Stewart, of Darnley, and her grandson, John, created a Lord of Parliament, as Lord Darnley, assumed the title of Earl of Lennox, in 1478, and was the direct paternal ancestor of James I., King of Great Britain.

I will conclude with a rapid review of the varied fortunes of the seven sons of James Stewart of Albany, the youngest of the fair and noble princes of the House of Albany, and heir of the line of Lennox :—

I. Andrew, invited from Ireland by King James II., raised to high honours, and created Lord Avandale in 1459, was appointed in 1460 Lord High Chancellor of Scotland (which office he held for twenty-five years), and had a grant for life of the landed estates belonging to the Earldom of Lennox. He died childless in 1488.

VI. Walter was father of Andrew Stewart, who was Lord Avandale in 1501; and he was the father of three distinguished sons;

A. Andrew, third Lord Avandale, exchanged his title for that of Ochiltree. His direct representative, Andrew, third Lord Ochiltree, resigned his Scottish title, settled in Ireland, and was created a peer as Lord Castlestewart in 1619. His descendant is the present Earl of Castlestewart, who is the representative of the House of Albany. A younger son of the second Lord Ochiltree, Captain James Stewart, achieved a bad notoriety under King James VI., when for a few years he was all powerful as Earl of Arran

and Lord High Chancellor; but his fall was as sudden as his rise had been.

B. Henry Stewart was created Lord Methven in 1528, and married in 1526, Margaret of England, widow of King James IV., and divorced wife of the Earl of Angus. He had no issue by this Queen, and his issue by a second wife failed.

C. James Stewart of Beath. His son James, was created Lord Doun in 1581. His grandson, James Lord Doun, married the daughter and heir of the Regent Earl of Moray, natural son of King James V., and the descendant of this marriage is the present Earl of Moray.

The four intermediate sons between Andrew and Walter were less distinguished, and do not appear to have left issue. They were MURDOCH, ARTHUR, ROBERT, and ALEXANDER; and three of them seem to have been the companions of their widowed grandmother.

VII. JAMES STEWART, the youngest, was ancestor to the still existing families of Stewart of Ardvohrlich, and Stewart of Glenbuckey.

# Earls of Strathern and Menteith.

"O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens."
SHAKESPEARE.

ROBERT II., King of Scotland, married for the second time, in 1355, the Lady Euphemia Ross, daughter of Hugh, sixth Earl of Ross, by Lady Matilda Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, sister of King Robert I., and widow of John Randolph, Earl of Murray. This lady was Robert's near relation, being the first cousin of his mother; and a dispensation was obtained for the marriage from Pope Innocent VI., dated at Avignon, 2 May, 1355. The issue consisted of several daughters and two sons. I. David, Earl Palatine of Strathern, of whose posterity I am about to treat, and II. Walter, Earl of Athol. The fate of the latter was singular and tragical. Hatred against King James I., rankled deeply in the hearts of some of the principal nobility, who resented his severity, and especially the relentless rigour with which he had destroyed the illustrious princes of the House of Albany. The King's uncles, sons of the second marriage of his grandfather, had escaped at that time, and the Earl of Athol had been distinguished by his nephew's favour. He had even been benefited at the expense of his grand-nephew, Malise, Earl of Strathern, son of the daughter of his elder brother, David: for under pretence that Strathern was a male fief, the King deprived Malise

of that earldom in 1427, and conferred it on Walter, Earl of Athol, for life.

Notwithstanding the high favour in which Athol and his grandson and heir, Sir Robert Stewart, were held by the King, they were deeply concerned in the conspiracy which terminated in his murder, in the monastery of the Dominicans at Perth, on the night of the 20th of February, 1436. Sir Robert Stewart, who was chamberlain, availed himself of the privileges of his office, in preparing for the admission of the conspirators; and he and his grandfather were in the King's company up to the very moment when the murder took place. Sir Robert Stewart was taken, and, after cruel tortures, was beheaded. The aged Earl was also taken, tried, and condemned; and although he protested his own innocence, he admitted that he had knowledge of his grandson's complicity in the conspiracy, from which he had vainly attempted to dissuade him. The cross on which his grandson had been tortured previous to his death, was taken down, and a pillar was set up in its stead, to which the Earl was bound, with a paper crown fastened on his head, inscribed with the title "Traitor!" His head was then struck off, and having been adorned with an iron crown, was stuck on the point of a spear. His extensive estates were forfeited, and among them the spoils of his elder brother. The earldom of Strathern reverted to the crown, and it was annexed thereto by Act of Parliament in 1455.

David, Earl Palatine of Strathern, seems to have had the good fortune to escape the horrors in which so many of the members of his family were involved. The earldom of Strathern was conferred on him by his

father immediately after he ascended the throne, in 1371. He does not appear to have filled a prominent place in the world, and the time of his death is uncertain. He left a daughter, Euphemia, who succeeded to his titles and possessions, and became Countess of Strathern. She married Sir Patrick Graham, second son of Sir Patrick Graham of Kincardine, ancestor to the Duke of Montrose, and immediate elder brother of Sir Robert Graham, who, with his own hands, murdered King James I. Patrick became, in right of his wife, Earl of Strathern, and he was assassinated by his own brother-in-law, Sir John Drummond, in 1413. They had issue two daughters: I. Euphemia, wife, first of Archibald, fifth Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine, and secondly, of James, first Lord Hamilton; II. Elizabeth, wife of Sir John Lyon of Glamis; and a son, Malise, who succeeded his mother as Earl of Strathern.

As already mentioned, King James I., considering this earldom to be a desirable acquisition for the crown, deprived Earl Malise of it in 1427, under pretence that it was a male fief, and he transferred it for life to his aged uncle, the Earl of Athol, with a view that it should ultimately revert to himself. By way of compensation, he gave Malise sundry lands, which he erected into an earldom with the title of Menteith, in 1427, and with this honour he and his heirs were forced to be contented; and it continued to be their portion for two centuries, until a singular revolution took place in their family history, in consequence of the talent and ambition of a very remarkable man who held the earldom in the reign of King Charles I.

Although no actual attempt was ever made to set

aside the royal family of Stewart on the ground of illegitimacy, there was a very general impression in the country, that the whole issue of the first marriage of King Robert II. were not born in lawful wedlock, owing to a relationship with Elizabeth Mure within the prohibited degrees, and the want of a Papal dispensation. Indeed, King Robert III. and the Duke of Albany were said to have been born previous to the marriage of their parents. In the dispensation granted by Pope Clement VI., found by Andrew Stewart in the Vatican in 1789, it is stated, that at that time several children had been born; but it may be doubted whether Robert and Elizabeth had ever lived in a state of concubinage without marriage. It may be that they were married and had children; but that the Papal court would not recognize the marriage as existing previous to the dispensation being granted. At all events, even in the unlikely case that those two princes had been born out of wedlock, the subsequent marriage of their parents would have rendered them legitimate.

The subject was an obscure one. It was very well known that an irregularity existed; and those who were hostile to the royal family kept up, from generation to generation, the assertion that they had no well-founded right to the throne. The question then came to be considered, who was the rightful heir to the crown, setting aside the so-called spurious offspring of King Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure? He, of course, had the best right who was eldest son of the king by his second marriage, viz., Prince David, Earl of Strathern. He, as already stated, had a daughter and sole heir, Euphemia, wife of Sir Patrick Graham; and her son,

Malise, Earl of Menteith, and his descendants, were, according to this view, the rightful sovereigns of Scotland. One might have supposed such a claim to have been formidable to the reigning monarch in the days of King Robert III. or James I.; and if David of Strathern had been an able or popular man, or if so talented and powerful a regent as Robert, Duke of Albany, had not existed, the royalty of the earlier kings of the Stuart dynasty might have been endangered. And it would even seem probable that the conspiracy against James I. had some such object in view; for it was said to be the intention of the conspirators to raise Sir Robert Stewart, the chamberlain, Athol's grandson, to the throne, and he was then the male representative of Robert II.'s second marriage, David of Strathern's heir being in the female line.

But the progress of time and the uninterrupted succession of many Stuart kings had turned this question of the right of succession into a curious matter of genealogical speculation, like the rival claims of Balliol and Bruce. At least, I should have imagined such to have been the case; for it seems almost incredible, that at the end of two hundred years, an Earl of Menteith should have considered himself to be the rightful heir of the crown of Scotland, or that such fantastic and visionary claims should have given real uneasiness to the monarch of Great Britain. Yet so it was.

From Malise, the deprived Earl of Strathern and Earl of Menteith, there was a regular succession of earls from father to son during seven generations. They had sent forth several younger branches, such as Graham of Gartmore, Graham Viscount Preston, Graham

of Netherby, Graham of Gartur, &c. In the year 1589, an heir was born who was destined to raise the family to considerable importance, and to sink it again into greater obscurity.

This was William, son of John Graham, sixth Earl of Menteith, by Mary, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchy. He succeeded to his family honours when he was only nine years of age, in 1598. The superiority of his talents attracted the notice and gained the esteem of King Charles I., who, in 1628, made him Lord Justice General of Scotland, and in the following year President of the Privy Council. Lord Menteith very naturally wished to avail himself of the royal favour in order to regain for his family the high honours which his ancestor had forfeited by what he regarded as an act of tyranny. As he was heir male of Malise, Earl of Strathern, he desired to have that distinguished title restored to him; and his ambition was stimulated by the consciousness of royal blood, for he knew that he was heir general of Prince David, Earl Palatine of Strathern, and representative of a branch of the reigning family. He, therefore, in 1630, went through the legal form, which in Scotland is common to all on succeeding to a father or other ancestor; he had himself *served heir* to Malise, Earl of Menteith, Patrick, Earl of Strathern, and Prince David, Earl of Strathern. This was done by the advice and with the concurrence of one of the most distinguished lawyers of the day, Sir Thomas Hope, the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

King Charles, not foreseeing the consequences, and misled by his favour for the earl, was induced to ratify this service, and to admit his claim to the higher honour

of Strathern, in virtue of the charter granted by King Robert II. to the eldest son of his second marriage, David, the ancestor of the earl, who thereupon, in 1621, became Earl of Strathern and Menteith.

At that time, the fable that Elizabeth Mure was not the wife, but the concubine of King Robert II., was very generally credited as an article of unenquiring popular belief, though it has for the last eighty years been proved on the clearest evidence, from the actual dispensation found in the Vatican, that she was his wife. But, if the marriage with Elizabeth Mure had been set aside, the whole royal race became at once illegitimate, and consequently the children of the second marriage with Euphemia Ross became entitled to the crown: and thus to William Graham, the direct heir of the only child of the eldest son of that marriage, would, of course, have devolved the right of the Scottish crown.

The earl was perfectly aware of all those circumstances, and his ambition or vanity so far got the better of his prudence, that it is said that in his service for the Earldom of Strathern, he solemnly renounced his right to the crown, reserving the right of his blood, which he rashly and vain-gloriously asserted to be "the reddest in Scotland."

It is difficult for us now to conceive the importance which at the commencement of the seventeenth century was attached to such a question. Every person, however, who is versed in Scottish history knows what discordant opinions were entertained on the subject of King Robert's marriages, and with what acrimony the contest was carried on by disputants in private, from generation to generation. And now this unlucky

service of Lord Menteith, and his imprudent expressions, and the restoration of the princely earldom by the king to so ambitious a claimant, brought these controversies to a point. A search in the Vatican would have set everything right. But this was not thought of at the time, and there were very few who did not give credit to the false tale. Even in the genealogical table of the Scottish kings, published along with the acts of parliament, Euphemia Ross is expressly stated to have been the *first* wife of Robert II. This was confusion worse confounded, for if Elizabeth Mure was wife at all, she must have been the first.

King Charles now began to view the earl's claims with considerable uneasiness. Strong remonstrances were made to him by his Scottish ministers, and the learned and ingenious Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden addressed a special memorial to him on this subject in 1632, in which he said "that the restoring of the Earl of Menteith in blood, and allowing his descent and title to the Earldom of Strathern, is thought to be disadvantageous to the king's majesty," &c., &c. He then goes on to shew the danger of a disputed succession; he regards Graham's ostentatious resignation of his claim to the crown to be highly dishonouring to his majesty, and he adds, that he might, notwithstanding, dispose of his right to some great foreign prince, or that seditious subjects might avail themselves of it; and he urges, that as the posterity of Euphemia Ross had been depressed for two centuries, they ought to continue under depression.

Charles, alarmed at a danger of which he had never thought, and which I am apt to regard as visionary, but

which in those times seemed real, immediately ordered a law form to be gone through, to reduce the earl's service and patent; and the çourt did accordingly set them aside, and deprived him of his patent, not only of Earl of Strathern, but also of Earl of Menteith; and he was thus stripped of all his honours in 1633. In this proceeding they acted not only unjustly but ignorantly, for they assigned as the reason a manifest falsehood, viz., that David, Earl of Strathern, had died without issue. At the same time, the king deprived him of his high office of Lord Justice General. However, in order not entirely to crush him, a new title was, in 1633, conferred on him; but a title mean and hitherto unknown, that of Earl of Airth. He was thereafter styled Earl of Airth and Menteith. According to Scott of Scotstarvet, a contemporary, he was confined in the isle of Menteith, where he was when he wrote, in 1654. This, however, is probably an exaggeration of the fact, that the earl, after this unhappy shipwreck of his grandeur, spent the remainder of his days in seclusion.

His son, John, Lord Kinpont, so far from seeking to avenge his father's injuries, was a noble cavalier, and an attached adherent of the great Montrose, and he was stabbed with a highland dirk in 1644, in Montrose's camp, by James Stewart of Ardvohrlich. This incident has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in his Legend of Montrose.

Lord Kinpont left a son, William, second Earl of Airth, who succeeded his grandfather, and died without issue, in 1694, and two daughters:—

I. Mary, wife of Sir John Allardice of Allardice.

II. Elizabeth, wife of Sir William Graham, Bart., of Gartmore.

These ladies were the co-heirs of Prince David, Earl of Strathern, and, in conclusion, I may briefly state the circumstances of their direct representatives, which add two more examples of the extraordinary vicissitudes to which even royal races are so liable.

Mary, or, as she was styled, Lady Mary Graham, the eldest daughter of Lord Kinpont, married, in 1662, Sir John Allardice of Allardice, a gentleman of very ancient family. She died in 1720. Her great grandson, James Allardice of Allardice, died in 1765, leaving an only child, Sarah-Anne, his sole heir, who married Robert Barclay of Ury, the representative of a family which is traced back to the reign of King David I. The son of this marriage, Robert Barclay-Allardice of Ury and Allardice, was a man celebrated in the sporting world, distinguished for his athletic powers, and highly esteemed in general society. He claimed the earldoms of Strathern, Menteith, and Airth, as heir of line of William, Earl of Airth, and of his ancestor Prince David, Earl of Strathern. His death occurred in 1854, and his ancient paternal inheritance of Ury has passed into the hands of one of the members of the firm of Baird, the successful iron-masters at Gartsherrie.

Margaret, the only daughter and heir of Mr. Barclay-Allardice, married in 1840 to Samuel Ritchie, is, I believe, domiciled in the United States, and has the singular advantage of possessing what is considered to be a well-founded claim to one of the oldest and greatest of the earldoms of Scotland, and to the honour of being

representative of one of the Princes of the blood royal of that country.

Elizabeth, or Lady Elizabeth Graham, the second daughter and co-heir of John, Lord Kinpont, married, in 1663, Sir William Graham, Baronet, of Gartmore, a cadet of the house of Menteith. She had a son, Sir John Graham, Baronet, of Gartmore, who died in 1708 without issue, and a daughter, Mary, who married James Hodge, Esq., of Gladsmuir. Her only child, Mary Hodge, married, in 1701, William Graham, younger brother of Robert Graham, who in 1708 succeeded to Gartmore as heir male. The issue of this marriage was: 1st. A son, William Graham, who was junior co-heir of the Earls of Airth and Menteith; and who, although he had no right to do so (while the line of Allardice existed), assumed the title of Earl of Menteith, and, as such, voted at various elections of Scottish peers, from 1744 to 1761, when the committee for privileges ordered him to discontinue the title. He died unmarried in 1783. 2nd. A daughter, Mary Graham, wife of John Bogle, employed in the excise, at Glasgow, by whom she had issue, a son, John, a miniature painter of Edinburgh, afterwards of Panton Square, London, who lived in great obscurity, and is said to have died somewhere about the beginning of this century, a houseless and homeless wanderer. Such have been the strange vicissitudes of the two co-heirs and representatives of Prince David of Scotland, Earl Palatine of Strathern, in whose line a right to the crown was, according to the popular belief of many centuries, supposed to be vested.

## Stewart of Craigiehall.

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?"
BYRON.

WHILE the descent of some families from greatness to obscurity has been striking and sudden, others have fallen by slow degrees, and by a downward progress which has endured for generations. A branch of a race of illustrious Magnates flourishes for centuries in honour and affluence as a baronial and knightly house; it then sinks to the condition of moderate country gentry; it next subsides into the trader and petty magistrate of a small provincial town; and at length utterly dies out in poverty and obscurity.

Such is the not uncommon fate of a great family; and I am about to furnish an instance of it, which claims our interest not on account of any strange vicissitudes, but because it illustrates the gradual decay produced by the alienation of landed property. An hereditary estate, however small, associates the owner with the existing lords of the soil, and connects him with his ancestry in bygone times. But no sooner is this link broken than he sinks to an inferior station, and all his boasted ancestry is forgotten, or is, at least, regarded as an uncertain dream.

This is forcibly exemplified in the fate of a branch of

the illustrious line of the Steward of Scotland, which came off as an early cadet of the Lords of Innermeath, flourished for centuries as Barons of Durisdeer and Knights of Craigiehall, then sank to be inconsiderable "Lairds" of Newhall, whence it dwindled into merchants of the petty town of Queensferry, and finally died out in the person of a poor country surgeon! Hence there are no remarkable vicissitudes of fortune. But, on the other hand, there is the instructive lesson of gradual decay, which teaches all landed proprietors that with loss of land, station also is lost; and that a baronial house will probably dwindle into the most profound obscurity in the course of a couple of generations, if deprived of all territorial distinction.

In the course of another quarter of a century this truth will be manifested in the children of the victims of the Encumbered Estates' Court in Ireland. We have already seen the heir of the D'Arcys of Kiltullagh traversing as a pious but poor clergyman the broad lands which once owned him as a master, and the heiress of the vast estates of Ballynahinch dying a landless exile! The House of Durisdeer existed in an age and country where the Encumbered Estates' Court was unknown; and therefore they have not been hurried to execution like Martin of Galway, and others, but have been suffered to perish by a more lingering decay.

It is a curious fact that neither the Bruces nor Stewarts can boast of a participation in the royal blood which entitled the holders of those noble names to a seat on the Scottish throne. After the marriage of Robert de Bruce with Isabella of Huntington, only one younger branch diverged from the parent stem, viz.,

Bruce of Exton, which almost immediately ended in a series of heiresses, who conveyed the royal blood and the inheritance to the ancient family of Harington, afterwards Lord Harington of Exton. Not one of the existing families of Bruce can even trace their descent from the original family before its intermarriage with royalty. There is, indeed, every reason to suppose that they possess a common origin with the royal Bruces; but it is impossible actually to prove it, further than by the complimentary expression bestowed by King David Bruce on Robert Bruce, the first of Clackmanan, of "Dilecto et fideli Consanguineo."

The case of the Stewarts, however, is different. Many of their great lines can be distinctly traced to younger sons of the successive Lord High Stewards; and thus they can prove a common origin with the royal family. But none are descended in the legitimate male line from that family after it became royal, like the Earls of Castle Stewart and Moray, who are sprung from James, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany; and the Marquesses of Bute, who trace their descent from King Robert II.

The family of Craigiehall sprang from Alexander, the fourth Lord High Steward of Scotland, who died in the year 1283. He had two sons—I. James, his successor in the dignified office of Lord High Steward of Scotland, and grandfather of Robert II., the first of the race of Stewart who ascended the Scottish throne; and II. Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl. The latter acquired his estate by marriage with Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Alexander Bonkyl of Bonkyl; and on account of this alliance all the families of Stewart

who are descended from him bear the buckles of Bonkyl, in addition to the paternal coat of Stewart.

Sir John of Bonkyl was a noble patriot, a brother-in-arms of the illustrious Wallace, and perished gloriously at the battle of Falkirk, in defence of the liberties of his country against the English, in 1298. No Scotsman should ever forget the title to honour and respect which the family of Stewart acquired before they began to reign, by their undeviating and zealous defence of the independence of their native land against the aggressions of the English. Whenever the banner of liberty was unfurled, it was sure to be bravely defended by the Lord High Steward and all the nobles of his race. And certainly there never was a more devoted patriot than Alexander the Steward's son, Sir John of Bonkyl.

This noble knight is the patriarch from whom many distinguished branches of Stewart derive their descent. His eldest son, Alexander, was father of John Stewart, Earl of Angus. His second son, Alan, was ancestor of the Earls and Dukes of Lennox and of the later Stewart kings who ascended the throne of Great Britain. His fourth son was the ancestor of the Lords of Lorn and Innermeath, the Earls of Athol, Buchan, and Traquair, and also of the baronial family whose gradual fall I am about to notice.

Sir James Stewart, the fourth son of Sir John of Bonkyl, fell at the battle of Halidon Hill, in 1333. His son, Sir Robert Stewart of Innermeath, had two sons. I. Sir John, who became Lord of Lorn, and was ancestor to a long line of Earls of Athol. II. Robert, who had a charter of the lands of Durisdeer in 1388, and who fell at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1409. Robert

Stewart of Durisdeer had a daughter, Isabella Stewart, who married Robert Bruce, the first of Clackmanan, ancestor of the Earls of Ailesbury and Elgin, and a son who succeeded him as Baron of Durisdeer.

I will not give a long list of the inheritors of his blood and honours. Suffice it to say, that the descendants of Robert Stewart of Durisdeer held baronial and knightly rank for many generations, and were seated at Rossythe Castle on the coast of Fife, and the shores of the Firth of Forth. It has been asserted, seemingly without a particle of proof, that the mother of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, was the daughter of a younger branch of this family which had settled in the town of Ely.

The representative of Stewart of Durisdeer and Rossythe became possessed of the great estate of Craigie Hall, in the county of Linlithgow, by marriage with the heiress of the ancient family of Craig, of Craigie Hall, and his descendant Sir John Stewart, of Craigie Hall, bore for his arms quarterly 1 and 4, or a fess chequè azure and argent, in chief three buckles azure for Stewart of Bonkyl; 2 and 3, ermine on a fess sable three crescents argent, for Craig of Craigie Hall.

After several generations of Knights of Craigie Hall, this fine estate was sold in the seventeenth century to an opulent merchant in Edinburgh, named John Fairholm. This gentleman purchased the estate of Craigie Hall from Sir John Stewart in 1643. His son, John Fairholm of Craigie Hall, had an only daughter and heiress, Sophia, born in 1668, and married in 1682 to William Johnstone, first Marquess of Annandale. She was the Marquess's first wife, and the only surviving

issue of this marriage was Lady Henrietta Johnstone, married in 1699 to Charles Hope, created Earl of Hopetoun in 1703. Her second son, Charles, inherited her estate, and was the great grandfather of the present Mr. Hope-Vere of Craigie Hall.

When Sir John Stewart sold his principal estate, he still preserved a small adjoining property called Newhall, which was inherited by his grandson, Alexander Stewart. This gentleman married a lady of distinguished birth, a daughter of Sir David Carmichael of Balmedie. But misfortune continued to pursue his family. In the next generation Newhall also was sold, and came into the possession of a near relative, Dundas of Duddingston, and has finally been acquired by the Earl of Roseberry, and now forms a portion of his beautiful domain of Dalmeny Park.

Stewart of Newhall then retired to the neighbouring petty borough of Queensferry, where his family engaged in commerce, and for a generation or two held the position of principal merchants in that very obscure country town. The last heir of the family, Archibald Stewart, went out to the East Indies, with a view to seek his fortune. But his health failed, and he returned to his native town, where he established himself as a surgeon, and for many years gained a hard livelihood as a country practitioner, riding over the broad and fair lands which had owned his ancestors as lords, and gathering a few shillings per visit from the descendants of the vassals of his fathers. He died somewhere about the year 1830, leaving an unmarried sister, the last of his ancient and noble race.

It may be mentioned that Archibald Stewart, the sur-

geon of Queensferry, and direct heir of the wealthy and high-born knights of Craigie Hall, possessed the distinguished illustration of being co-heir to the princely house of De Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, and the still greater honour of being one of the co-heirs of the line of the royal Bruce. King Robert I. was twice married. By his first wife, the daughter of the Earl of Marr, he had one daughter, Marjory, the wife of Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and ancestress of the long line of Stewart Kings. By his second wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, he had issue, his son and unworthy successor, King David II.; Margaret, wife of William, 4th Earl of Sutherland, and ancestress of the Earls of Sutherland; and Matilda, the wife of Thomas de Izac. The daughter of this marriage, Joanna de Izac, who was co-heir of the royal blood of the Bruce, along with her cousins, Robert II., King of Scotland, and William, 5th Earl of Sutherland, married John de Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, the descendant and representative of a branch of the kings of the Isles. The Lords of Lorn had sided with the Baliols, and were the firm adherents of the English interest; and John, Lord of Lorn, was imprisoned and forfeited by King Robert Bruce. His son John was restored in 1346, and became the husband of that monarch's granddaughter, Johanna de Izac. The issue of this marriage was two daughters. 1. Isabel de Ergadia, who carried the lordship of Lorn to her husband, John Stewart, of Innermeath, and was ancestress to the long line of Stewarts, Lords of Lorn and Innermeath, and Earls of Athol. 2. Janet de Ergadia, who married Robert Stewart, of Durisdeer, the brother of her sister's hus-

band. She was ancestress of the Stewarts of Rossythe, in Fifeshire, and of the Stewarts of Craigie Hall, in Linlithgowshire; and one of her last descendants, co-heir of the ancient Lords of Lorn and Princes of the Isles, as well as of the Kings of Scotland, was Archibald Stewart, surgeon, in Queensferry.

This is not a fitting place for the discussion of questions of disputed genealogy. It may nevertheless be mentioned that there is, to say the least, a high probability that the heir male of Stewart of Cragiehall, if such there be, is also heir male of the great house of the Lord High Stewards of Scotland; in short, is "the Stewart."

## The O'Neills.

"Gens antiqua fuit multos dominata per annos."

"O'Neill of the Hostages, Conn, whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame;
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep,
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!"
*Lament of O'Gnive, bard of O'Neill, of Clanaboy, in the Sixteenth Century.*

WHAT visions of the past of Ireland in the olden times, long, long ago, are recalled to memory by the royal name of O'Neill! How often have the aged bards and seanachies sat in the banquet hall, and by the funeral bier, and recounted in song and story the deeds of the heroes of the *Lamh derg Eirin!* Penetrating into the mists of time, far beyond the period generally assigned for the commencement of authentic history, they point out with exultation, in the dim vista, the prince schoolmaster, NIUL, of Scythia, fountain of the race. And a right noble origin it was—that trained student from the public schools of his royal father, more illustrious by far than that of modern princes and nobles who proudly claim descent from some fierce warrior, who, after all, was but the herald of devastation and misery, not, as Niul, the harbinger of peace and civilization.

With affectionate care and minuteness, these same old chroniclers trace the voyages of the sons of Niul,

until they reach Spain, in search of their "land of promise," the western isle; and these old bards paint, with all the glow and fresh warm tints of an eastern imagination, the mighty deeds and renown of the royal warrior, MILESIUS, King in Spain, and second great chief of the race of Niul. And from HEREMON, his son, first monarch of Ireland, they unroll a long line of illustrious Kings and Princes, warriors, legislators, and men of learning.

NIALL THE GREAT, *Noigallach*, or of the "nine hostages," is, however, the special object of the praise of the bards and seanachies, next to Conn of "the hundred battles." They point out, with pride and exultation, the glories of their beloved land of the Gael, under his rule, of his renown in war both at home and abroad, and of his triumphant train, graced by *nine Princes* of royal blood, as hostages from different states and kingdoms that he had conquered.

With the death of Niall's descendant, Malachy, who succeeded Mortough, "the great O'Neill," in 987, commences the decadence of the ancient dynasty—the royal and once powerful House of O'Neill,—and with it the fall of Ireland as a distinct and independent nation. At his death, contending Princes of other races—the O'Briens and O'Connors—following the example so fatally set by the ambitious views of Brian Boru, contested for the sovereignty, and weakened the national resources and power. Eventually their pretensions were crushed by MURTOUGH MAC NEILL, a South Hy-Niall Prince, who closed his reign and his life in the year 1168, one year only preceding the Anglo-Norman invasion. He was the last monarch of the race of NIALL

THE GREAT, whose posterity had thus *exclusively occupied the throne of Ireland for upwards of six hundred years*, and whose banner—if any banner can claim the distinction—might be regarded as the national standard of Ireland antecedently to the Anglo-Norman invasion.*

* THE NATIONAL STANDARD OF IRELAND.—It is very difficult to ascertain whether Ireland had any National Colour before the advent of the English. I have failed in tracing any such, and I am inclined to think that there was not a recognized National Standard.

The various septs were ranged under the banners of their respective chiefs, and when one of those chiefs was elected king, his colour may be considered for the time the national Ensign. The *field* "gules" of the O'Brien coat of arms would indicate that Brian Boru's Banner at Clontarf was "*red.*" Most assuredly, the popular colours in those days were "crimson," "saffron," and "blue." "Green" was not much in favour: O'Neill did not use it, nor O'Meleaghlin, nor O'Donnell, nor MacCarthy, nor O'Rorke, nor MacMorrough-Kavanagh, nor O'Brien, and those were among the chief Celtic princes from among whom the kings were chosen. I am not so sure as to the colours of Roderick O'Connor.

Certain it is that from the date of the advent of the Strongbowians the *field* of the national arms and consequently the *national colour* has been *blue.*

From the fact that "azure three crowns or" was the coat of augmentation granted by King Richard II. to his favourite Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Marquess of Dublin, when he created him Duke of Ireland, with the lordship and domain thereof;† and from the occurrence of the "three crowns" on the old Irish coinage it may fairly be inferred that that coat of arms was the national bearing of Ireland during the Plantagenet era.

This coat "az. three crowns or" was that of St. Edmund, and it is just possible that the Anglo-Normans, arrayed as they are known

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† Rex concessit quod Robertus de Veer comes Oxon, ac Marchio Dublini in Hiberniâ durante vitâ suâ gerat arma de "azuro cum tribus coronis aureis et una circumferentia vel bordura de argento;" ac quod ea gerat in omnibus scutis, vexillis, penonibus, tunicis armorum, armaturis, &c. &c.—Rot. Pat., 9 Ric. II., m. i.

His heroic efforts, crowned ultimately with success, to redeem the falling fortunes of his house, and to restore the sceptre which had slipped from it, are deserving of all praise. His brief presidency in the Hall of Tara was but the flickering of that regal lamp, which

to have been under the banners of St. George and St. Edmund, may have introduced the bearings of St. Edmund as the ensigns of the newly-acquired country of Ireland. St. Edmund's arms had indeed long been employed as part of the royal insignia. They were borne with those of St. George in the army of King Edward I., and, in conjunction with the royal banner, were placed on the turrets of Carlaverock Castle after its capture.*

The *three crowns* were relinquished for the *harp* as the Arms of Ireland by Hen. VIII., from an apprehension, it is said, lest they might be taken for the Papal tiara; and the *gold* harp on a *blue* field has been since the time of James I. quartered for Ireland in the Royal Achievement.

There is a very interesting MS. in the handwriting of Sir William Le Neve, still preserved in the Heralds' College, London, on the subject of the adoption of the harp. In it are given the words of dissent of the Earl Marshal, the Earl of Northampton, which are worth quoting.

"Sir Wm. Seagar tould me yt. when the commrs. for ye. first claymes of King James had determined the harpe to be quartered wth. France England & Scotland for the Armes of Ireland, the Earl of Norhampton (Lord H. Howard), in shewing no affection in approving the same, sayd the best reason that I can observe for the bearing thereof is it resembles yt. country in being such an Instrument yt. it requires more cost to keep it in tune than it is worth: *note:* ye 3 crownes are ye. antient armes of Ireland (the Harp but an antient badge or devise of that Country) from whence it came yt. Vere Duke of Ireland had 3 crownes wth. a border given him in augmentation. In the tyme of Edw ye. 4th. a commission being to enquire the arms of Ireland it was returned yt. ye. 3 crownes were the armes and these arms I have seene uppon the reverse of old Irish Coynes."

It is thus shown that *azure*, and *azure* only has been the colour of

* Sir Harris Nicolas.

had shone in Ireland full two thousand years as a beacon and light to the Gael, and which was extinguished at his death; for his successor, Roderick O'Connor, who assumed the crown, and resigned it to the English, was but partially acknowledged by the nation.

Any further notice of this ancient sept would be but to trace, step by step, its decadence and its fall—marking from era to era, the gallant struggles of its successive chiefs, ill supported and frequently opposed by their countrymen, in unavailing hostility to the English, to avert its inevitable destiny. First, they were Monarchs in Ireland, then Princes, next Chiefs, now nobles of English creation, again Anglicised "squires," and finally, confiscated, crushed, and scattered, they became wanderers in, or exiles from the land of their inheritance. In that land, those who remained, except

Ireland since the English Conquest, and it is equally clear that antecedently *green* was not much in vogue with the great Celtic Houses from which the Kings of Ireland were chosen. At the creation of the Order of St. Patrick, an order instituted as a compliment to the nationality of Ireland, just after '82 and the Volunteers, when it was the object of the King to gratify the national sensibility of Ireland, the colour selected for the knights was *blue;* the Royal Irish Regiments have their facings generally *blue*, and never *green*, and the uniform of the Irish Brigade in the service of France was *red.* About seventy years ago when the peerage of Bantry was created, one of the Supporters granted was a female figure representing "Ireland," viz., a lady robed in *blue*, wearing an ancient crown, and standing in front of a harp.

From all these circumstances, it would appear that prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion there was not any one colour or Banner adopted for Ireland at large. None such is traceable in the old Celtic records or authorities, none handed down by tradition, and none found mentioned in history; and since the introduction of English rule, the national colour, established by and derived from the national Arms, has been invariably blue.

a few—and those few unimportant, save one—became literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water," where their great fathers reigned. Such is the destiny and decadence of the royal house of O'Neill!

In the twelfth century the family tree became divided into two chief stems, which threw out minor branches. The two leading lines are popularly known as THE O'NEILLS OF CLANABOY, descendants of Hugh Duff O'Neill, King of Ulster, and THE O'NEILLS OF TYRONE, descendants of his brother, Prince Neill Roe O'Neill. Of the latter house were Con Baccagh O'Neill, first Earl of Tyrone, who cursed those of his kinsmen who would build stone houses and live in the English fashion, and Shane a Diomais O'Neill, "John the proud," who waged war against Elizabeth, and, when he visited the Queen at her Court to arrange the terms of peace, astonished the good citizens of London in his march through their streets at the head of his unshaven Galloglasses, or battleaxe guards, with long flowing hair, and saffron-dyed mantles. A cadet of this house of O'Neill of Tyrone was Sir Phelim Roe O'Neill, whose reputed character for cruelties perpetrated in the "great rebellion" of 1641, was partially redeemed by his stern refusal on the scaffold in 1652, to save his life and preserve his estates by bearing false testimony against his king, Charles the First. To this line also belonged, though by illegitimate descent, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, the accomplished statesman and general, who also for many years was at war with the English Queen, and at Bealanathabindhe (the Yellow Ford) and other places foiled her best generals and worsted her choicest troops: submitting to James the First, but fearing arrest, he

fled to France in 1607, and thence proceeded to Louvain, and finally to Rome, where he died, aged and blind, 20th July, 1616, and was there buried with great pomp in the church of San Pietro, Montorio. Of this same branch were General Owen Roe O'Neill, the gallant defender of Arras for the Spaniards, and victor of Benburb, where General Monroe and the flower of the English army were defeated, and Major-General Hugh Duff O'Neill, his nephew, who baffled Cromwell at Clonmel, and worsted Ireton at Limerick. But with the race of those illustrious men, patriots or rebels as they may be, who sustained by their brilliant deeds of arms the reputation of their house, I have now no concern; it is to a branch of the O'Neills of Clanaboy, the elder line, that the subject of my sketch relates.

Hugh boy O'Neill, "yellow Hugh," grandson of Hugh Duff, was king of Ulster in the thirteenth century, and recovered from the English their extensive territories in the counties of Antrim and Down, called after him "Clanaboy," which his descendants held until the reign of James the First; they had their chief seats at Edinduff-carrick, now Shane's Castle, in the county of Antrim, and Castlereagh in the county of Down. Bryan Balaf O'Neill, fourth in descent from Hugh Boy, was so powerful as to impose a tribute upon the English of the adjoining districts called "Bryan Balaf's eiric," which continued to be paid or exacted, until put down by proclamation in the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Henry O'Neill, the descendant of his eldest son, Con, conformed, and saved out of the common wreck of the lands of the O'Neills during the confiscations of James the First, the present noble estates of Shane's castle,

thirty thousand acres, which are in possession of the heir-general, William Lord O'Neill.

The second son of Bryan Balaf, namely, Henry Caoch O'Neill, possessed that territory—part of Clanaboy—called after him, " Slucht Henry Caoch." Bryan O'Neill was the seventh in descent from Henry Caoch. The confiscations of James the First, and the "settlement of Ulster," by the introduction of "English and Scotch Protestants," had swept away his inheritance, and, like many of his kinsmen and others of proscribed houses in Ulster and other parts of Ireland, he became a soldier of fortune on the continent. He served for some time in Holland under the Prince of Orange; and on the rupture between Charles the First and his Parliament he tendered his services to the King, by whom they were gladly accepted. He was present under Lord Conway at the "rout of Newburn," where "the Scots," says the old chronicler Hooper, "having crossed the river, put the royal forces to the most shameful and confounding flight that was ever heard of, our foot making no less haste from Newcastle than our horse from Newburn—the Lord Conway never afterwards turning his face towards the enemy;" but he adds, "there were in that infamous rout at Newburn two or three officers of quality taken prisoners, who, endeavouring to charge the enemy with the courage they ought to do, being deserted by their troops, could not avoid falling into the Scots' hands, namely, Wilmot, who was Commissary-General, and O'Neill, who was Major of a regiment, both officers of name and reputation, and of good esteem in the court with all those who were incensed against the Earl of Strafford, towards whom

they were both undevoted." Major Bryan O'Neill and Wilmot had, however, fallen into the hands of old friends; for, as Hooper adds, "those gentlemen were well known to several of the principal commanders in the Scots' army who had served together with them in Holland, under the Prince of Orange, and were treated with good civility in their camp." Afterwards at the treaty of Ripon, they were released, as thus quaintly told by Hooper:—"When they (the Scots) came to Ripon they brought them Wilmot and O'Neil with them, and presented them to the King by his commissioners, to whom they were very acceptable." On the 22nd August, 1642, Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, but it was "blown down the same night it had been set up by a very strong and unruly wind." On the 23rd October following, the royal army, under Prince Rupert, bivouacked on Edge-hill, and fought the famous battle of that name against the Parliamentary forces commanded by the Earl of Essex. On that hard-fought field Colonel Bryan O'Neill distinguished himself in an especial degree, leading on his dragoons, rallying them when broken, charging again into the serried ranks of the enemy, and breaking and pursuing them, but never losing sight of the King's person; for at that critical moment when Rupert's cavalry had pursued the routed horse of the Roundheads too far, and left his Majesty exposed to the fate that befel his predecessor Henry the Third, at the battle of Lewes, when in the hour of victory over his barons he was taken prisoner, O'Neill was among the small Spartan band that guarded his Majesty's person. For his bravery on that occasion, the honour of an English Baronetcy was conferred on

him by his Majesty, by the title of "Sir Bryan O'Neill of Upper Clanaboy." He was twice married; first, to Jane Finch, of the Earl of Nottingham's family, and secondly, to Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Hugh Savage, of Portaferry, Esq. By the latter marriage, he had Hugh, appointed one of the Justices of the King's Bench in 1687: this learned Judge married Martha, daughter of William Lord Howth, and left Bernard and Mary. The daughter married Charles O'Neill, Esq., of the Feeva, in the county of Antrim, and died in 1790, aged one hundred years; and her brother, Bernard, who also married, left two daughters. Sir Bryan O'Neill died about the year 1670, and had by his first marriage an only son, Sir Bryan O'Neill, second baronet, Baron of the Exchequer in 1687. He and his half brother, the Hon. Mr. Justice Hugh O'Neill, adhered to the cause of James the Second, and lost all the landed estates which their family had acquired after the previous confiscations. Sir Bryan, the second baronet, married Mary, daughter of Edward Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, by whom he left an only son, Sir Henry O'Neill, of Kellystown, in the county of Meath, third baronet, who married twice; first, Mary, daughter of Mark Bagot, Esq., and secondly, Rose, daughter of James Brabazon, Esq., of the noble house of Meath, by Mary, daughter of Dudley Colley, of Castle Carbery, and aunt of Richard, Lord Mornington, grandfather of the Duke of Wellington.

By his first marriage Sir Henry O'Neill had Sir Bryan, fourth baronet, who died without issue, and Sir Randall, fifth baronet, who was surveyor of customs at Rush, in the county of Dublin, and died having had a son and a daughter, who both died unmarried. Sir Henry

O'Neill, by his second marriage, left Sir Francis O'Neill, of Kellystown, in the county of Meath, sixth baronet, who married Miss Fleming, of the county of Louth.

And here I may notice one of the many social wrongs inflicted by the penal laws in Ireland on those who were fortunate enough to retain any remnant of property preserved from the confiscations of Cromwell and William, or obtained by subsequent acquisitions. Happily, those laws no longer sully the pages of the Statute book, but, as long as they remained, they legally disqualified from possessing real estate all persons of the proscribed faith; who were obliged in consequence to resort to the common expedient of getting leases in the names of those Protestant friends in whom they had reliance. It was thus Sir Francis O'Neill held the lands of Kellystown. The lease was in the name of Mr. Brabazon of Mornington, but, in the simplicity of his nature and the confidence of friendship, Sir Francis surrendered it to his landlord, for a new lease on better terms, made *directly to himself.* Casting aside the mask he had worn, his landlord caused the unfortunate baronet to be served with ejectment, and had him evicted; for his lease was void in law, under the "Popery Acts." Removing for temporary convenience, under pressure of the sheriff's warrant, to a small farm called Cradh, adjoining Dowth Hall, on the estate of Lord Netterville, Sir Francis O'Neill shortly after left it, and took the farm of Knockanmooney, opposite to Kellystown, his former residence—the river dividing them. But here, encumbered with a large family—he had fourteen or fifteen children—he became embarrassed in circumstances, let his rent fall into arrear, was ejected

for non-payment, sold out and turned adrift once more.

Retiring into the village of Slane, Sir Francis O'Neill, sixth baronet, the descendant of a kingly race, representative of the dashing dragoon of Edge-hill, and the kinsman of the Lords Mornington and Dunsany, rented a cabin of four apartments, and kept in it a small huckster's shop and dairy, the produce of two cows, while his two horses and carts, last remnant of his stock, attended by his second son, John O'Neill, carted flour for hire from the mills of Slane to Dublin! In that humble cabin, the aged and poverty-stricken baronet was visited in the month of May, 1798, by John, the first Viscount O'Neill, and his two sons, Charles and John, the late earl and the last viscount, on their way to Shanes Castle; for John, the first Lord O'Neill, princely in mind as he was exalted in station, never turned his face from a poor relation. On that occasion Sir Francis O'Neill took a melancholy pleasure in showing to his lordship the last remnant of his family plate, a silver cream ewer and tablespoon, engraven with his crest, the hand and dagger, also the Patent of Baronetcy, with its large old-fashioned wax seal, and his parchment pedigree, tracing his descent from the Kings of Ireland. And in a little outhouse or shed, open at three sides, in that humble yard, he also pointed out the panel of a broken carriage, emblazoned with his arms, *the red hand* of O'Neill, which was almost effaced and illegible from exposure to wind and rain. Fit emblem it was of the broken fortunes of his house! The noble Viscount did not live to fulfil the promise he then made to better the condition

of this reduced gentleman of his house, for in a short month afterwards he was in his grave—barbarously and treacherously murdered at Antrim by the rebels of Killead. Sir Francis O'Neill himself, shocked by the event, and by the feeling that the last reed on which he depended was broken, soon followed, and in the year 1799 was placed beside his father, Sir Henry, inside the ruins of the old church of Mount Newton. In a year and a half after his interment, his wife, Lady O'Neill, was laid by his side.

It is almost needless to follow the fortunes of his children. One only retained the rank and position of a gentleman, and that one, his eldest son, Henry, despairing of home, went out to Spain to his kinsman, Colonel Con O'Neill, formerly of Carlyan in the Feeva, who procured a commission for him in his own regiment. The last letter received from him by his friends in Ireland was dated in 1798. John, the second son, who married Catherine Murtagh, kept a small dyer's shop in West Street, Drogheda, and died in very humble circumstances indeed, about thirty years ago. Francis O'Neill, the eldest son of John, became a millwright in Drogheda. James, another son of Sir Francis, was a working baker in Dublin, and died about the year 1800.

Bryan, the youngest and last surviving son of Sir Francis O'Neill, had an eventful life. Born in Kellystown, shortly before his parents left it, he went with his father to Cradh, Knockanmooney, and Slane. Here he grew up in poverty, but fortunately received a fair mercantile education. He enlisted, when about eighteen years of age, in the Louth Militia, in which he rose to the rank

of sergeant, and volunteered in 1812 into the 88th or Connaught Rangers, commanded by Colonel O'Malley, whose sister, Dora, had married John O'Neill, Esq., of Ballyshannon. He was promoted in 1813 to the rank of sergeant-major, which he held for seventeen years, until his discharge in 1830. He joined the 88th at Castlebar, went thence to Gibraltar and Portugal, and returning to Gibraltar, was sent to Cadiz, to strengthen the garrison there. He afterwards passed again into the Peninsula, where he was at the capture of Badajos, the battle of Fuentez d'Onore and the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and subsequently accompanied the army of occupation to France in 1816: he returned home in 1818, and in 1830 was discharged at Languard Fort in England, on a pension of two shillings and twopence a-day. In all his campaigns he did not receive a single wound, or as he expressed it himself, "a single scratch," although he did his duty, in battle, as one of the "fighting eighty-eighth knew how to do it." In 1830 he was appointed by the corporation of the city of Dublin chief officer of the Newgate guard—a quaint-looking corps, dressed up in costume not unlike the Royal Artillery, who required a strict disciplinarian like Sergeant-Major O'Neill to preside over them. He was discontinued in this office at the break-up of the guard in 1836, when he took a house, No. 95, in Cook Street, Dublin, in which he died. A public subscription, generously promoted and advocated by the "Irish Press," afforded the poor old man comfort and care in his last illness, and gave him decent sepulture when his earthly troubles ended.

Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill, whom I well remember,

was a tall and distinguished looking man, in whom the appearance and manners of a gentleman, despite of his age and poverty, and the ordeal through which he had passed, bore evidence to the gentle blood of O'Neill. His eldest son, Francis O'Neill, a coffinmaker, in that same Cook Street, did his best to stem the tide of misfortune, but all his efforts were vain. He and his wife, a most respectable woman, and his large family of fine children, in whose handsome features the old race might still be traced, sank to absolute misery and want, from which they were at last rescued by the benevolent interference of my excellent friend, the Right Hon. Alexander MacDonnell, Commissioner of National Education in Ireland, himself the representative of an ancient Gaelic house, who provided the poor man with a comfortable appointment, that of care-taker of the Cork Model School, and in that situation O'Neill has since remained, doing his duty meritoriously, and seeing his children improving and being educated around him.

And thus I close this sketch of the decadence of a branch of the royal house of O'Neill, in which the mutability of fortune is signally displayed. The scion of a race of Kings, of all others the most renowned in Irish history, the descendant of NIALL the Great, and, in more modern times, of the gallant Colonel O'Neill, of Edge-hill, Bryan O'Neill, the Serjeant-Major, was reduced to the humble lot of a discharged pensioner of the Crown, at two shillings and twopence a-day, and occupied a room in an obscure street, where his eldest son failed as a coffinmaker!

# De Vere, Earl of Oxford.

. . . . Think you see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!"

IBID.

"THE noblest subject in England, and indeed, as Englishmen loved to say, the noblest subject in Europe, was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford. He derived his title through an uninterrupted male descent, from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevills and Percies enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England. One chief of the house of De Vere had held high command at Hastings; another had marched, with Godfrey and Tancred, over heaps of slaughtered Moslem, to the sepulchre of Christ. The first Earl of Oxford had been minister of Henry Beauclerc. The third Earl had been conspicuous among the Lords who extorted the Great Charter from John. The seventh Earl had fought bravely at Cressy and Poictiers. The thirteenth Earl had, through many vicissitudes of

fortune, been the chief of the party of the Red Rose, and had led the van on the decisive day of Bosworth. The seventeenth Earl had shone at the Court of Elizabeth, and had won for himself an honourable place among the early masters of English poetry. The nineteenth Earl had fallen in arms for the Protestant religion, and for the liberties of Europe, under the walls of Maestricht. His son, Aubrey, in whom closed the longest and most illustrious line of nobles that England has seen, a man of loose morals, but of inoffensive temper, and of courtly manners, was Lord-Lieutenant of Essex and Colonel of the Blues."

Such is Macaulay's glowing and eloquent eulogium on the De Veres—so eloquent indeed, that one regrets that the panegyric is exaggerated, and scarcely consistent with fact. The line of the Earls of Oxford was certainly the longest, but, as certainly, not the most illustrious that England has seen. In personal achievement and historical importance the De Veres can bear no comparison with the Howards, the Nevills, the Talbots, the Mortimers, the Percys, or the Scropes; in antiquity of descent, the Courtenays, the De Bohuns, and the Beauchamps were in all respects their equals, and in splendour of alliances, many a less distinguished race far surpassed them. There was scarcely one of our grand old families of the times of the Henrys and the Edwards that had not more of royal blood. Nevertheless, I must freely admit, while questioning the pre-eminence Macaulay assigns, that this famous house was inferior only to the most ancient, the most historic, and the most illustrious of our nobility.

It is a very difficult thing to understand the true greatness and the exact relative distinction of the nobles of this country. Of the first thirty baronies on the Roll of the Peerage, one-fifth are still enjoyed by the direct male descendants of the original possessors; Stourton, St. John of Bletsoe, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer, and Byron; that of North is now held by the direct female descendant of the first Baron, but after her demise will necessarily be inherited by her son, and thus brought into another family; all the rest are heirs general of the original peers. Some of these Barons far exceed many Dukes in nobility and antiquity of lineage; unlike the French peerage, where the Dukes alone were formerly peers, with us the maxim of the Lords, as regards the several ranks in their noble house, is "Nobilitate pares, quamvis gradû impares."

Following up our ducal houses in the male line, it will be found that the period at which they first became ennobled ("ennobled" I use in our English acceptation of the word) is often very different from what a superficial glance would lead one to expect. The direct male ancestors of the Duke of Newcastle were made peers in 1299, and the title of Baron Clinton they then possessed is still extant, though it has since passed from the male into the female line. His Grace of Newcastle stands in this respect at the head of our ducal families; the first peerage obtained by the Howards being in 1470, nearly two centuries after the Clintons had sat as barons. Next to Newcastle comes the Irish house of Leinster, whose earldom of Kildare bears date from 1316; and then, the Scottish family of Douglas, their chief,

the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, being Earl of Angus under a creation of 1326. The Clintons obtained the earldom of Huntingdon eleven years after that date; but it was granted to the youngest son of the first Baron Clinton, and consequently not to a direct ancestor of the extant family, whom alone I can count.

Argyll, Montrose, and Abercorn, the chiefs of the great historic houses of Campbell, Graham, and Hamilton, were first ennobled in 1445; and Norfolk, as I have already mentioned, in 1470. But though the Howards are thus excelled in mere antiquity of nobility, the rapidity with which they rose to the highest title in the realm, their representation of the illustrious Warrennes and Mowbrays, their inheritance of the Earl-Marshalship from the Plantagenets, and eventually of the premier earldom of England from the FitzAlans; and finally the brilliant place which their rank, bravery, talents, and possessions have enabled them to fill ever since they first took their seats among the mailed barons of Edward IV., fairly entitle them to their universally acknowledged rank as the first noble house of England. That this is the public feeling everywhere was clearly shown at the lamented demise of the late Duke of Norfolk. His Grace was a man most amiable and most devoted to the exercise of every private virtue, yet he shrank, despite of his known abilities, from being politically conspicuous; nevertheless, his funeral knell struck on the ear of civilized Europe with a sensation that did homage, not to the peer only, but to the greatness of his race.

The most recently ennobled of our ducal families is

that of Roxburghe, Sir James Innes-Norcliffe, of Innes, Bart., having inherited that title in 1805, in right of the marriage of his ancestor, Sir James Innes, Bart., in 1666, with Margaret, third and youngest daughter ot Harry, Lord Ker, second son of Robert, first Earl of Roxburghe.

The family of the Duke of Buckingham, the Grenvilles of Wotton, inherited the earldom of Temple in 1752, on the demise of the celebrated Hester, Countess Temple, wife of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, Esq., M.P. Two years previously, Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, Bart., had inherited the earldom and estates of Northumberland, on the death of his father-in-law, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, son of Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, and of the Lady Elizabeth, only child of Joceline Perey, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland.

And again, four years before this succession, that is, in 1746, Richard Colley Wesley, Esq., M.P., had been raised to the peerage of Ireland, as Baron of Mornington; and thus founded the noble house from which sprung the great Duke of Wellington.

The ancestor, in the male line, of the Duke of Rutland inherited the ancient Barony of De Ros in 1524; the family of the Duke of Sutherland was ennobled in 1702, and that of the Duke of Cleveland in 1699; the favourite Bentinck was made Earl of Portland by William III., in 1689, and Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., M.P., afterwards Duke of Leeds, was created Baron Osborne and Viscount Latimer, in 1674. Contemporary with him in elevation to the peerage, were the illegitimate infant sons of Charles II., of whom St. Albans was

ennobled in 1676, Richmond, in 1675, and Grafton, in 1672, whilst the Dukes of Buccleuch are descended in the male line from the celebrated Duke of Monmouth, ennobled in 1662. The first title enjoyed by the ancestors of the Duke of Manchester was conferred in 1620, by those of the Duke of Devonshire, in 1605, and of the Duke of Athole, in 1604. The Earls of Sunderland, who now hold the Duchy of Marlborough, first sat as peers in 1603. The first Earl of Bedford, the favourite of Henry VIII., was made a peer of Parliament by that monarch in 1539. Three years previously, Henry had conferred the Viscounty of Beauchamp upon the brother of his Queen, Jane Seymour or St. Maur, as the name was anciently spelt, and as the present Duke of Somerset uses it. Beaufort alone remains to be fixed in date; and we find that Charles Somerset, illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, marrying Elizabeth, only child and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Herbert, of Ragland, was summoned to Parliament in that barony, "*jure uxoris*," in 1501, and three years afterwards created Earl of Worcester, the progenitor of a brave and loyal race.

It would be interesting to make, among all the ranks of the peerage, an examination similar to that I have ventured to introduce here with reference to the Dukes only; but I have almost lost sight of my subject, the De Veres, in this long digression. If that mighty race still endured, the date of their title of honour would far transcend any Earldom or Dukedom in the existing peerage.

Macaulay is not the only writer who, captivated by the romance and chivalry of the race, has fallen into

hyperbole, in describing the De Veres. Old Leland, in his enthusiasm, deduces their pedigree from Noah; and another learned antiquary claims for De Vere of England the highest place on the roll of European genealogy. Sir Walter Scott has made the name of De Vere familiar to us in his beautiful and chivalrous romance of "Anne of Geierstein."

Resting, however, on authentic evidence, I will begin with ALBERIC DE VERE, the lord of vast estates and many manors (Kensington, in Middlesex, and Hedingham, in Essex, amongst the rest), at the time of the Doomsday Survey. Great though his possessions were, and brilliant his worldly position, he abandoned all for conscience sake, and devoting himself to God, assumed the cowl, and died a monk in Colne Priory: "Vero nihil verius." To his son, another Alberic de Vere, Henry I., who held him high in favour, granted the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England "to him and his heirs for ever;" and this important dignity is now enjoyed, conjointly, by his descendants Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who derive their right to it from a memorable and extraordinary decision of the time of Charles I., to which I shall by and by refer.

The first Earl of the De Veres was Alberic's son, Aubrey, who, for his fidelity to the Empress Maud, was granted the Earldom of Cambridge, "provided that that dignity was not vested in the King of Scotland." But if it were, Aubrey was then to have his choice of the Earldoms of Oxford, Berkshire, Wiltshire, or Dorsetshire. The eventual selection was Oxford, and in that title he was confirmed by Henry II. Thus originated the possession of this celebrated honour, which, through

a long series of generations and a course of much vicissitude, endured in the same family for a period of more than five hundred years. The son of the first Earl of Oxford was Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, one of the Barons of Magna Charta, and his great-great grandson, John de Vere, seventh Earl, the gallant soldier who fought at Cressy, and had a command at Poictiers. "At one time," narrates Dugdale, "about the feast of the Blessed Virgin, this Earl, returning out of Brittany, was by tempest cast upon the coast of Connaught in Ireland, where he and all his company suffered much misery from those barbarous people there, who pillaged them of all they had."

This famous warrior lost his life before the walls of Rheims, where the English army was encamped, on the 14th January, 1360. The landed estate he left, was almost fabulous in extent, stretching over the counties of Hereford, Bedford, Leicester, Essex, Buckingham, Hertford, Dorset, Wilts, Suffolk, and Cambridge. This vast inheritance devolved, in due course, on his grandson, ROBERT DE VERE, ninth Earl of Oxford, the favourite of Richard II. His career is a striking example of the caprice of fortune. A morning all sunshine was followed by a noontide of the deepest obscurity. So honoured at the onset was the potent noble, that the King instituted a new Order in the Peerage, and conferred upon him the first Marquessate ever known in England—the Marquessate of Dublin. The dignity, too, was no empty honour; to it was annexed a grant of the land and dominion of Ireland, and, in addition, a transfer of all profits, revenues, and regalities, as amply as the King himself ought to enjoy the same."

This even was not the extent of the power and rank to be assigned to de Vere; for in the very next year (1386) he received a still more brilliant title—that of Duke of Ireland. But this was the culminating point of his worldly prosperity.

The second act in the drama of his life offered a dark contrast to the first. His wondrous advancement, and the imperious haughtiness with which he bore his elevation, excited the jealousy and hostility of the nobles, and a confederation was formed against him, under the leadership of the Duke of Gloucester, who coerced the King to dismiss his favourite. De Vere fled from London, and soon after effected his escape in disguise to the Continent, accompanied by Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. He returned subsequently to England, and, marching into Oxfordshire at the head of four or five thousand men, was met at Radcot Bridge, on the river Isis, and his army dispersed by Gloucester and Henry of Bolingbroke. The forces were completely surrounded, and the Duke himself was placed in so critical a position that he could secure personal safety only by throwing away his sword, gauntlet, and armour, and swimming across the stream. Many and harassing were the difficulties he had to overcome before he succeeded in reaching the coast, and obtaining a passage in a fishing boat across the channel to Flanders. Meanwhile, in the Parliament convened in the year 1388, he was sentenced to banishment and attainted, and all his vast property confiscated. In Flanders the great and mighty Duke of Ireland suffered the extreme of misery and want. One of the companions of his exile, the Archbishop of York, closed his life as a simple parish

priest in a small village in the Low Countries. De Vere never again saw England. Reduced to poverty and deep distress, he dragged on a miserable existence for a few years, and was at last gored by a wild boar in a hunt, and died of the wound, at Louvaine, in the year 1392. Truly might this fallen man exclaim with the Emperor Severus:—"I have been all things, and all was of little value." Lordships of enormous extent—honours, the highest of the land—power and fortune—all had been his. No subject in Europe had rivalled him in greatness, and yet, within a brief while, he had scarcely wherewithal to provide for his daily wants. When the news of the Duke's death reached England, King Richard was deeply afflicted, and in three years after caused his body to be brought over, had the coffin opened, that he might once again see the features of the friend he had loved so well, and himself attended the corpse in grand procession, to its interment at Earl's Colne, in Essex. The Duke of Ireland had married twice. His first wife, the Lady Philippa de Coucy, though of royal blood, being granddaughter of Edward III., he repudiated, that he might marry one of Anne of Bohemia's maids of honour named Lancerona, stated by some accounts to have been a joiner's or vinter's daughter, but by others styled "the Landgravine." This lady was the companion of his banishment and adversity; and there may yet be seen at Earl's Colne, among the De Vere memorials, the tomb and effigy of Lancerona, Duchess of Ireland, conspicuous for the quaint head-dress of "piked horns" introduced by Anne of Bohemia. "There were great murmurings

against the Duke of Ireland," says Froissart; "but what injured him most was his conduct to his Duchess, the Lady Philippa, daughter of the Lord de Coucy, a handsome and noble lady; for the Duke was greatly enamoured with one of the Queen's damsels, called the Landgravine. She was a tolerably handsome, pleasant lady whom Queen Anne had brought with her from Bohemia. The Duke of Ireland loved her with such ardour that he was desirous of making her, if possible, his Duchess by marriage. All the good people of England were much shocked at this; for his lawful wife was granddaughter to the gallant King Edward and the excellent Queen Philippa, being the daughter of the Princess Isabella. Her uncles, the Dukes of Gloucester and York, were very wroth at this insult."

Miss Strickland comments in a similar strain to Froissart. "The first and last error of Anne of Bohemia," says the gifted historian of the Queens of England, "was the participation in this disgraceful transaction, by which she was degraded in the eyes of subjects who had manifested great esteem for her meek virtues. The offensive part taken by the Queen in this transaction was, that she actually wrote with her own hand an urgent letter to Pope Urban, persuading him to sanction the divorce of the Countess of Oxford, and to authorize the marriage of her faithless lord with the Landgravine. Whether the maid of honour were a princess or a peasant, she had no right to appropriate another woman's husband. The Queen was scarcely less culpable in aiding and abetting so nefarious a measure, to the infinite injury of herself and of the consort she so tenderly loved. There was scarcely an Earl in England who was

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not related to the Royal family. The Queen, by the part she took in this disgraceful affair, offended every one allied to the royal house of Plantagenet; moreover, the lady whose divorce was attempted was nearly allied to the house of Austria."

With Robert, first and only Duke of Ireland, and ninth Earl of Oxford, K.G., expired the first line of the De Veres; and thus the brilliant sun that had shone so prosperously and so brightly on the race for three centuries set in unprecedented gloom.

The second series of Earls of Oxford, who sprang from the Duke's uncle, Aubrey de Vere, encountered vicissitudes of almost parallel severity. Stanch Lancastrians, they adhered with unswerving loyalty to the Red Rose; and the consequences were exile and death. After the battle of Towton, which for the time ruined the Lancastrian party, and put Edward IV. on the throne, John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, and his eldest son, Aubrey, were detected in a correspondence with Queen Margaret, were tried by martial law before the Constable, and were convicted in an arbitrary manner: they were both beheaded the same day on Tower Hill, in 1461. But their deaths were not left unrevenged. The twelfth Earl's second son, John, the thirteenth Earl, soon proved himself a great man, and a fatal foe to the Yorkists. He was indeed a lion of the Lancastrian cause—"the anchor of her house" as Queen Margaret loved to call him. Three years after his father's death, a temporary triumph of the Red Rose, which he aided to bring about, restored him to his family honours. At Barnet he fought, with his usual sagacity and daring, by the side of his brother-in-law,

the King-making Warwick, but all to no avail. The Lancastrian leaders became outcasts again. Lingard, with graphic veracity, thus tells of what befel De Vere. "Vere, Earl of Oxford," writes Dr. Lingard, "had escaped into Scotland, and thence into France; but disdaining a life of indolence, he collected a small squadron of twelve sail, swept the narrow seas, kept the maritime counties in perpetual alarm, and by frequent capture enriched himself and his followers. With about four hundred men, he surprised the strong fortress of Mount St. Michael, in Cornwall, whence he made repeated inroads into the neighbouring counties receiving supplies from the friends of the house of Lancaster, and wreaking his vengeance on those of the house of York. By Edward's command, Sir Henry Bodrugan besieged the Mount; but his fidelity was suspected, and he was superseded by Richard Fortescue, Sheriff of Cornwall. The new commander had been a Lancastrian and a friend: he had recourse to promises and persuasion; and the Earl, apprehensive of the treachery of his own men, surrendered the place on condition that his life, and the lives of his followers should be spared, with the exception of the Lord Beaumont and Sir Richard Laumarth. During eleven years he was confined a close prisoner in the castle ot Ham, in Picardy; while his Countess, the sister to the great Warwick, was compelled to support herself by the profits of her needle and the secret presents of her friends. He escaped from Ham with the connivance of the Governor, who had been bribed by the Earl of Richmond; and we shall meet with him again fighting victoriously for the house of Lancaster." Strange

indeed was it that that escape from Ham should, like the famous escape in our own days, be the prelude to a change of dynasty. De Vere was by the side of Richmond when he landed at Milford Haven, and he led the archer vanguard of the invading army. Shakespeare makes him, while marching to Tamworth, thus denounce King Richard:—

> "Every man's conscience is a thousand swords
> To fight against that bloody homicide."

De Vere's prowess as commander of the vanguard told with terrible effect at Bosworth, and in that battle he had at last the satisfaction of seeing the Yorkists finally overthrown and utterly undone. The accession of Henry to the throne brought honours and rewards to De Vere, and the office of Lord Great Chamberlain was eventually restored to him. The Earl was esteemed a gallant and learned man, and had a high character for splendid hospitality. On one occasion that hospitality was ill-requited. The story is thus told:—"Henry VII., visiting the Earl's castle of Hedingham, was there sumptuously received by the princely noble; and at his departure, his lordship's livery servants, ranged on both sides, made an avenue for the king: which attracting his highness's attention, he called out to the earl, and said, 'My lord, I have heard much of your hospitality; but I see it is greater than the speech. These handsome gentlemen and yeoman, which I see on both sides of me, are surely your menial servants.' The earl smiled and said, 'It may please your grace, they were not for mine ease: they are most of them my retainers, that are come to do me service at such a time as this;

and chiefly to see your grace.' The king started a little, and rejoined, 'By my faith, my lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney must speak with you.' It is added, that this affair cost his lordship eventually no less than fifteen thousand marks, in the shape of compromise." Yet it is but fair to the memory of Henry VII. to give the following explanation from Hume of this transaction:—"There scarcely," writes Hume, "passed any sessions during this reign without some statute against engaging retainers, and giving them badges or liveries; a practice by which they were in a manner enlisted under some great lord, and were kept in readiness to assist him in all wars, insurrections, riots, violences, and even in bearing evidence for him in courts of justice. This disorder, which had prevailed during many reigns, when the law could give little protection to the subject, was then deeply rooted in England; and it required all the vigilance and rigour of Henry to extirpate it. The story of his severity against De Vere for this abuse seems to merit praise, though it is commonly cited as an instance of his avarice and rapacity."

The reader of romance will not fail to recall Scott's tale of "Anne of Geierstein," in which this Earl of Oxford, under the disguise of John Philipson, acts so conspicuous a part. It should, however, be observed that the son of Philipson, Arthur de Vere (Arthur is not even a De Vere Christian name), who weds Anne of Geierstein, is a pure creation of Sir Walter Scott's brain. John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, had no issue besides a son, John, who died young, a prisoner in

the Tower, actually during the very exile of his father; and the Earl was succeeded, in 1514, by his nephew, John de Vere, fourteenth Earl of Oxford, commonly called "Little John of Campes," from his diminutive stature, and his constant residence at Castle Campes, Cambridgeshire. The death of John of Campes without issue, in 1526, terminated the second branch of the Earls of Oxford. A cousin, John de Vere, succeeded him as fifteenth Earl of Oxford.

Passing over the fifteenth Earl and his successor, I come to his grandson, Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, the soldier and poet, so renowned at the brilliant court of Elizabeth. He it was who first introduced perfumes and embroidered gloves into England. The first pair of the latter he, in duty bound, presented to his Royal Mistress; and her Majesty was so charmed with the gift, that she had her picture painted with these very gloves on. But Oxford was not merely a courtier and a coxcomb. He had a command in the fleet equipped to oppose the Armada, in 1588. His lordship was one of the wits of the period in which he lived, and was distinguished alike by his patriotism and chivalrous spirit. In the tournaments of Elizabeth's reign the Earl of Oxford was pre-eminently conspicuous, and upon two occasions he was honored with a prize from her Majesty's own hand, being conducted, armed, by two ladies, into the presence chamber for the purpose of receiving the high reward. Walpole considers him the best writer of comedy of his day. He lived to be a very old man, and died in 1604, full of years, and of his country's esteem. Almost contemporaneously with him, flourished his kinsmen, the

famous brothers Sir Francis and Sir Horatio Vere,* both of whom added lustre to the glorious name they inherited, and both of whom lie interred in Westminster Abbey: "They lived in war much honoured, and died in peace much lamented."

The seventeenth Earl of Oxford appears to have dissipated the noble inheritance of his family. Morant, in his History of Essex, refers to the circumstance, and says the Earl did it to spite his father-in-law, Lord Burleigh.

At all events, in a very short time after, the house of De Vere is found to be no longer in possession of the territorial position it had so long held, and Robert, the nineteenth Earl, seems to have lived in early life in a

* Lady Fairfax, fourth daughter of this Sir Horatio Vere, and wife of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander, was also an eminent member of the De Vere family: she particularly distinguished herself by her celebrated interruption of the High Court of Justice, assembled for the trial of Charles I. "The scene," says a contemporary writer, "was one of sad and awful solemnity. There sat the poor King, browbeaten, but not undaunted, bound, but not conquered—every inch a monarch in the midst of his troubles, and proudly determined to show the world that they might deprive him of his life, but that while the breath was in him, they should not strike the crown of England from his head—there sat the King, brought illegally and helplessly to judgment; but when the charge read against him came to the words, 'In the name of the people of England,' the silence of the listening throng was disturbed by a female voice from the gallery, crying out, 'No! not a hundredth part of them.' Directions were instantly given to fire on the gallery, when it was discovered that it was the Lady Fairfax, who had thus risked her life, and so to fire on the Parliamentarian General's wife they dared not. This bold cry of Lady Fairfax in the High Court of Justice had immense public effect, and was everywhere repeated. '*Not a hundreth part of the people are with you*' became a kind of bye-word against the Parliament and the Protectorate; nor did it cease to be heard, until its truth was proved by the almost universal shout of joy which hailed the restoration of King Charles II."

poor condition, and some obscurity, and not to have anticipated the "vicissitude of inheriting" the Earldom of Oxford; for Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Autobiography, published from the MS. Diary in the British Museum, says:—

"Jan. 17th, 1626.—I visited Sir Robert Cotton, when we conferred together touching the settling of Robert de Vere, son of Hugh, son of Aubrey, the second son of John, the fifteenth Earl of Oxford, with the title of that earldom. This was on the failure of the direct line with Henry, eighteenth Earl, when the Lord Willoughby de Eresby, to all men's wonder, claimed, in right of his mother, both the earldom and the Lord Great-Chamberlainship. Sir Robert Cotton and myself, therefore, pitying the *mean condition* of the said Robert de Vere, the true and rightful heir, who *had scarce any means to live on but a Captain's place under the United Provinces*, and seeing that Lord Willoughby thought that by his power and wealth to carry it against him, we both joined our best skill and searches together to assist and uphold the said Robert de Vere's just and undoubted title to the said earldom, which, in the issue, by the judgment of the whole Upper House, was settled upon him, though he most unfortunately lost the place of Great-Chamberlain of England, which Lord Willoughby obtained. I gained two men's acquaintance by the labour I bestowed on this business, which afforded me exceeding great satisfaction; to wit, Horace Lord Vere, of Tilbury, and Sir Albertus Joachimi, Ambassador from the Netherlands. I believe they both went over to the Netherlands, and brought Robert de Vere to England with them."

One would almost suppose from this statement, that had it not been for the interest taken by Sir Symonds D'Ewes and Sir Robert Cotton in his case, Robert de Vere, the poor soldier, might have lived and died in his "mean condition," instead of succeeding to the oldest earldom in England, for he fell only a few years afterwards, at the siege of Maestricht.

One more link, and the chain of descent is completed; Aubrey de Vere, the only son of this gallant Earl who fell at Maestricht, was not designed to restore the falling fortunes of an illustrious race: the representative of Alberic, the Norman, the direct heir of the unbending Baron of Magna Charta, the twentieth Earl of Oxford, in an unbroken male line, he lived to see the ruin of his house, and died (according to popular belief) its last male descendant.*

Horace Walpole records the final decadence of the De Veres: these are his words:—

"I was carried to see the last remains of the glory of old Aubrey De Veres, Earls of Oxford: they were once masters of almost this entire county [of Essex], but quite reduced, even before the extinction of their house. The last Earl's son died at a miserable cottage that I was shown at a distance. Hedingham Castle, where Henry VII. was so sumptuously banqueted, and imposed that villanous fine, for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast, curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large foss."

So ended De Vere, and this (to borrow from the lan-

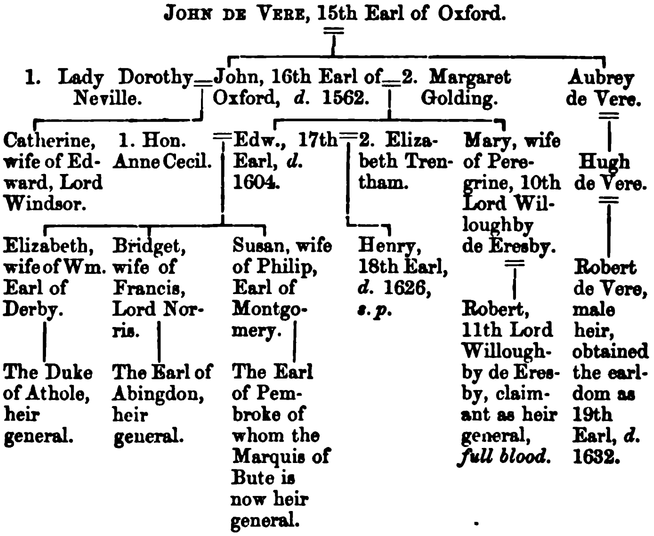
* A family of Vere seated at Carlton, Notts, has long asserted a claim to the Earldom of Oxford.

guage of Sir Walter Scott) was the last scion of the noble stem, so many fair boughs of which have fallen in many a royal and a hapless cause. Of the De Veres it may be well said, that whatever dangers their duty and fealty called them to, were it from sword or lance, axe or gibbet, to these they exposed themselves frankly, when their doing so could mark their allegiance.

This is, indeed, but a hasty glance at the fame, the achievements, and the sufferings of these mighty De Veres; but to enter minutely into their history, would require more space than I can command, and might not be considered necessary for the purposes of this work.

Allusion has already been made to the litigation of the time of Charles I. for the De Vere succession. The contest arose between Robert Vere and Robert Lord Willoughby de Eresby, for the Earldom of Oxford, as well as for the office of Hereditary Great-Chamberlain; and the question was, whether the heir male, or a more immediate heir-general should inherit the honours and dignities of the House of De Vere. Another question, however, was involved, with reference to *full*-blood and *half*-blood; for, although Robert Vere was the undoubted heir-male, Lord Willoughby was certainly not, according to our present ideas, heir-general to the deceased eighteenth Earl of Oxford, at whose death the controversy occurred; and he could only be reckoned as heir-general from the strange and erroneous notion of the importance of FULL blood, which obtained in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The descent of the claimants, set forth in the following tabular pedigree, will aid the reader:




Adverting to this table, it is evident that, according to our notions of heirship, in a question between Robert De Vere the heir male, and the heir general of the De Veres, the latter would *not* have been Robert, Lord Willoughby: *he* would have come *the very last* in the list, instead of having been put first. He, as the son of the full sister of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was preferred as heir general to the daughters of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and *why?* Because, forsooth, he was the son of the full sister of the father of Henry, eighteenth Earl, the last holder of the title; and the three daughters of the eighteenth Earl's father, the seventeenth Earl, were by a different mother, and thus only *his* (Henry's) sisters by the half blood. An aunt in full blood was thus

regarded as the heir general, and representative of the family in the female line, rather than sisters by the half blood. Let us go back to the common ancestor of all the parties, viz., John De Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. His heir male was of course (at the death of the eighteenth Earl) Robert de Vere. Who was his heir general? According to *our* notions, his heirs general would have been the Duke of Athole, the Earl of Abingdon, and the Earl of Pembroke, as the representatives of the three daughters of his grandson, the seventeenth Earl, the Ladies Derby, Norris, and Montgomery. Next to them would be the Earl of Plymouth, as representative of the Lady Windsor, the eldest daughter of his son the sixteenth Earl; and then, last of all, would come Lord Willoughby and the house of Ancaster as representing Lady Willoughby, the second daughter of this sixteenth Earl. But, according to the false estimate of the superior claim possessed by him who was the nearest *relation by full blood* to the last holder of the title, Lord Willoughby, though rightly the *last* in the line of heirs general, was reckoned the *first*; and although Robert de Vere succeeded in establishing his claim to the earldom, and became nineteenth Earl of Oxford, Lord Willoughby obtained the dignified office of Great Chamberlain of England, which was held by his descendants the Dukes of Ancaster; and is now shared between his heirs general, Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Marquess Cholmondeley. If the office of Great Chamberlain be one that should go in the female line, it ought, according to my view, be now held *of right* by the heir of line of the original Earls of Oxford.

When the last Duke of Ancaster died in 1779, the

Duchess of Athole claimed the office of Great Chamberlain, as being the representative of Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, eldest daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford; and I have heard that the fourth Duke thought of renewing the claim, but nothing was done in the matter.

But, in fact, if, as appears most positively to have been the case, the office of Great Chamberlain was one that went in the female line, not one of the descendants of John, fifteenth Earl, had any right to it. It ought to have left the De Vere family on the death of John, fourteenth Earl, who died *s. p.* in the reign of Henry VIII., and should now, I apprehend, be vested in the coheirs of his Lordship's sisters, or, perhaps, in the representative of the eldest of those ladies (Dorothy, wife of John Neville, Lord Latimer), who is, I believe, the present Duke of Athole.

Few peerage claims attracted more attention than this of De Vere; and, independently of the deep interest which a contest for the proudest title in England must at all times create, there has been handed down in the law books the brilliant summing up of the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Randolph Crew, one of the judges whose advice the House of Peers sought for their guidance, and one it should be observed who did honour to the ermine, for he surrendered his office sooner than countenance those royal but illegal loans which were the forerunners of ship-money. Sir Randolph was as eloquent as he was upright, in his thrilling address, in the Earl of Oxford's case. This very remarkable address will fitly conclude my story of the decadence of De Vere:—

"This great and weighty cause" (these are the Chief

Justice's words), "incomparable to any other that hath happened at any time, requires great deliberation, and solid and mature judgment to determine it; and I wish that all the judges of England had heard it (it being a fit case for all), to the end we all together might have given our humble advice to your Lordships herein. Here is represented to your Lordships *certamen honoris*, and, as I may well say, *illustris honoris*, illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm, and a learned, say, when he lived there was no king in Christendom had such a subject as Oxford. He came in with the Conqueror, Earl of Guynes, shortly after the Conquest, made Great Chamberlain of England above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, brother to Rufus; by Maud, the Empress, Earl of Oxford; confirmed and approved by Henry II., *Alberico comiti*, so Earl before. This great honour, this high and noble dignity hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self-same name and title. I find in all this length of time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy and tempestuous times, when the government was unsettled, and the kingdom in competition. I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment, for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or a twine thread to uphold it. And yet, Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all things temporal—*finis rerum*—an end of names and

dignities and whatsoever is *terrene*, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality! And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God."

## The Earls Marischal.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus ; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres ; feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.—HORACE.

ONE of the most eminent of the Scottish nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal. Sprung from two illustrious lines of ancestors, his father being William, Lord Keith, son and heir to the fourth Earl Marischal; and his mother, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter to the sixth Earl of Erroll, he was three times descended from James I., King of Scotland, by his Queen, Jane Beaufort. He was born in 1553, and succeeded his grandfather in his Earldom and immense estates in 1581. He was a man of great natural talents, expanded by travelling and by study. In 1589, he went as Ambassador to Denmark, to espouse the Princess Anne, in the name of his master and kinsman, King James VI.; and he transacted that important business in a manner honourable to himself, and satisfactory to the Scottish and Danish crowns. In 1593, he founded the College at Aberdeen, styled from him "The Marischal College," a noble specimen of his munificence and love of learning. He was appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish parliament in 1609, and he died,

in his seventieth year, at his Castle of Dunottar, full of honours, in the year 1623.

From this rapid sketch of his history, it is evident that the Earl Marischal had engrafted upon his royal blood, his far-descended ancestry, and his illustrious rank, the highest personal elevation as a courtier, diplomatist, statesman, and patron of letters; and yet, to this great man may be traced the beginning of the downfall of his house. The revenue of the Earldom of Marischal, at the end of the sixteenth century, was enormous, amounting to two hundred and seventy thousand marks yearly. The Earl is said to have been able to enter Scotland at Berwick, and to travel through the whole length of the kingdom to John o' Groat's house, without ever eating a meal, or taking a night's rest, off his own lands. He made a noble and generous use of his wealth, as his foundation and endowment of Marischal College, in Aberdeen, sufficiently testify. Yet a blessing did not rest upon his riches and honours. Before many generations the former were scattered to the winds, and the latter were attainted, while the male line of his descendants became extinct in exile.

The singular fate of his family seems to justify the opinion that was entertained by some of his contemporaries, that he had done evil in augmenting his possessions by the plunder of an ancient Cistercian monastery.

The Abbey of Deir was a religious house, belonging to the Cistercian order, situated on the small river Ugie, in Aberdeenshire. Its wealth was great; for in 1565, its rental amounted to £572 8s. 6d., a very large sum three hundred years ago. The temporalities of this religious house, which, like other similar baits to

cupidity, sharpened the zeal of the Scottish nobles in the cause of reformation, fell to the share of a son of the fourth Earl Marischal, Robert Keith. The estates of the Abbey of Deir were erected into a temporal Lordship in his favour, with the title of Lord Altrie, in 1587, with remainder, after his death, to his nephew, George, fifth Earl Marischal. Lord Altrie died in 1593, when the temporalities of the Cistercian Abbey came into the possession of the head of his house.

It was not, however, without a solemn warning, that the Earl yielded to the temptation of a large addition to his annual revenue. A faithful monitor was by his side, who was warned in a dream of the ruin which impended over him; but he disregarded the admonition, and sealed the fate of his house. The Earl's first wife, Margaret, daughter of Alexander, fifth Lord Home, was a woman of a noble spirit and a tender conscience, and used all her influence to prevent her lord from introducing such a consuming moth into his house, as was the sacrilegious meddling with the wealth of the Abbey of Deir. She had a remarkable dream, which she did not fail to communicate to her husband, and which the fate of the subsequent generations of their race has proved to be prophetic. She lay asleep one night in the Castle of Dunottar, the chief seat of the family—a mansion perched on a tremendous rock, overhanging the German ocean, and still considered, as well from the extent of its ruins as its picturesque position, one of the most remarkable objects in the north of Scotland. In her sleep she saw a long procession of ecclesiastics, clad in the habit of the Cistercian order, issuing from the Abbey of Deir,

and advancing to the strong and steep rock on which Dunottar Castle is situated. She saw them set themselves round the foot of the rock, and, taking penknives out of their pockets, begin to pick and cut the hard rock, as if with the intention of demolishing it. The Countess, in her sleep, wondered at the folly of these poor monks, who were attempting so great work with such inadequate instruments, and she went to call her husband, in order to join with her in deriding them, and in calling on them to cease their fruitless labour. When, full of mirth, she brought him along with her to see the poor monks at their foolish work, behold, the entire rock, with the strong and stately castle, had already been undermined by the work of their penknives, and had toppled over intó the ocean: so that there remained nothing but the wreck of their rich furniture and tapestries floating on the waves of a raging and tempestuous sea. Dunottar had sunk, and the very place on which it stood had perished for ever.

The Earl mocked the popular superstitions, and his wife's foreboding vision. He inscribed on a tower which he built at the Abbey of Deir, this defiant motto—

"They have said; what say they, let them say."

He seems to have regarded his munificent foundation of Marischal College, in Aberdeen, with its principal and four professors of philosophy, whom he richly endowed, as a sort of salve to his conscience for the church lands which he had acquired. He founded this college immediately after he had become possessed of the Lordship of Altrie, with the Cistercian temporalities, and he repeated the same legend that he had inscribed

on the abbey tower, on the walls of his new college. The riches and grandeur of the house of Keith-Marischal probably appeared to the Earl to be as firmly established as the Castle of Dunottar on its lofty rock beetling above the North Sea. What would he have thought, if he could have foreseen that in little more than ninety years from the time of his death, his descendants would be deprived of their lands and titles, and were to be wandering exiles in a foreign country; and that in somewhat more than half a century later, the last male descendant of the Earls Marischal was to close his long, lingering existence in the service of a German prince, leaving behind him no direct heir male of his illustrious family to claim even the empty honour of representing the house of Marischal: while the ancient and strong fortress of Dunottar should stand roofless and grass-grown, and, except as a melancholy landmark to the ships sailing beneath its walls, might as well be crumbled beneath the waves that beat against the cliffs on which it is reared.

The two next generations of the family of Keith matched with the houses of Marr and Kinnoull. William, ninth Earl Marischal, the great-grandson of the fifth Earl, married the eldest daughter of James, Earl of Perth, Lord High Chancellor, created Duke by the exiled monarch at St. Germains, by whom he had (with two daughters, Mary, wife of John, Earl of Wigton, and Anne, wife of Alexander, Earl of Galloway) two sons, the last of their line—George, tenth Earl Marischal, and James Keith. These two brothers achieved an European reputation through their own merits, and were even more conspicuous in exile than

they might have become in possession of their hereditary lands and honours. A rash but gallant participation in the Stuart rising in 1715, deprived them of their family inheritance, and sent them (the younger, James, was wounded at Sheriffmuir) into a life-long exile. They prospered, however, in a foreign land, and rose to high consideration in the Prussian service, where the Earl Marischal became one of the most intimate friends and trusted diplomatists of Frederick the Great; and James Keith was his most distinguished Field Marshal.* The former died at Potsdam, aged eighty-six, in 1778, and the latter was killed twenty years earlier, at the battle of Hochkirchen. The present King of Prussia is about to generously present to the town of Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, a statue of Field Marshal Keith, the duplicate of which stands in the Wilhelms Platz, at Berlin. His Majesty, in making the gift, expresses "a hope that this statue may contribute to maintain a lasting connection between the birthland of the Field Marshal, and his adopted home, Prussia."

Neither of these eminent brothers having been married, the great house of Keith-Marischal ended in them; for although several Scottish families of Keith are derived from cadet branches of this great house, their descent is remote, and the representation of the Earls Marischal devolved on Lady Clementina Fleming as their heir general. She was daughter of John, sixth

* A curious anecdote is told of Marshal Keith: On the occasion of one of his official visits at Court, when ambassador at the Sublime Porte, the Grand Vizier sent the whole Divan out of the room, and then disclosed to Keith that he was a Scotchman, that he had known the Earl and the Field Marshal in their school-days; and that he was, moreover, the son of the bell-man of Kirkaldy!

Earl of Wigton, by Lady Mary Keith, elder sister o the last Earl, and of Field Marshal Keith. This lady possessed the purest blood of the highest aristocracy, unmixed with even a drop of minor nobility: her "seize quartiers" were brilliant, almost beyond precedent; her eight great-great-grandfathers being Earls or Marquesses, and her eight great-great-grandmothers being the daughters of Earls or Marquesses. She was heir of line, or heir general, of the Earls of Wigton, Marischal, and Perth; and she carried this high descent, by marriage, into the family of Elphinstone, in 1735. She died in 1799, leaving issue—

I. John, eleventh Lord Elphinstone, grandfather of John, thirteenth, and John, fourteenth Lords Elphinstone, and of Clementina, late Viscountess Hawarden, heir of line of Elphinstone, Wigton, Marischal, and Perth.

II. William, grandfather of William, present and fifteenth Lord Elphinstone.

III. George, a distinguished Admiral, created Viscount Keith, father of the late Margaret, Baroness Keith and Nairne, married to the Count de Flahault, and of Georgiana, wife of the Honourable Augustus Villiers.

I. Eleanor, wife of the Right Honourable William Adam, Baron of Exchequer, and Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland.

II. Clementina, wife of James Drummond, Lord Perth, mother of Clementina, heiress of the Perth estates, wife of Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

# The Fate of Seaforth.

> "Do not the hist'ries of all ages
> Relate miraculous presages
> Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
> Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers?"
>
> HUDIBRAS.

FEW families in the Scottish Highlands surpass the house of Mackenzie in wide-spread influence, and few can boast of so ancient a descent. However, as is the case with many great Highland chiefs, the popularly-received account of their origin differs essentially from the truth. The introductory sentences to the article on "Lord Seaforth," in Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of "Collins' English Peerage," give the usual theory of the family extraction assumed by the Mackenzies themselves, and admitted by the world :—" Among the many brave Scotsmen who signalized themselves for the service of their country at the battle of Largs, in 1263, there was a foreigner, one Colinas FitzGerald, son to the Earl of Kildare, or Desmond, of the kingdom of Ireland, whose courage and valour on that occasion was so singularly remarkable that King Alexander took him into his special protection, and was afterwards pleased to bestow upon him the lands of Kintail, in Ross-shire, *pro bono et fideli servitio tam in bello quam in pace*, and to be held by him

*in liberam baroniam*, as the original charter bears, dated from Kincardine, January 9th, 1266."

It is difficult to say how such a tradition arose concerning the origin of the Mackenzies. In support of it, a fragment of the "Recorde of Icolmkill," and the charter above referred to have been adduced; but neither is of much authority. The fragmentary record of Icolmkill mentions that among the heroes at the battle of Largs was a Hibernian stranger of the race of Geraldine, but it says nothing as to his subsequent settlement in the Highlands; and the alleged charter of Alexander III. grants the lands of Kintail "*Colino Hiberno*," which word "*Hibernus*" was in frequent use, as denoting a Highlander generally. But, after all, there are strong suspicions as to the genuine antiquity of this charter. The Mackenzies are thus not exempt from the almost universal fondness exhibited by Highland clans for a foreign origin. In examining the traditions of the Highlands, we are struck by their peculiarity of taste, which, scorning a Caledonian source, traces some families from Ireland, others from Scandinavia, and others from Normandy. The descent of the Mackenzies has been deduced, with greater probability, and with no less claim to antiquity, from a native ancestor, viz., a certain Gillean-og, or Colin the Younger, a son of the ancestor of the Rosses. Until the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the Mackenzies held their lands from the Earls of Ross, and always followed the Ross banner in the field; and after the forfeiture of that Earldom they rapidly rose, upon the ruins of the Macdonalds, to the great power and extent of territorial possessions for which they were afterwards

distinguished among the families of the North. In the reign of King James I. the clan appears to have acquired very considerable strength and importance; for in the beginning of the fifteenth century their chief is ranked as leader of two thousand men. On the destruction of the supremacy of the Lords of the Isles and the Earls of Ross, the Barons of Kintail distinguished themselves for their enmity to the Macdonalds, and rose to such power and eminence that they became the most potent chiefs in the Northern Highlands.

After holding for many generations the rank of great chiefs and barons, their descendant, Kenneth Mackenzie, was raised by King James VI. to the peerage, in 1609, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and his son Colin was by the same monarch created Earl of Seaforth, in 1623. Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, distinguished himself for his loyalty to King Charles II. during the Usurpation, and supported the Royal cause as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field; and when he was forced to submit to the ruling powers, he was committed to prison, where with much firmness of mind he endured a tedious captivity, until he was released by the re-establishment of the King's authority. He married a lady descended from his own family, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie, of Tarbat, sister of the first Earl of Cromarty, and to her cruel and violent act may be traced the remarkable doom which it is my purpose here to relate.

The Earl of Seaforth had occasion to visit Paris some time after the Restoration of King Charles II., his Countess being left at Brahan Castle while her lord

enjoyed the dissipation and amusements of the French capital, which seemed to have many attractions for him, as his stay was prolonged much beyond his original intention. Lady Seaforth became excessively uneasy on account of his lengthened absence, more especially as she had received no letters from him for several months. Her anxiety became too great for endurance, and led her to have recourse to the aid of magic, in order, if possible, to obtain tidings of her lord. She accordingly sent messengers to Strathpeffer to summon the "Warlock of the Glen." This was a man celebrated throughout all the north country for his intimate relations with the invisible world. He was what would be in modern times called a clairvoyant and a medium; for he united in his person the characteristics of both these branches of mysterious gifts. In the days of our fathers he would have been considered as possessing in a very remarkable degree what was called the second sight; and in his own day he was feared, and at the same time frequently consulted, as a warlock, or wizard, and necromancer. He professed to exercise his power of clairvoyance by means of a circular white stone with a hole in the middle, which he used to hold up to his eye and look through, in order to see the passing events of far distant countries.

The Countess's messengers accordingly brought the "Warlock of the Glen" from Strathpeffer to Brahan Castle, and ushered him into the lady's presence. When informed that he was required to give tidings of the absent Earl, he made particular inquiries as to where he was supposed to be, and then said that he

doubted not that he should be able to discover him, if he were still alive on the face of the earth. He immediately drew forth his magical stone, and applying it to his eye, looked through the hole. The anxious suspense of the Countess was interrupted by the loud laugh of the Warlock, who said, "Fear not for your lord. He is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy!" The more immediate anxiety for her husband's life and health being dispelled, the Countess desired the Warlock to describe her lord's appearance, and to tell her where he was, what he was doing, and by whom he was surrounded.

"Be satisfied," said he: "ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry."

"But where is he?" asked the Countess. "With whom is he; and is he making no preparations for his homeward journey?"

"Your lord," replied the Warlock, "is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and is at present too agreeably employed to be thinking of leaving Paris."

The Countess's anxiety now took a different turn. Knowing that her lord was alive, and well, and happy, she began to fret that she had no share in this happiness and well-being, and to feel the pangs of jealousy and wounded pride. There was something sinister in the expression of the Warlock's countenance, which seemed to justify such feelings. He spoke of her lord's present occupation with a malicious sneer, as if to say, "I could tell a disagreeable tale if I would." The Countess made use of entreaties, bribes, and threats, in order to induce the Warlock to describe the Earl exactly as he had seen him, to tell her what he was

doing, and who those were with whom he was then communing.

"Since you *will* know that which will make you unhappy, I must needs tell you the truth," said the Warlock. "My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I see him in a gay, gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets and silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, her hand pressed to his lips!"

At this painful disclosure the fury of the Countess knew no bounds. It was indeed natural and not unmerited, but its object was ill-chosen. All the anger which was due to her lord, and which should have concentrated in her breast to be poured out upon him after his return, was spent upon the Warlock. What made the matter worse was, that the revelation of the Earl's inconstancy had not been disclosed to herself in private, but in the presence of some of the principal retainers of the house of Seaforth; so that the Earl's moral character was blasted, and her own charms were slighted in the face of the whole clan, and her lord's desertion of her for a fair French lady was certain to become the public scandal of all the Northof Scotland. She formed a sudden resolution with equal presence of mind and cruelty. She determined to discredit the revelations of the Warlock, and to denounce him as a vile slanderer of her husband's character. She trusted that the signal vengeance she was about to inflict on the Warlock as a liar and defamer would impress the minds not only of her own clan, but of all the inhabitants of the shires of Ross and Inverness with a sense of her thorough dis-

belief in the scandalous story, to which she nevertheless secretly attached full credit.

Turning to the Warlock, she said, "You have spoken evil of dignities; you have vilified the mighty of the land. You have defamed a chief in the midst of his vassals. You have abused my hospitality, and outraged my feelings. You have sullied the good fame of my lord in the halls of his ancestors; and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance that I can inflict. You shall die the death."

The Warlock was filled with astonishment and dismay at this fatal result of his art. He had expected far other rewards of divination. However, he could not at first believe that the rage of the Countess was serious: at all events, he expected that it would soon evaporate, and that, in the course of a few hours, he might be allowed to depart in peace. He even so far understood her feelings, that he thought she was making a parade of anger in order to discredit the report of her lord's shame with the clan; and he expected that, when this object was served, he might at length be dismissed without personal injury.

But the decision of the Countess was no less violently conceived than it was promptly executed. The doom of the Warlock was sealed. No time was to be allowed for remorseful compunction. No preparation was permitted to the wretched man. No opportunity was given for intercession in his favour. The gallows was forthwith erected, and the miserable Warlock of the Glen was led out for immediate execution. Such a stretch of feudal oppression, at a time so little remote as the reign of Charles II., may appear strange to

English readers; but in the Highlands the will of the Chief was supreme; and a castle can be pointed out, viz., Menzies Castle, much less remote from the seat of authority and the courts of law than Brahan, where, above half a century later, an odious vassal was starved to death by order of the wife of the Chief, the sister of the great and patriotic Duke of Argyle!

When the Warlock found that no mercy was to be expected either from the vindictive lady or the subservient vassals, he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone, so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and once more applying it to his eye, he said:

"I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a Chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live care-worn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan, or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a lassie from the East, with snow in her bonnet. She is to kill her sister, and

* * * * * *

As a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth, viz., Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Rasay, of whom one shall

be buck-toothed, another hair-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end."

When the Warlock had ended this prediction, he threw his white stone into a small loch, by the side of which the gallows are erected, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted. Then, submitting to his fate, he was hung up on high, and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

I must offer an explanation concerning the fragmentary nature of the Warlock's prophecy. He uttered it in all its horrible length; but I suppress the last portion, which can never be fulfilled, and which, therefore, I am unwilling to relate. Every other part of the prediction has most literally and accurately come to pass. The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition; but it need not be published, and I rejoice that the avenging curse of the Warlock cannot now be accomplished. With regard to the four Highland lairds who were to be buck-toothed, hair-lipped, half-witted, and stammering in speech, viz., Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch, Chisholm of Chisholm, Grant, Baronet of Grant, and Macleod of Rasay, I am uncertain which was which. The late Earl of Ellesmere used to tell the story, assigning to each laird his personal pecu-

liarity; but I cannot remember the exact particulars; and I would rather allow the story to suffer, than put falsehood into the lips of the Warlock at the point of death. Suffice it to say, that the four lairds were marked by the above-mentioned distinguishing personal peculiarities, and all four were the contemporaries of the last of the Seaforths.

In due time the Earl returned to his home, after the fascinations of Paris had palled, and when he felt disposed to exchange frivolous or vicious enjoyment abroad for the exercise of despotic authority in the society of a jealous Countess at home. He was gathered to his fathers in 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the fourth Earl. It is not my purpose to relate the vicissitudes of the family, which are unconnected with the curse of the Warlock of the Glen, further than by giving a brief outline of them; and they were sufficiently remarkable to supply a strange chapter of domestic history. The fourth Earl married a daughter of the illustrious family of Herbert, Marquess of Powis, and he himself was created a Marquess by the abdicated King at St. Germains, while his wife's brother was created a Duke. His son, the fifth Earl, being engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, forfeited his estate and titles to the Crown; but in 1726 his lands were restored to him, and he, and his son after him, lived in wealth and honour as great Highland Chiefs; and the latter, who was by courtesy styled Lord Fortrose, represented his native county of Ross in many parliaments about the middle of the last century. In 1766, the honours of the Irish peerage were conferred on his son, who was created Viscount Fortrose, and in 1771 Earl of Seaforth; but

those titles, did not last long, and became extinct at his death in 1781.

None of these vicissitudes were foretold in the Warlock's prophecy; for in spite of them all, the family continued to prosper. That ruin, which the unsuccessful rising in 1715 had brought upon many other great houses, was retrieved in the case of Seaforth by the exercise of sovereign favour, and restored possessions and renewed honours preserved the grandeur of the race. But on the death of the last Earl, his second cousin, descended from a younger son of the fourth Earl and his vindictive Countess, inherited the family estates and the Chiefdom of the Mackenzies, which he held for one short year and never actually enjoyed, being slain at sea, in the south of India, by the Mahrattas, after a gallant resistance in 1783. He was succeeded by his brother, in whom, as the last of his race, the Warlock's prophecy began to be accomplished.

Francis Humberston Mackenzie was a very remarkable man. He was born in 1754, and, although he was *deaf* and in early life dumb, he was able to fill an important position in the world by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune. In course of time he acquired, to a great extent, the use of speech, and was able to converse; but he was totally deaf, and all communications were made to him by signs or in writing. Yet he raised a regiment at the beginning of the great European war; he was created a British peer in 1797, as Baron Seaforth, of Kintail; in 1800 he went out to Barbadoes as governor, and afterwards to Demerara and Berbice; and in 1808 he was made a lieutenant-general. These were singular incidents in the life of a

deaf and dumb man. He married a very amiable and excellent woman, Mary Proby, the daughter of a dignitary of the church, and niece of the first Lord Carysfort, by whom he had a fine family of three sons and six daughters. When he considered his own position, deaf and formerly dumb; when he saw his three sons all rising to man's estate; and when he looked around him and observed the peculiar marks set upon the persons of the predicted four contemporary great Highland lairds, all in accordance with the Warlock's prophecy—he must have felt ill at ease, unless he was able, with the incredulous indifference of a man of the world, to spurn the idea from him as an old wives' superstition.

However, fatal conviction was forced upon him and all those who remembered the family tradition, by the lamentable events which filled his house with mourning. One after another his three promising sons were cut off by death. The last, who was the most distinguished of them all for the finest qualities both of head and heart, was stricken by a sore and lingering disease, and had gone, with a part of the family, for his health, to the south of England. Lord Seaforth remained in the North, at Brahan Castle. A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick chamber of his beloved son. One morning, the accounts being rather more favourable, the household began to rejoice; and a friend and neighbour, who was visiting the Chief, came down after breakfast full of the good news, and gladly imparted them to the old family piper, whom he met in front of the castle. The aged retainer shook his head and sighed, "Na, na," said he, "he'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth maun outlive *all* his three sons." This he said in allu-

sion to the Warlock's prophecy: thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. The words of the old piper proved too true. A few more posts brought to Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his three sons.

At length, on the 11th January, 1815, Lord Seaforth died, the last of his race. His modern title became extinct, the chiefdom of the house of Mackenzie, divested of its rank and honours, passed away to a very remote collateral, who succeeded to no portion of the property, and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by a lassie from the East, with "snow in her bonnet." Lord Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, the Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married in 1804 Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., K.B., who was Admiral of the West India station, while Seaforth himself was Governor in those islands. Sir Samuel afterwards had the chief command in the Indian seas, whither his lady accompanied him, and spent several years with him in different parts of the East Indies. He died, while holding that high command, very nearly at the same time with Lord Seaforth, so that his youthful wife was a recent widow at the time, and returned home from India in her widow's weeds, to take possession of her paternal inheritance; so that she was literally a lassie *with snow in her bonnet* (that is, in widow's cap and weeds) from the East.

After some years of widowhood, Lady Hood Mackenzie married a second time, the Right Hon. Jas. Alex. Stewart, a grandson of the sixth Earl of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, and established himself on his lady's extensive estates in the north.

Thus the possessions of Seaforth may be truly said to have passed from the male line of the ancient house of Mackenzie. And still more strikingly was this fulfilled, as regarded a large portion of these estates, when Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie sold the great island of Lewis to Sir James Matheson.

After many years of happiness and prosperity, a frightful accident threw the family into mourning. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was one day driving her younger sister, the Honourable Caroline Mackenzie, in a pony carriage among the woods in the vicinity of Brahan Castle. Suddenly the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to check them, and both she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage much bruised and hurt. She happily speedily recovered from the accident, but the injury which her sister sustained proved fatal, and after lingering for some time in a hopeless state, she died, to the inexpressible grief of all the members of her family. As Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was driving her at the time of the accident, she may be said to have been the innocent cause of her sister's death, and thus to have fulfilled the last portion of the Warlock's prophecy which has been accomplished.

Thus we have seen that the last Chief of Seaforth was *deaf and dumb;* that he had *three sons;* that he survived them all; that the four great Highland lairds who were his contemporaries were all distinguished by the peculiar personal marks which were predicted; that his estates were inherited by a *lassie from the East* "*with snow in her bonnet;*" that his great possessions passed into the hands of other races; and that his eldest daughter and heiress

was so unfortunate as to be the cause of ***her sister's death.*** In this very remarkable instance of family fate, the prophecy was not found out after the events occurred: it had been current for generations in the Highlands, and its tardy fulfilment was marked curiously and anxiously by an entire clan and a whole county. Seaforth was respected and beloved far and near, and strangers, as well as friends and clansmen, mourned along with him in the sorrows of his latter years. The gradual development of the doom was watched with sympathy and grief, and the fate of Seaforth has been during the last half century regarded as one of the most curious instances of that second sight, or, as we should now term it, prophetic clairvoyance, for which the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland have so long been celebrated.

Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, the accomplished husband of the heiress of Seaforth, after being for many years a prominent member of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor, held several high appointments in the colonial dominions of the British crown. He was successively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and he died, universally beloved and lamented, in the year 1843. The venerable heiress of the great house of Seaforth survived to a green and honoured old age. She nobly supported the dignity of the mighty Chiefs whose ample possessions she inherited, and whose blood she has transmitted to her numerous descendants, mingled with the no less purple stream of one of the most illustrious branches of the Stewarts. I cannot more appropriately conclude this family legend than by quoting the beautiful lines

which Sir Walter Scott wrote as a "Lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail."

"In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deaden'd thy ear and imprison'd thy tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

"Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell—
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Mac Kenneth remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

"And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear to thy grief
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!"

# Mackworth of Normanton.

Shall we tread the dust of ages,
  Musing dream-like on the past;
Seeking on the broad earth's pages
  For the shadows Time hath cast;
Waking up some ancient story,
  From each prostrate shrine or hall,
Old traditions of a glory
  Earth may never more recall!

LADY WILDE.

"THE late King of Wurtemburg used to say that he could form no idea of an English gentleman till he had visited several at their family seats, and seen their manner of living in the country. The books to form an opinion by, of the dignity of an old English gentleman (continues the Chevalier Lawrence, from whom I am quoting), are the County Histories; and these seldom come into the hands of foreigners. The Englishman's baronial castle, or his no less sumptuous mansion of a more modern date, is there depicted. A stately avenue conducts to his residence, and a coach-and-six, escorted by a troop of outriders, the usual appendages of his quality, is seen driving into his gates; and when, at length, his numerous tenantry have accompanied the heraldic pomp of his funeral to the neighbouring cathedral, the next print represents him there, sleeping

in dull, cold marble, but blazoned with all the escutcheons of his house. Such are the Halls that embellish Whitaker's History of Richmond; such, in Nash's History of Worcestershire, are the Monuments of the Sheldons, of the Vernons, and of the Talbots, whose numerous quarterings would not have disparaged an Elector of Mayence or a Prince Bishop of Wurtzbourg."

Just one of those family seats that so impressed His Majesty of Wurtemberg is Normanton, in the county of Rutland, the residence of the Heathcotes for the last 140 years—

> " . . . . . the clover'd lawns
> And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
> Health's cheerful haunt and the selected walk
> Of Heathcote's leisure."

In the olden time, long, long ago, centuries before the Heathcotes owned the estate and built the present mansion, Normanton was the patrimony of a fair Rutlandshire heiress, Alice Basings, who was sued and won by a Derbyshire gentleman of position and lineage, Thomas Mackworth, of Mackworth. Not very many years after, the castellated manor house at Mackworth, two miles north-west of Derby, at which the Mackworths dwelt, and of which a gateway still, I believe, remains, was deserted for the sunny heritage of the Basings. Here then at pleasant Normanton, the Mackworths kept house, dispensing hospitality right royally, and residing among their people, loved and honoured by kinsfolk and neighbours, by rich and poor. We can picture to ourselves the rejoicings in Hall and village when Francis Mackworth (the great-great-grandson of Alice

Basyngs) brought home to Normanton another heiress (the Mackworths owed many a fine estate to these heiresses) sister of Sir John Hercy of Grove, and we can, as easily, imagine the mournful pageant when, in course of years, the good squire's funeral procession moved slowly and sadly down the long avenue to the parish church. Then again, as the family records tell, grand was the state with which Sir Thomas Mackworth, of Normanton, received, as High Sheriff, Queen Elizabeth's judges of assize, and still grander the display of his journey to London to be presented to King James on his creation as a baronet. Another heiress, the sister of the gallant royalist Ralph Lord Hopton, and the wife of Sir Thomas's son, Sir Henry, came opportunely to make up for all this costly outlay, and to enable her husband to rebuild the Manor House of Normanton.

So far, expenditure had not been extravagance; the broad lands of the family supplied ample means. But the Mackworths of Normanton were cavaliers and gentlemen, and stood by their King, with purse and sword through good and bad repute. Sequestration followed with its usual results, straightened means and family decay; and then, in seventy years after, occurred the memorable contest for the representation of Rutlandshire between Mackworth, Finch, and Sherrard. True it is Sir Thomas Mackworth was returned at the head of the poll but at so fearful a cost, that the ruin of the family was consummated. "Beauteous Normanton" and lordly Empingham had both to be parted with, and the Baronet himself had to bid adieu to his ancestral home. He retired to an obscure district in

London, where, at Kentish Town, in 1745, he died, the last Mackworth who held Normanton.

At his death the landless title was inherited by an apothecary at Huntingdon (who left only daughters, one married to a clergyman at New Ross, and the other three to tradesmen), and it finally passed to the apothecary's cousin, Sir Henry Mackworth, seventh and last Baronet, whose case is a striking example of the misery resulting from the severance of title and land. Not a single acre of all the vast estates possessed by his ancestors remained to him, not a rood of Normanton or Empingham; and the poor old man, the representative of a famous Rutlandshire family, and the successor to their hereditary honours, was only too glad, helpless and penniless as he was, to seek a refuge for his declining years and shattered health, as one of the almsmen of the Poor Brethren Charity in the Charter House!

# King Tom.

"O! curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane."—PERSIUS.

OUR Municipal Annals, as our Peerage, abound in striking vicissitudes. From the days of Dick Whittington to the days of the Railway King Hudson, Commerce has ever been a fickle mistress, dispensing and withdrawing favours, after the most capricious fashion.

> More unsteady than the southern gale,
> Commerce on other shores displays her sail.

What wondrous reverses, what remarkable rises and remarkable falls might not be recounted of many, who, in their time, ranked foremost amongst our merchant princes! What a store of such anecdotes is garnered up in the civic records of London! The past generation were familiar and amused with the strange career of William Beckford (son of the famous Lord Mayor), whose luckless Palace at Fonthill tottered to its fall just as it was completed; and thus typified the proverbial instability of mercantile prosperity. In another chapter, I have told the story of the De la Poles, first simple Hull merchants, then Knights, and Earls and Dukes, and last of all exiles and wanderers; and all within 150 years.

The South Sea Bubble of last century, and the Railway Mania of this overthrew several of our great

merchant houses; and to-morrow some new speculation may break down still more; but, nevertheless not a few of the grandest mediæval castles, baronial Halls, and historic homes of England have fallen to the share of the *mercatores*—

> "And Helmesley, once proud Buckingham's delight
> Slides to a scrivener or a City knight,"

and many a proud Lord in the House of Peers has but a trader for the Rodolph of his race.

But I will not now seek for material in the archives of the Metropolis or the Peerage, but will content myself with a provincial example, contributed by an accomplished friend, the author of "The History of Charnwood Forest," learned alike in archæology, topography, and local story. Here is my correspondent's narrative:

It was our own good or bad fortune to be a schoolboy in the old midland capital of Nottingham.

A famous Orbilius, who had been tutor to Kirke White, and had pronounced him "a thick-headed numskull," and to Lord Byron, without discovering "a grain of poetry in his soul," was our Mentor.

At that time the old Castle, so famed for memories of Mortimer and Isabella, of Charles I., and Colonel Hutchinson, had not been the object of mob violence, but was occupied by two maiden ladies, who, though advanced in years, endeavoured, *à la Madame Rachel*, to be "beautiful for ever." It was often our privilege to be the guests of those gifted ladies, who, though painted, were the reverse of Jezebels. They were refined and polished women, and, if they too long adhered to a custom that had fortunately become obsolete, they possessed con-

siderable mental powers, and one of them great literary taste—Miss Kirby and Miss Plumbe will never be forgotten by the school-boys whom they condescended to notice.

The Castle stands, or rather stood on a high rock. It was a luxury to us lads to share the splendid dessert, and to have pointed out to us the lovely landscape that surrounded Nottingham Castle. The whole of the Vale of Trent, from classic Clifton to baronial Belvoir, was before us. The Charnwood Hills bounded the south-western view. The forest of Sherwood stretched in the north. Wollaton glittered three miles off. The Druid Holes, the sluggish but meandering Leen was at our feet. Colwick, the home of Mary Chaworth, who *should* have been Lady Byron, peered through the woods. The *Shepherd's Race*—old haunts of Robin Hood—were all pointed out to us in the glowing descriptions of Miss Kirby, and we used to close our evenings by a candle-light inspection of the hiding-place of the "gentle Mortimer." Our glorious evenings at the Castle made amends for some school severities that would not be tolerated in the present day. Ever since we have avoided passing the street which contained the school-room, and which we rather irreverently called *Via Scelerata*, but we never saw the ruins of the castle without agreeable memories of Miss Kirby and Miss Plumbe, and of the pleasant company they used to assemble round their cheerful hearth in that old Castle of Nottingham. One whom we often met there was, at that period "the foremost man of all the town," THOMAS WAKEFIELD, a nephew of the brilliant scholar and critic of his name. He was a

most genial, kind-hearted, and pleasant fellow, the idol of his townsmen, and, from his immense influence and popularity, was generally known as KING TOM. He was more than once solicited to become M.P. for Nottingham, was a welcome guest at Newstead, Bunny Park, and other county seats, and in his second or third mayoralty, was entertained at a banquet in the Exchange Hall, at which he was presented with the most costly service of gold plate ever presented, at one and the same time, to one individual.

His generosity was unbounded. He was the friend of every man—even of him, who had no friend. It would be difficult to enumerate those who have risen to wealth, and eminence by his patronage. Reverses came! The winds that had so long fanned the sails of his smoothly sailing bark suddenly dropped. Every sixpence of a splendid municipal fortune went, and the great potentate of the corporation, the promoter of every benevolent movement, the general benefactor of the town soon found the truth of Moore's words, which he had heard the poet sing at Newstead—

> "The friends who in our *sunshine* live,
> When *winter* comes are flown."

A spark of gratitude still slumbered in that corporation of which he had been the "decus et tutamen." Mr. Wakefield was offered, and gratefully accepted the humble post of *keeper of the police rooms.* In that lowly spot he still lives, and, though upwards of eighty, still maintains the rich possession of a quiet, cheerful, and contented mind. "Honour to him!"

# The Dodingtons of Dodington.

"Whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."

BYRON.

PLEASANTLY situated under the northern ridge of that lofty part of the Quantock range, called Dowsborough Hill from the ancient entrenchment of Dowsborough, or Danesborough, Castle, and overlooking one of the rich valleys of West Somersetshire, and further onward the Bristol Channel and the coasts of Wales, are the little parish and ancient Hall of Dodington.

In the time of our Henry II, a Norman family acquired by marriage the manor, and assumed the name of Dodeton, or Dodington—a double inheritance transmitted to its descendants till the commencement of the reign of George III.

Of this family was Sir Francis Dodington, Sheriff of Somersetshire, 6th Charles I., who, at the commencement of the civil war, was the first to execute the King's commission of array in that county. He served his Sovereign as a colonel in the western army, and for his zeal and fidelity was excepted by name from availing himself of the privileges of the treaty of Uxbridge, and of other subsequent treaties contracted by the Parliament with the King. On the submission of the Royalist party, he fled into France, and awaited the advent of better times. Meanwhile, the gallant Cavalier who had

fought so bravely, who had been the King's Commissioner of Array, and Colonel of Horse in the West, and who formed part of the stately court of the first Charles, had too much spirit and independence to be the pensioner of others. His estate confiscated, his property ruthlessly seized, and his home and country denied him, he determined, in the land of his exile, to trust to his own right hand and to earn his own daily bread. Like the Huguenots of a later period in England and Ireland, he made available a certain taste he had for mechanics, turned cutler, and set up a shop in Paris, where he followed that useful trade, and gained a livelihood by selling English knives and steel buckles. Possibly he may have thus introduced English cutlery amongst the French, who still place great value on that article of our manufacture. If that be so, Sir Francis Dodington's vicissitude may have conferred a lasting benefit on the commerce of his country.

Before the Restoration, he was raised from indigence by the affection of a French widow, whom he married; and after the Restoration he returned to his ancestral property of Dodington.

His grandson, George Dodington, was secretary to the Earl of Oxford, when Treasurer of the Navy, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1709. In the previous years, 1707 and 1708, he filled the influential office of Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and among the State Papers of the period preserved in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle are many of Mr. Dodington's letters, filled with curious and interesting details. He died in 1720, without issue, and his estates devolved upon George Bubb, Esq., of

Gunvil Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, the son of his sister. On this, Mr. Bubb superadded the name of Dodington. As an instance of the "chaffing" of our ancestors, it has been handed down that on Mr. Bubb complaining "that some people who had double names had both of them too long, and that his first name was too short," a friend replied, "Put *silly* before it, and thus you will easily remedy the defect." This Mr. Bubb-Dodington, great-grandson of the vendor of buckles, was ambassador to Spain, had a seat in the House of Commons, and in 1761 was raised to the peerage as Baron Melcombe of Melcome Regis; but he is best known to posterity as the author of a diary, published with his name after his decease. He died without descendants in 1762, at his villa, La Trappe, Hammersmith, and a great portion of his estates passed to the family of Grenville, ancestors of the present Duke of Buckingham.

A story, whether with or without foundation in fact, is current in Somersetshire that, when one of the Dodingtons was making his will, he asked his solicitor if he could recollect any one of the descendants of the Dodingtons that had any claims upon him whom he had omitted to put in the entail. The solicitor answered he could not; whereupon a little boy, who was playing in a corner of the room, looking up, exclaimed "Put me in:" on which the testator observed "My little fellow, I will; but I don't think it will be of any use to you." This boy, who was one of the Grenville family, eventually succeeded to the Dodington estates. The young gentleman, it seems, would lose nothing for want of asking.

Esther Temple, aunt to Esther Temple, Viscountess

Cobham, and Countess Temple, ancestor by her marriage with Richard Grenville, of the Dukes of Buckingham, was wife to John Dodington, eldest son of Sir Francis Dodington, the Sheriff of Somerset in the time of Charles I.; so that the family of Grenville was related to that of Dodington, though not descended from it.

The manor house of Dodington now forms a portion of the extensive Somersetshire possessions of Sir Peregrine Fuller Palmer Acland of Fairfield, Bart. Much of the old mansion, with its early Tudor open roofed hall and painted glass armorial bearings, still exists, and is in process of judicious repair and restoration by the liberal proprietor. In the August of 1868, the Somersetshire Archæological Society, after partaking of a collation in the great dining room at Fairfield, accompanied by its emphatically worthy owner, proceeded about three miles northward to visit the ancient seat of the Dodingtons of Dodington.

# Lindsay of Edzell.

> "Bright star of the morning, that beamed on the brow
> Of our chief of ten thousand, O where art thou now?
> The sword of our fathers is cankered with rust,
> And the race of Clan Lindsay is bowed to the dust."
>
> EARL CRAWFORD'S CORONACH.

SECOND only to the Royal Stuarts were the LINDSAYS, Earls of Crawford. Their Earldom, like those of Orkney, Douglas, March, &c., formed a petty principality, an "imperium in imperio." The Earls affected a royal state, held their courts, had their heralds, and assumed the style of Princes. The magnificence kept up in the castle of Finhaven befitted a great potentate. The Earl was waited on by pages of noble birth, trained up under his eye as aspirants for the honours of chivalry. He had his domestic officers, all of them gentlemen of quality; his chamberlain, chaplains, secretary, chief marischal, and armour-bearer. The property that supported this expense was very considerable. The Earls of Crawford possessed more than twenty great baronies and lordships, and many other lands in the counties of Forfar, Perth, Kincardine, Fife, Aberdeen, Inverness, Banff, Lanark, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton. The family alliances were of a dignity suited to this high estate. Thrice did the head of this great house match immediately with the royal blood.

Such was the dignity of the Earl of Crawford, and such the extent of his power and the grandeur of his

alliances in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Let us now contemplate the fortunes of two of the principal members of this illustrious race, in the course of revolving generations.

On the 9th of February, in the year 1621, died a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, David, twelfth Earl of Crawford. Reckless, prodigal, and desperate, he had alienated the possessions of his earldom, so as to reduce the family to the brink of ruin. He had no son, and to prevent further dilapidation, the agnates of the house determined, in solemn council, to imprison him for life. He was accordingly confined, the victim of his own folly and of this family conspiracy, in the castle of Edinburgh until his death. He left an only orphan child, the Lady Jean, heiress of line of the Earl of Crawford. This wretched girl, destitute and uncared for, was doomed to undergo the deepest humiliation. She received no education, and was allowed to run about little better than a tinker or gipsy: she eloped with a common crier, and at one period lived entirely by mendicity, as a sturdy beggar or "tramp." The case of this high-born pauper was made known to King Charles II. soon after the Restoration, and that monarch very kindly granted her a pension of a hundred a year—then a very considerable sum—in consideration of her illustrious birth, so that she must have ended her days in pecuniary comfort, at all events; though it is probable that the miserable habits she had acquired precluded the possibility of the enjoyment of her amended position.

In little more than a century after the death of the spendthrift, imprisoned lord, in the year 1744, died at the age of eighty, in the capacity of *hostler* in an inn at

Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, David Lindsay, late of Edzell, head of the great house of Lindsay, and unquestionably Lord Lindsay, as representative of David and Ludovic, Earls of Crawford. It would be tedious to explain how the earldom had gone to another branch, but such is the fact; and provided the claim to the Dukedom of Montrose brought forward by the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres were admitted, the poor hostler would be one in the series of the premier Dukes of Scotland.

One day, this David Lindsay, ruined and broken-hearted, departed from Edzell Castle, unobserved and unattended. He said farewell to no one, and turning round to take a last look at the old towers, he drew a long sigh and wept. He was never more seen in the place of his ancestors. With the wreck of his fortune, he bought a small estate on which he resided for some years; but this, too, was spent ere long, and the landless and houseless outcast retired to the Orkney Islands, where he became hostler in the Kirkwall inn!

The Earldom of Crawford is now most worthily possessed by the true head of the great house of Lindsay, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, whose ample fortune enables him to maintain the splendour of its dignity, while his worth and high character add lustre to its name. His learned and accomplished son, Lord Lindsay, has recorded the heroic deeds and varying fortunes of his race in a work, every page of which reflects his pure and chivalrous nature, and which is enlivened by his charming fancy and playful wit, while his historical research has made it a most valuable or rather indispensable acquisition to the library of every Scottish gentleman.

## Self-Reliance.

"L'histoire que je vais vous conter est simple, tellement simple, que jamais plume peut-être n'aborda un sujet plus restreint. La vérité des faits est toute sa valeur."—DUMAS.

MR. MANSERGH, of Macroney Castle, a country gentleman of the South of Ireland, communicated to me a few years since a very curious and interesting instance of a family's reverses, which came within his own immediate knowledge; and he accorded me the permission to publish his letter, which tells the simple story so clearly and so feelingly, that I am sure my readers will value it the more, as coming directly from the person to whom all the circumstances were familiar.

Macroney Castle, Kilworth,
June 12, 1861.

DEAR SIR,

About twenty years ago, I was intimate with a gentleman of whose name I must, for obvious reasons, be excused from giving more than the initial.

Mr. C—— was a man of good position in his county; he was a magistrate and deputy lieutenant, and represented his barony on the grand jury at the assizes. His property was variously estimated at from £2,500 to £3,000 per annum. He was better educated than the generality of Irish country gentlemen, and had been at

Oxford. He was not, however, a person of any great intellectual powers, either natural or acquired, nor at all studious; his reading, when I knew him, never went beyond the daily newspapers, and not much of them.

But he was the vainest and most ostentatious man I ever met. Fond as he was of every species of luxury, there were no bounds to his extravagance. He kept a numerous retinue of useless servants in every department; not only servants, but servants' servants. His equipages and carriages were showy and costly, and his stables were filled with first-rate horses. Many a mount he gave me at a time I could not afford to keep a horse for my own amusement.

His wife, Mrs. C——, was an exceedingly amiable and lady-like person. She brought him a fortune of some £10,000, and was connected with the peerage. This lady died shortly after I became acquainted with the family, which then consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C——, two sons and two daughters. The boys had been at Eton, whence they were in due time removed to Oxford, but did not either of them graduate. They both entered the army—one the 7th, the other the 10th Hussars, in which regiments they were considered the fastest of the fast. They rose by purchase to the rank of captain; but after an extravagant course of some years, were obliged to sell out to raise money to pay debts.

The daughters had been, during their mother's life, educated at home, partly by Mrs. C—— herself, who was fully competent to instruct them, and did it well. They had also the advantage of being taught the continental languages by an accomplished French lady, their resident governess; and in Dublin every winter

they had the best masters the metropolis afforded. In short, there was no expense spared upon them. The young ladies were then sent to an expensive boarding school in England, not so much to finish their education, as to enable them to form intimacies with people of distinction and fashion; an object Mr. C—— was always hunting after, as well for his sons as for his daughters.

The Misses C——, without being what are called regular beauties, were well-looking, and pleasing in their manners. They might have been married, and comfortably settled, but for their father's arrogant repulsiveness. He had no money to portion them off, and there was nothing he so much dreaded as that the actual state of his affairs should be known. He was aware that he was insolvent, and yet by a thousand and one contrivances he managed to keep up appearances so well that he was considered a man of wealth. Cunning enough to see the necessity of constantly having a balance at his bankers, he invariably paid even the smallest account by a cheque, and never borrowed near home; at the same time he was reckless of what amount of commission he paid for the use of money. Things went on wonderfully well until the panic in Ireland, consequent upon the failure of the potato crops. The money-lenders had their eyes opened. The cry was "Sauve qui peut." A petition was filed in the Encumbered Estates Court, and the entire of Mr. C——'s landed property was sold, not a single acre left. The proceeds did not produce more than what was sufficient to satisfy about two-thirds of his debts. The personal property had previously melted away, that is, it was sold privately from time to *time* piece-meal, as wants became pressing, until at last,

by way of *coup de grace*, an execution was put into the hands of the sheriff, who cleared off almost every remnant left.

Mr. C—— did not long survive his degradation; he literally died of a broken heart in a small country town in which he had taken a furnished lodging, when turned out of his own grand residence. For some months before his death, the poor man had become almost idiotic, in a constant state of lethargy, out of which it required the strongest stimulants to rouse him.

The two young ladies never deserted him; they were with him most assiduously up to the last moment of his existence: nothing could exceed their affectionate attention.

Immediately after the funeral, collecting whatever little effects had escaped the sheriff's bailiffs, the two sisters went off by night, nobody knew where; nor, indeed, was there much inquiry made. They had lived after their father's fall in perfect seclusion, neither visiting nor being visited. They had but few friends and acquaintances. Thus in a very short time they were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

The brothers, as I have already stated, had in their father's time sold out of the army. The elder went to Australia, and became an officer in the mounted police. He quitted that service, and turned miner at the diggings, with what success I never learnt. The second was for several years after he had sold his commission, a man about town.

Now for my story:—I was in London in August, 1856, on private business of importance; and while I was stopping there I called on an old and esteemed

friend, an extensive merchant, having his place of business in Milk Street, Cheapside, but his residence with his family in the country—an arrangement much the custom with City men. My friend invited me to pass a day with him at his country house, which was near a railway station. I went accordingly, and had to walk along a bye road or lane for half a mile from the station to reach the house. As I was proceeding, and had got about half way to my friend's place, a heavy shower of rain suddenly came on. Seeing a neat-looking cottage by the roadside, having a porch or pent-house over the door, I ran forward to it for shelter. I stood within it a short time, when the door of the cottage was opened from the inside by a respectable matronly woman, who kindly asked me to enter, and wait until the storm should be over. I thanked her, walked in, and took a seat. I was not long there when a younger woman came in from a back room. I did not notice her much upon her entrance, nor until, upon her asking the old woman some question, I recognized the voice as one I was familiar with. It was decidedly Irish, but without the least brogue. The tones were those of the upper class of my countrywomen. I turned about, and to my utter astonishment beheld Miss C——.

There she stood, and I had no doubt of her identity. She was clad in a short dress of blue cotton, reaching down to her knees, over a black petticoat. The sleeves were very short. The costume was that of a servant girl of all-work.

She appeared to be equally astonished at seeing me. She was almost paralyzed, unable to speak or move, and I must confess I never felt myself in so great a perplexity

as to what I ought under the circumstances to do. I feared my recognition of her might be displeasing, and yet if I should pretend not to know her, I might have offended her still more. I had fortunately the presence of mind to remain quiet.

After staring at each other in mutual silence for some minutes, Miss C—— burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Ah, Mr. Mansergh, am I so altered that you of all men don't know me?"

I instantly started up, and, clasping both her hands, wet and reeking with soap-suds just out of the wash-tub, "Indeed, Miss C——," I exclaimed, "I do know you, and happy I am to see you once more. Now that I have so accidentally found you, come tell me how you are. How and where is your sister Harriet?"

"We are both of us, thank God, in good health, and both reside in this house with this kind-hearted woman, who is to us a second mother. Since you knew us first, we have had many a bitter trial, and passed through strange vicissitudes. We have been compelled to descend from the rank of gentlewomen to a very humble position indeed. But, God be praised! we are now able to earn a livelihood by honest industry. I trust the worst is passed, but to suppose that we can ever regain our lost rank in society 'would be to hope against hope.' Our lot is cast, so we must needs be contented with it. Sad as has been our reverse of fortune, it is happiness compared with the mental torture we suffered while anticipating what we well knew was inevitable. Although my poor father contrived for a long time to conceal generally the actual state of his affairs, we, for several years before the crash came, were perfectly well

aware that he was irretrievably ruined, and only wondered how he managed so long to keep up appearances.

"Often when at ——— you used to ask us to play and sing for you. We remembered the daughters of Israel by the waters of Damascus, and compared our state with theirs.

"My spirits were so broken and my feelings so blunted that, in truth, when the lands were all sold, and we were turned out of the house we were born and reared in, I scarcely suffered at all from the change. I really believe there is a point even in the most intense anguish at which the sufferer becomes insensible. I found it so.

"You are naturally curious to learn what we are at present. I shall not attempt to deceive you. We are partners with Mrs. Buckworth here (to whom I must introduce you) in a public laundry. We are nothing more or less than laundresses."

"Rather a laborious occupation," I ventured to remark, "for two young ladies so delicately brought up as you and your sister were."

"Yes," said she, "so it is, but not so much so as you may think; and, although laborious, it is not unhealthy. I believe that women in our occupation live longer, and are less liable to disease than any other class of working females. Besides, consider that we are *mistresses*, and, therefore, not compelled to labour more than we are fully equal to. We employ journeywomen under us to do the heavier part of the work. We keep as many as eight of them constantly in our employment. Harriet and I are but seldom idle. Mrs. Buckworth does all the out-door part of the business, such as collecting the clothes from, and distributing them again among the

customers, going to market, cooking, &c., &c., which fully occupies her time, and leaves us more leisure to attend to the concern at home."

While we were thus conversing, Mrs. Buckworth stood up, and said she would let Harriet know I was there. She did so, and Harriet entered the room. She filled up at first, and could not restrain a few tears, but becoming calm by degrees, we shook hands, and she appeared delighted to see me. The rain had by this time ceased, and recollecting that my friend the merchant might be waiting dinner, I rose to take my leave, first asking was there anything in which they thought I could be useful to them; for, if it were practicable, I would strive and serve them.

They both thanked me, and said they had nothing to ask for, except that I would pledge my word not to betray their incognito. That they had changed their names, and assumed that of the good woman with whom they lived, and whose daughters they were supposed to be—so that in future I must call them Maria and Harriet Buckworth. That if I could find time to visit them the following Sunday they would consider it a great favour—a great condescension.

"Oh! fiddlestick with your condescension. To be sure I will come, and glad to be asked," said I.

"Come, then, at six on Sunday evening, and drink tea with us," they both cried. "We have a thousand questions to ask, and much to learn respecting people in Ireland, particularly about an old lady residing in Dublin, a cousin of my father's; not that we ever knew much of her, as she and my father many years ago unfortunately quarrelled about money matters. She

filed a bill in Chancery against my father, which he contested to the last, and all we know of the result is that he was compelled to pay a very large sum of money, and that neither of the litigants ever forgave each other. The lady is wealthy, without children, and now far advanced in age. Although we have no right to expect anything from her, yet, perhaps, when you return to Dublin, it would do no harm to let her know that such persons were still in existence."

I promised to be with the sisters punctually at the time appointed, and answer all their questions, and give all the information in my power; but, in return, I would expect a full, true, and particular account of everything that occurred to them since Mr. C———'s death.

I then took leave, and hastened to my friend's.

On the following Sunday evening, I left London by the five o'clock train, so that I might arrive at the cottage before the time appointed, as I knew my doing so would show the girls how anxious I was to keep up my acquaintance with them. It had the intended effect. They took it as a compliment, and told me so, saying it was a consolation to think one, whose good opinion they wished to deserve, did not after all look down upon them in their adversity. Everything was ready when I arrived at the cottage, although it was half-an-hour before my appointment. The young ladies, Maria and Harriet, were dressed very neatly, in well-made and most becoming printed muslin gowns, plain, and without the slightest attempt at ornament, more than what the most artistic clear-starching and ironing could effect (the making up, I believe it is called)—that was perfec*tion.* I laughingly observed, I supposed they intended

their present costume as a kind of walking advertisement of what the * * * * laundry could turn out.

"I confess," says Harriet, "I did take more than ordinary trouble yesterday with these dresses, to convince you that, although I was not originally bred to the business, I am not so bad a hand at it as you seemed to suspect last Thursday. Nobody knows what they can do until they are compelled to it."

Maria here interposed; "Perhaps you would like, while the kettle is boiling, to see our establishment, work-rooms, garden, drying ground, and the whole concern." "By all means, if you will be so kind as to show it to me," said I. Accordingly they took me through the establishment. I was greatly pleased with the cleanliness and regularity of all I saw; there was a place for everything, and everything in its place. I should mention that Mrs. Buckworth had gone out to a neighbour, I suspect purposely, that we might converse together more freely, although in truth that precaution was unnecessary, for the girls had no secrets from her —she knew their history as well as they did themselves; but before she went she did not forget to leave us a plentiful supply of hot slim cakes to eat with our tea.

Immediately tea was over, I requested Maria to give me a full recital of everything which occurred to them after their father's death. "Well," says she, "as we look upon you as one of our only friends, we shall confide all our secrets to your keeping, being fully confident you will not betray them.

"After the funeral, we collected together whatever remained that we could honestly call our own, and sold them privately for, I believe, fully as much as they were

worth, by the assistance of the people of the house we had lodged in. Our debts were mere trifles, for this good reason, that after my father's fall, nobody in the town of —— would give us credit; what little we bought, was for ready money.

"We hired a covered jaunting car and quitted —— at four in the morning, so as to reach Monastereven in time for the seven o'clock canal boat to Dublin, taking with us some diamonds, which had been my mother's before her marriage, and our usual wearing apparel. We stopped in Dublin only one night and part of the next day, when we engaged berths in one of the British and Irish Steam Ship Company's vessels for London, as being the cheapest mode of travelling to that great metropolis, where we had determined to go and seek our fortune.

"The weather was calm, and the sea as smooth as a canal, so that the coasting along from the Land's End to the Downs would, under any other circumstances, have been delightful. One of our reasons for going to London was, that we had there deposited, at a banker's in Lombard Street, a chest of plate which had been left us by my grandmother.

"Immediately on our arrival in London, we took a large top room, furnished, for five shillings a week, with attendance, in a quiet, old-fashioned street, where we determined to remain until some mode of gaining our livelihood should turn up. We sold the plate and invested the proceeds, rather more than £350, in the Government Funds, as something to fall back upon, if we should not succeed in establishing ourselves.

"We had been about a month in London, when one

Saturday, Harriet, who was returning from the butcher's with our provision for the ensuing week, accidentally met Mrs. Buckworth in the street. This rencontre I may justly term the turning point of our good luck. Before that, we had been incessantly forming scheme after scheme for our future support, but could hit upon nothing to suit us. The generous, good creature was wonderfully surprised at meeting Harriet in such a place, and on such an errand. She inquired for me, and did not hesitate an instant in accompanying Harriet to our abode up four pair of stairs.

"She could scarcely believe me when I told her how my father had died a pauper—how all our property, house, land, furniture, everything, had been sold to pay creditors. 'But enough,' says she, 'and staying in this garret would be still worse: you must quit it and come with me; while I have a house over my head, or a bit to eat, you shall share it with me.' We thanked her sincerely, but that we could not think of being an incumbrance to her; that we were in hopes of soon being in a position to earn our bread respectably. Mrs. Buckworth went away and left us to ourselves that night.

"I must now make a short digression, in order to acquaint you who and what Mrs. Buckworth is. She had been my mother's waiting maid, and after my mother's death she acted in the same capacity to us until we were sent to school. She then returned to London, her native place, and married Mr. Buckworth, a pay sergeant to a company in the 1st regiment of Foot Guards. After he had served in the army a sufficient length of time to entitle him to a first-class pension, he obtained his discharge and settled in this

village. He had, while in the army, accumulated some money, which, with what his wife brought him—a good round sum my father paid her, on account of wages earned whilst with us—the sergeant invested in house property here, a speculation which succeeded very well. This worthy couple also purchased the goodwill of a public laundry at the further end of the village; the profits of which, his pension, and the rent of his houses, &c., &c., made them very comfortable. They had no children—that was, perhaps, the only drawback to their happiness. The sergeant died two years before we came to London, leaving all his property to Mrs. Buckworth, who very well deserved what she had mainly contributed to accumulate. So much for Mrs. Buckworth—I must now resume my tale about ourselves.

"After Mrs. Buckworth had left us on the Saturday, Harriet and I began to think we had been over-nice to refuse the offer so kindly made to us; that we were a pair of proud fools, 'to work unable, to beg ashamed.' We had almost made up our minds the next morning to go and seek her, when in walks the good woman herself. She told us she could not rest all night, thinking of us; that after turning in her mind all the *ins* and *outs* of our case, she came to the conclusion that we could not do better than come to her until something should turn up.

"We consented to do so, but on the express condition of her considering us her assistants, to take our share of the work in its most laborious form; and we assured her that we should consider ourselves fortunate in having a reputable house over our head, and an

honest matron to protect us. 'Come, at all events, we'll talk of that when I get you out with me,' said she. It was then arranged that we should send out our trunks with her town customers' linen the following day, and go ourselves by the railroad.

"Thus we became inmates with Mrs. Buckworth; we have changed our name, or rather it was changed for us by the people of the village, and we took good care not to undeceive them; it is gratifying to Mrs. Buckworth that we should be thought to be her daughters, so we invariably call her mother. For the first two or three days after we came to Mrs. Buckworth's, she would scarcely let us do anything in the way of work; she said we would spoil the colour and shape of our hands, and kill ourselves with fatigue. But Harriet, do you know is very determined to carry out any project she takes into her head, said in her own peculiar, cool way, 'Mrs. Buckworth, before we consented to come to you, you promised us that we should be taught your business in all its branches; how can we learn if you will not let us work like the other women here?—and as to spoiling our hands, now that is downright nonsense. The fatigue will be as nothing when we shall be used to it. If we are not to work, we will not remain here.'

"'Well, girls,' says Mrs. Buckworth, 'do as you please. I'll never stop you, although I am sure you will soon get tired, and give it up as a bad job.'

"In this she was mistaken; for, whether it was that we were ashamed to confess ourselves tired when we were so, or that the labour became less irksome as we became used to it, I know not; but in less than a month

we were able to work from morning to night without feeling any great inconvenience. But it took us full six months completely to learn the business so as to make a fair compensation by our labour to Mrs. Buckworth in return for all she had done for us.

"About this time the former proprietor of this establishment, who had acquired a sufficiency to retire upon, offered it for sale. It is freehold, pays no rent, and stands upon half an acre and four perches of excellent land. Harriet and I, after consulting with our adopted mother, determined to purchase it, and the goodwill of the business; so, after the usual course of bargaining on both sides, we got the concern, furniture, utensils, and connexion, everything as it stood, for three hundred pounds, cash down, for which we had merely to withdraw our money out of the government funds. I am happy to be able to tell you a most profitable speculation it has proved to be. Mrs. Buckworth, upon our taking possession of this cottage, let her own house to a market gardener, a safe, good tenant, who pays his rent punctually. The two washing establishments were thus consolidated into one concern, and a tolerably extensive one it is."

When Maria had finished her story, "I am glad," said I, "to find you contented with your lot; but I cannot help thinking you might have turned your talents and your accomplishments to better account, and adopted some profession more congenial to your character as gentlewomen, something in keeping with your undoubted rank."

"Ah!" said Harriet, "I think I can guess what you

allude to. You think we should have gone as governesses."

"I admit," says I, "that that idea did occur to me, because I know you are both of you perfectly competent to instruct young ladies in all the higher branches of female education."

"You are," said she, "pleased to flatter us more, I fear, than we deserve. Among the various projects we had formed to gain a livelihood, that of instruction was one. But there were serious difficulties in the way. Firstly, references and recommendations would be absolutely necessary, and the only persons to whom we could apply, for such purpose, were the very persons we did not wish to be under an obligation to. Then you must recollect that Maria and I never had been separated. We were together from our earliest infancy. In all our misfortunes we were a consolation to each other. It would have been painful to separate; yet, if we should have succeeded in obtaining situations as governesses, we must necessarily be so, perhaps, never to meet again. Besides, if we had gone as governesses, we should be every day in contact with persons and things to remind us of what we had been. We could not even enjoy the poor comfort of oblivion. Here we never see any persons higher up in the world than ourselves.

"A governess's happiness or misery very much depends on the tempers of the family in which she may be domesticated. We are more independent. I assure you that, without denying ourselves any of the decencies and comforts suitable to our condition, we lodge in the savings' bank monthly what amounts in the year to

upwards of thirty pounds, each of us, not reckoning Mrs. Buckworth's saving. I doubt if we could do that as governesses.

"Except for the loss of our gentility, we are not so very badly off, after all. Our work is so constant and regular, principally for the outfitting shops in London, that we really have not time to sit down repining and thinking of our former grandeur. And although we neither overwork ourselves nor those whom we employ under us, we are never idle on week days. We have learned that which is but seldom known to any of the upper hundred thousand—the true value of the Sabbath. To us it is what I am convinced the Great Author of our existence intended it should be—a day set apart for the triple purpose of *divine worship*, *rest*, and *recreation.*

"We pay considerably higher wages to our journeywomen than they could earn from other employers in our line. By that means we get the very best hands. Mrs. Buckworth, although not a bit of a scold, is certainly a very strict disciplinarian. With her, a woman once dismissed for misconduct from this establishment is never taken back again. Drunkenness, or even the slightest appearance of it, we treat as an unpardonable offence. The workers, although dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Buckworth, are really fond of her. Dismissal from our service is, I assure you, considered a severe punishment. Each woman has her allotted portion of the work. We admit of no excuse for its not being properly executed.

"The only remnant of vanity, of which we may, I think, be justly accused, is that we still retain my mother's

diamonds. Those we deposited at the banker's, in Lombard Street, where our plate had been kept. In compliment to my mother's memory, we would not like to part with them. So I think we may be excused in keeping them, as a last resource, lest we might again fall into poverty."

In this agreeable strain of conversation I passed a very pleasant time with those interesting sisters, until

"The varnished clock which ticked behind the door"

warned me it was time to depart, in order to catch the latest train to town that evening.

On my return to Dublin I sought for and obtained an introduction to the old lady, Mr. C——'s cousin, of whom the girls had told me. I found her a perfect gentlewoman in every respect. Her manners were dignified and polite. She listened with great attention to my narrative respecting the subjects of this memoir. When I had concluded, she said, "I have never seen the Misses C—— since they were mere children. Mr. C——, their father, and I had unfortunately a serious difference, which ended in a vexatious course of litigation. He is now dead, and I am informed died in great distress. Therefore it would ill become a person of my very advanced time of life to say anything in detraction of him. I have outlived my resentments; and I hope you will believe me, sir, when I tell you I never had any against his children. I pity them from the bottom of my heart." She said she thanked me for calling upon her; that she was, however, not willing to make any promises, or raise hopes which it might not be practi-

cable to satisfy; but this much she might say, that my visit to her would do the young ladies no harm.

Thinking I had pushed my advocacy far enough, I wished the old lady good bye.

She is since dead. By a codicil made to her will after I had called upon her, she bequeathed legacies of one hundred pounds, free of duty, to each of the Misses C——, for which it is gratifying to me to think I was in some degree the means of their getting.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS MANSERGH,

of Macroney Castle.

To SIR BERNARD BURKE,

Ulster.

Not very long after I received this communication, Mr. Mansergh favoured me with a few further details which he had subsequently learned, and I add them as a gratifying postscript:—

"These ladies," writes my obliging correspondent, "are, I have since heard, making a fortune by their business, which has increased so much that it gives them almost more work than they can do, and the mere superintendence occupies all their time. They began, as I before mentioned, by laying by thirty pounds each in the Savings' Bank, but they are now funding annually two hundred pounds and upwards. No doubt, in a few years, these ladies will be independent and rich, but I do not think they will ever resume their proper name."

# The Story of Philip D'Auvergne, Esq.

> ...... "I have not long been Douglas.
> O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me."—HOME.

THE career of Philip D'Auvergne reminds one of Jonah's gourd. The revolution of fortune's wheel is generally so slow as to involve several generations in a single turn. Here, on the contrary, is one and the same man raised from the prospects of a moderate and hard-working career almost to those of royalty—snatching fruitlessly at the prize, which, Tantalus-like, seems almost in his grasp: again is he fed with false hopes; then, hardest fate of all, he arrives at the summit of his most ambitious aspirations, only to find them shattered for ever, even before he had time fully to realize them; and, finally, broken in health, fortune, and credit, he closes, tragically, his long course of expectation and disappointment. Like Theodore, King of Corsica, whose grave at St. Anne's, Soho, is but a mile from that of his unfortunate confrère, cruel fortune

> "Gave him a crown and denied him bread."

But to my story: Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Godfrey-Charles-Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne reigned as Sovereign Duke of Bouillon. The territory

of Bouillon, situate in Flanders, on the border of Ardennes, near Luxemburg, after having been ruled by the holy Walcaud, Bishop of Liege, witness to Charlemagne's will, by Godfrey de Bouillon, the heroic Crusader King of Jerusalem, and by the rough Princes de la Mark, wild boars of Ardennes, had descended, as a princely appanage, to the House of de la Tour d'Auvergne, great in blood, but greater still in having given to France its famous Marshal, the Viscount de Turenne.*

A short time before the French Revolution, this Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, chief of his ancient family of De la Tour d'Auvergne, finding the prospect of a lineal successor to his illustrious house destroyed by the death of his second son, Charles, a Knight of Malta, and the infirmity of his elder son, James-Leopold, was induced to seek, among his relations, for some one on whom he might fix as a successor to his titles and vast wealth. He accordingly caused researches to be made in the different localities with which the history of his house was connected, and particularly directed some learned Benedictine monks, under the direction of the Abbé Coyer, formerly his own private tutor, to examine the different depôts in the province from which the family drew its origin, and of which its heads had been feudal sovereigns before the union of the great fiefs to the crown of France under Philip Augustus. This search

* Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, to whom my narrative refers, was son of Charles Godfrey de la Tour, Comte d'Auvergne, Sovereign Prince of Bouillon, by Marie-Charlotte Sobieska, his wife, and grandson of Emanuel-Theodore, Sovereign Prince of Bouillon, Duc d'Albret, whose grandfather, Frederic-Maurice, Duke of Bouillon, was elder brother of the famous Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Marshal de Turenne.

discovered that a cadet of the house of Auvergne* had emigrated, after the Crusade against the Albigenses, in

* Pedigree of the House, according to Baluze—" Histoire Généalogique de la Maison d'Auvergne."

Bernard, Comte D'Auvergne et de Bourges, Marquis de Nevers, A.D. 800.=

Alfred I. Comte de Bourges and de Circassonne.=Adeline

Bernard I. Comte D'Auvergne.=Blitsende.

Estorge, Vicomte D'Auvergne.=Asendane.

Robert I. Vicomte D'Auvergne.=Adelgarde.

Robert II. Vicomte D'Auvergne.=Ingelberge.

Guillaume IV. Vicomte D'Auvergne.=Humberge.
(succeeded his brother Cyon).

Robert I. Comte D'Auvergne.=Ermengarde d'Arles.

Guillaume V. Comte D'Auvergne.=Phillippie de Giraudan.

Robert II. Comte D'Auvergne.=Judith de Melguie.

Guillaume VI. Comte D'Auvergne.=Jeaune.

Robert III. Comte D'Auvergne. | Guillaume VII. Comte D'Auvergne, *o. s. p.* | Guillaume VIII. Comte D'Auvergne.=Anne de Nevers.

Robert IV. Comte D'Auvergne.=Mahault de Bourgogne.

Guillaume, *ob. juvenis.* | Guy, Comte D'Auvergne.= | Other children. | 5. Robert de Clermont.=Boutet.

Hence the Counts D'Auvergne. | And hence the Jersey Family.

But it is only fair to say that Baluze looks upon this as a mere heraldic figment, a view which is supported by the name being absent from the *Extente*, or Royal Rent-Roll of 1331, where it would certainly have appeared, had this narration been correct. On the other hand, as the text says, there is a district in the parish of St. Ouen's termed " La Thiébault."

the early part of the thirteenth century, and was traced to England, under the auspices of Peter de Rupibus, otherwise called Sir Pierre des Roches, Bishop of Winchester and Justiciar of England. This cadet, it is stated, was called Robert, and surnamed of Clermont, but at his emigration had taken his family name of Auvergne, and had married contrary to his father's consent.

Of the alliance there was issue, according to the Commissioners' report, a son, called Thiebault, who obtained, about the year 1232, by the protection of the Justiciar des Roches, a grant of lands in the little island of Jersey, where he settled and became the patriarch of a Jersey family, from which sprang Philip d'Auvergne, of the British Navy, whose strange vicissitudes I am about to relate. The grant in Jersey was from its first grantee called "La Thiébault," and tradition has handed down this name to a portion of it to this day.

Of this old Jersey family, the lineal descendant was Philip d'Auvergne, at the time of which I am speaking First Lieutenant of "the Arethusa." This celebrated frigate, "the saucy Arethusa," had done much damage to the French shipping, and performed many dashing acts; but at last, after a sharp action with a French frigate, she was unfortunately wrecked off Brest, and the officers and crew, including young d'Auvergne, detained as prisoners of war. During this detention, Monsieur De Sartine, the then Marine Minister of the King of France, who was acquainted with the Duke de Bouillon, made it known to him,* that the chance of

* Another version of the tale says that the Duke met D'Auvergne on a seat in the garden of the Tuilleries—by the merest accident—

war, or, more properly, an accident, had brought to France an officer of the name that the Duke was seeking for. This intimation produced an invitation from the Duke, and a permission from the Minister for young d'Auvergne to visit Navarre, the Duke's seat in Normandy, on his way to Ostend, by which route his return to England was prescribed. In the interview that took place, the Duke showed the most marked attention to Lieutenant d'Auvergne, and hinted at the inquiry he had instituted, which he gave fresh orders should be continued with renovated diligence. Mr. d'Auvergne came back to England deeply impressed with the friendly reception he had met with. Soon after, in the ordinary course of his professional duty, he was ordered abroad, saw some good service, and was eventually made post captain. On his return home, he had the good fortune to meet in London the Duke Godfrey de Bouillon himself, who evinced the most affectionate solicitude for his impaired health, and who pressed him urgently to follow him to the continent, to take advantage of a milder climate, and profit of a father's care, which he offered him. The unlucky sailor was, however, involved in debt, and could not leave London at the time. But in each of the two following years he went to France, to pay a visit to his benefactor, who extended to him the utmost favour, and called him familiarly his son, in pursuance of a formal act of adoption, dated in 1784, which the Duke had caused to be

and that the insinuating and very ductile manners of the young man first led to the partiality the Duke so continuously evinced for him. Still the coincidence in name *was* curious, and the more so, if they met as utter strangers.

engraved on the plinth of an original bronze of Turenne which he had made him a present of.

In the year 1786, the Duke's commissioners having completed their researches, after ten years' investigation, letters patent, under the great seal of the Sovereignty of Bouillon, acknowledging the descent of Charles d'Auvergne, Esq., and Major-General James d'Auvergne, his younger brother, the father and uncle of Captain d'Auvergne, "from the ancient Counts of Auvergne, their and the Duke's common ancestors, also confirming them their common armorial bearings, and recognizing them as cousins," were transmitted by the Duke to these two near relatives of the Captain, which formal documents were, by George the Third's royal licence of the 1st day of January, 1787, duly recorded, and regularly exemplified in the College of Arms, and His Majesty's gracious condescension, announced, as is usual, in the "London Gazette."

At the instance of the Duke, Captain d'Auvergne returned to his profession, and was, in April, 1787, given the command of the frigate "Narcissus," on the Channel station, in which he continued till January, 1790, when his health obliged him to resign it. Shortly after, he visited Navarre, and found the Duke sadly shattered by the terrors of the French Revolution, now beginning to spread its baneful effects in the provinces which had hitherto escaped its desolations. The inhabitants of the little country of Bouillon, already alarmed by the attempted proselytism of the secret missionaries of Jacobinism, pressed their sovereign to regulate the succession, that they might know where to look for a protector at the bursting of the storm that they appre-

hended was gathering on their heads, in common with those of the other neighbours of France; and the Duke, in consequence, gave directions to his Council to prepare the documents and determine the mode by which he was to fix the succession on young Captain d'Auvergne, whom he now declared to be his choice, which choice he likewise stated he intended to sanction by a formal Act of Adoption, such as had been practised in his family. The Duke likewise declared he had intimated in April, 1787, by a letter he had respectfully taken leave to address to His Britannic Majesty, his intentions respecting Captain d'Auvergne; and that he had the assurances of Lord Sidney, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, that whatever he might do for Captain d'Auvergne would meet His Majesty's gracious assent and approbation.

The Council having, in the progress of the Duke Godfrey's designs, observed to him that for the inauguration of the adoptee, constituting an integral member of that branch of the family in which he was adopted, it was expedient, to give solemnity and weight to the deed, that a regular act of the consent of the natural father of the adoptee resigning his parental authority should be obtained;—this act, in consideration of the advantages that were to accrue from it to his son, was readily procured. The form of the document, drawn out by the Chancellor and Attorney-General of Bouillon, was accordingly transmitted in 1786 by the Duke to Charles d'Auvergne, Esq., the father, and the Duke having declared therein his intention of adopting his cousin, Philip d'Auvergne, according to the ancient laws and usages of arms, he invited him to consent to

it, and to execute the document to that effect, in the presence of six persons of the quality of knights or gentlemen, which was done by Charles d'Auvergne, Esq., the father, as prescribed, on the 1st of September, 1786, in the presence of six of the principal gentlemen of his neighbourhood, chiefly relatives of his family.

In the summer of 1791, the inhabitants of Bouillon, continuing to press their Sovereign for his decision, after a deliberation of more than twelve years, the Duke, with the law officers of the Duchy then at Navarre, and those of his household, had the several acts and the declaration made public, and solemnly invested his adopted son, by girding on him the sword of Turenne, after which he embraced him, and presented him to the gentlemen attending as Prince Successor to his titles and possessions, enjoining all to respect and consider him as if he had been born such—commanding the Chancellor of the Sovereignty to transmit the several acts and documents, with the declaration, to Bouillon, and direct their publication and presentation to the several civil and military authorities in the Duchy. The Duke's only surviving son, the Hereditary Prince James Leopold, who was detained at Paris by indisposition and infirmity, on the 5th of July transmitted the formal declaration of his adhesion to the arrangement of the succession and his adoption of the Prince Successor as his brother, which act was annexed to those of the reigning Duke, and forwarded to Bouillon for execution by a deputy of the General Assembly that had been called to be present at the inauguration. They were received with gladness, and accepted, registered, and

sanctioned by every power, civil and military, in the Duchy, and the several documents solemnly published in the various communities, and at the parish churches, where oaths of fidelity were taken and subscribed to the established succession by all and every public or constituted officer or functionary on the 4th of August, 1791, and "Te Deum" sung in thanksgiving, with such demonstrations of gladness as these simple people were wont to express.

The several documents, with the ratification of the authorities in the Duchy, were thence returned and transmitted to London, and by his Majesty's gracious licence, severally entered in the records of the College of Arms, and by the same licence, bearing date February the 27th, 1792, His Majesty's gracious leave was granted to Captain d'Auvergne to accept and enjoy the several successions and honours devolved, and to devolve to him by these dispositions of his relations, and likewise emblazoning the shield of Bouillon on his own family shield, as exemplified and recorded in His Majesty's College of Arms; and the Duke Godfrey did also, on the 21st of August, 1791, execute a formal deed of gift of the whole of his possessions in the ancient province and Comté of Auvergne, as an appanage during the life of Duke James Leopold, which, considering the confusion that then prevailed in France, he confidently conveyed to the custody and keep of General d'Auvergne, the Captain's uncle, and the eventual succession, in the case that the Prince Successor died without leaving legitimate male issue, declared to be further entailed in a conforming olographic codicil, added by the Duke Godfrey to his last will and testa-

ment,* and inclosed in a box with three locks, sent to be deposited on the table of the Sovereign Court of Bouillon, one of the keys to which box was entrusted to the Governor-General of the Duchy, the other to the President of the General Assembly, and the third delivered by the Duke himself to Captain d'Auvergne, who was enjoined by an ostensible will either to attend himself or to appoint a sufficient Deputy to attend with the third key at the opening and publishing of the will at Bouillon, on the demise of the Duke Godfrey, which occurred 3rd December, 1792, when the menacing appearance of affairs required the personal attendance of all British officers to their duty in their native country. The Marquess de Lombelon des Essarts, a gentleman of Normandy, who had the reversion of Governor-General of the Duchy, attended at Bouillon on the part of the succeeding Duke, James Leopold, and on the part of Captain D'Auvergne, who had confided to him his key, and who was present at the opening of the box, and publishing the contents, when the whole authorities of the Duchy, and the inhabitants in the

* The order of succession established by the Duke Godfrey's Will, and accepted by the inhabitants, &c., of the Duchy, is as follows :—

1. To the Hereditary Prince James Leopold and his heirs male to perpetuity ; in default of which,
2. To the Prince Successor, Philip, the Duke Godfrey's adopted son, and his heirs male ; in default of which,
3. To the heirs male of the Lieut.-General Count De La (Tour) d'Auvergne, by his wife, Madlle. De Scépeaux ; in default of which,
4. To the heirs male of the late Duke De La Trémoille ; and, lastly, in default of these,
5. To the heirs male of the house of Rohan-Rohan.

several districts and communities, took and subscribed the oaths of allegiance to their Duke, James Leopold, and received those of fidelity to his successor, at the same time adopting the dispositions of eventual succession, as prescribed by the codicil to the will of Duke Godfrey, the original of which met the same fate as all the other public papers of the Duchy, which were committed to the flames by the Clubbists in 1793. This was the worst time of the French Revolution, the period of the Convention, and the Reign of Terror.* The

* What tragic tales, what tales of strange and sad reverses might not be discovered in the annals of the great French families at this period!

Among the earliest and most distinguished victims of the French Revolution were the Bishops of Beauvais and Saintes. The history of these martyrs is a curious and interesting instance of vicissitude, and is well told by the Rev. Robert Belaney, M.A., in his work on "The Massacre at the Carmes:"—

"They were born in a village, near Angoulême. Close to their native place were the domains of a rich nobleman called De Val. From a window in his château, this nobleman one day observed his children playing with two little peasant boys. He came down and found fault with them for doing so. The children excused themselves by saying, 'the little boys were so good and amiable!' He approached the lads, who were brothers, and struck with their innocent and intelligent countenances, enquired their name: 'La Rochefoucault,' they replied. When he heard it, he was much astonished; yet still more, when he learned that their father, the bearer of one of the greatest names in France, was a carpenter in a village close at hand! He desired to be conducted to the house of this man. There he found him working, like St. Joseph, for the support of himself and his family, in perfect cheerfulness and humility, so contented, that he had not the least wish to change his condition. The nobleman asked him if he was in any way related to the Duke de la Rochefoucault. He answered that he had understood from his father, long since dead, that the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was related—and not very distantly—to him, and said that through a variety of misfortunes he had come down to that humble

unfortunate Duke James was imprisoned in his house at Paris, was obliged to pay and maintain the sans-culotte guard put upon him, had all his property sequestrated, while every mark of the dignities that his race had acquired in the service of his country, together with the insignia of the independence of the Duchy, were burnt.

Luckily, however, the Duke Godfrey, as if aware, or apprehensive of the consequences that followed, had transmitted to England a duplicate in his own handwriting, of the important codicil that regulated the eventual succession, such as it had been accepted on the Duchy.

The moral character of the Duke James (Duke God-

state of life. He added that he had documents in his house relating to his family which Monsieur De Val took and examined on the spot. These documents proved him to be cousin to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. On the following day this nobleman paid a visit to the Duke and shewed him the papers. The Duke seemed happy, and offered at once to assist his poor relative, requesting of M. De Val advice as to the most desirable mode of rendering his assistance. M. De Val was of opinion that it was best to leave the good old man to end his days as he had begun them in the humble condition in which he had so long lived in contentment and happiness. But he suggested that something might be done for his two little boys, whereby they should be raised above the low position into which their grandfather's disasters had sunk them. The Duke was pleased with the suggestion, which M. De Val followed up, by proposing to take them into his own house and to educate them with his own children, with whom they had become playmates. To this proposition the Duke agreed, but only on condition that he should be allowed to give a certain sum annually to defray the expense of their education. These two boys grew up, and afterwards became, the one, Bishop of Beauvais, and the other, Bishop of Saintes. They were renowned for their zeal and charity, and their labours to promote ecclesiastical studies."

frey's son), partaking in some respects of the imbecility of his physical constitution, the direction and care of his interests and property were abandoned to agents that little deserved (as the sequel proved) his confidence. The little Sovereignty of Bouillon had its full share of suffering: at one time seized by the French Jacobins, then invaded and sacked by the Austrians, it was eventually appropriated by the French Directory, who abolished its Sovereignty, and declared it, on the 25th October, 1795, a portion of the "Domaines Nationaux" of France.

In 1802, Duke James died without issue, and the succession to the Sovereignty opened to the English officer, our hero, Philip d'Auvergne, whom the previous Duke had designed for the inheritance. Philip, invested with these royal rights, and availing himself of the peace of Amiens, set out for Paris to protect his interests, and to assert his claims; but he appears to have been a very vain and misguided man, and to have been constantly involved in trouble and difficulties. When chief of the flotilla of gunboats stationed for the defence of Jersey and Guernsey, he is stated to have carried on a correspondence with La Rochejaquelein, and other Vendeans, possibly by the command of his superiors. At all events, when he reached the French capital in 1802, he was evidently a marked and suspected man. This was indeed a moment of general suspicion there: Napoleon was about to shake off the Consulate for the Empire, and deeply plotting himself, he scented conspiracy in all around him. The French police were on the alert with the eyes of Argus: they seemed to think the object of d'Auvergne's visit was one

in connection with some political or hostile treachery, and they at last seized his person and papers, and consigned the heir of Bouillon to the cells of the Temple. His imprisonment was not of long duration, but it was followed by his forced departure from France. On his arrival in England, he endeavoured to induce the English Government to take up his cause, and to obtain reparation for the wrong he had suffered; but his efforts were in vain. Eventually he resumed his professional duties, was appointed to the Ledeur, 44, and was placed once more on the Jersey station.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Philip d'Auvergne was actually put into possession of his inheritance, and governed his Duchy for a few months. Alas for him! an act of the Congress of Vienna dispossessed him of the territory "upon considerations of general policy." When Napoleon was finally overthrown, the Duke (who had meanwhile been advanced to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue, November, 1805; and Vice-Admiral of the White in November, 1813) again brought forward his claims, which he based on his supposed relationship, and on the formal adoption of the Duke Godfrey. But Prince Charles de Rohan, Duke de Montbazon, contested this on the ground of nearer consanguinity to the former Dukes than his rival, even allowing his pedigree to be correct. The rights of the respective claimants were submitted to the courts of Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia. Sir John Sewell was appointed by the Admiral to be his Commissioner at this Court of Arbitration, and he supported his client's claims with eloquence and earnestness; but the court decided in favour of the Duke de Montbazon, who was put into

possession of part of the estates of the Duchy, with its title as Duke de Bouillon, and consequently his nephew and representative, Camille, Prince de Rohan-Guemenée and Duke de Montbazon, is also Duke de Bouillon. The title is now, however, unallied to supreme authority, for Bouillon itself, as a sovereign territory, had been, by a decree of the Congress of Vienna, dated the 9th June, 1815, incorporated with the kingdom of the Netherlands, and is now governed very comfortably by the King of the Belgians.

I will not attempt to describe the overwhelming disappointment of the British suitor. Utterly broken down, with every hope and prospect gone, health shattered, and mind overthrown, the wretched man terminated by his own hand his life of severest trials. On the 18th September, 1816, little more than two months after the Prince de Rohan prevailed against him, Philip d'Auvergne committed suicide at Holmes' Hotel, London, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. There is a tablet there to his memory, and one in the parish of St. Helier, Jersey.

"The Gentleman's Magazine" for the year (Vol. II., p. 380) has this notice:—

"*September* 18*th*, 1816.—In his eighty-first year, Philip d'Auvergne, Prince de Bouillon, Vice-Admiral of the Red, many years Commander-in-Chief on the Guernsey and Jersey Station."

A cast of the Admiral's broad seal, I remember to have seen in the window of Mr. Halfhide, seal engraver, Coventry Street, London, which was, no doubt executed for him when he lived in town.

A family of the same name, although its connection

with the Admiral's has not been traced, still exists in the parish of St. Owen, the present head of which is a respectable farmer. Not a member of the Admiral's branch remains.

Vice-Admiral d'Auvergne was F.R.S., F.S.A., a member of the Society of Arts, a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and a Knight of St. Joachim.

The following is a copy of the King's licence and permission for Philip d'Auvergne, Esq., to accept and enjoy the nomination and succession to the Sovereignty of the Duchy of Bouillon:—

"George R.

"George the Third, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. To our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, Charles, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and our Hereditary Marshal of England greeting. Whereas Philip d'Auvergne, Esq., a Captain in our Navy, hath by his petition humbly represented unto us, that His Serene Highness Godfrey, reigning Duke of Bouillon, did, in the year 1786, recognise, acknowledge, and reclaim the petitioner's family as descendants from his ancestors the ancient Counts of d'Auvergne, which recognition we were graciously pleased to order to be recorded in the College of Arms, and at the same time to confirm to the petitioner's father, and uncle, and their descendants, the family armorial ensigns of His Serene Highness. That his said Serene Highness, being requested by his subjects, the inhabitants of the said Duchy of Bouillon, in a general assembly, to select from some branch of his illustrious house a successor in the

Sovereignty of Bouillon, in case the present Hereditary Prince, his Serene Highness' only son, should die without lawful issue, hath been graciously pleased, out of his great favour and affection to the petitioner, to announce to his said subjects, by a declaration dated 25th of June last, that in case of the death of the Prince, his son, without issue male, he transmits, at the desire and with the express and formal consent of the nation, the Sovereignty of his said Duchy of Bouillon to the petitioner (whom he therein styles 'Son Altesse Monseigneur Philippe d'Auvergne, son fils adopté') and the heirs male of his body, authorizing him to take the title of Prince Successor to the Sovereignty of the Duchy of Bouillon, enjoining him to unite those arms with his own, and ordaining that the said title shall be given him in all acts, and that he shall enjoy all the honours and prerogatives thereunto belonging. That the said declaration, adoption, and choice of his said Serene Highness, is further confirmed by a codicil to his last will and testament deposited in the archives of the Sovereign Court of Bouillon, approved and ratified by the Hereditary Prince in a declaration dated at Paris, 5th July last, and unanimously accepted and received by the general assembly of the Duchy, who have in consequence taken the oath of fidelity, both to the Hereditary Prince, and to the petitioner as Prince Successor, that the petitioner is desirous of testifying his grateful sense of such very distinguishing proofs of the affection of His Serene Highness the Duke of Bouillon, and of his son, His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince, as well as of the regard and attachment of the subjects of the said Duke, manifested in the unanimous declaration of

the General Assembly; at the same time, he humbly begs leave to assure us of his inviolable attachment and duty to our person and government, and his firm resolution never to abandon the service of his country, or the line in which he has now the honour of holding a command, trusting that his future faithful exertions may afford him hopes of further promotion and honour. He therefore most humbly prays that we will be graciously pleased to grant him our royal licence and permission to accept and enjoy the said nomination and succession with all the honours and privileges belonging and inherent thereto, and to unite the arms of the said Duchy of Bouillon to his own; and also that we will be graciously pleased to command that the several documents relative thereto, be recorded in the College of Arms. Know ye that we of our princely grace and special favour, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant unto him, the said Philip d'Auvergne, Esquire, our royal licence and permission to accept and enjoy the said nomination and succession to the Sovereignty of the said Duchy of Bouillon, and to unite the arms of the said Duchy to his own, provided that the several documents relative thereto be recorded in the College of Arms, otherwise this our royal licence and permission to be void and of none effect. Our will and pleasure therefore is, that you, Charles, Duke of Norfolk, to whom the cognizance of matters of this nature doth properly belong, do require and command that this our concession and declaration be registered in our College of Arms, to the end that our officers of arms and all others, upon occasions, may take full notice and have knowledge thereof, and for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

Given at our Court, at St. James's, the twenty-seventh day of February, 1792, in the thirty-second year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command,
"HENRY DUNDAS.

"Extracted from the records of the College of Arms, London, and examined therewith this 29th of November, 1802, by me,

"RALPH BIGLAND,
"Richmond Herald."

## The Prime Minister Ward.

Some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.
SHAKESPEARE.

IN this chapter I will introduce to my readers a poor illiterate groom, who, emerging from the obscurity of a Yorkshire cottage, became a statesman and diplomatist, and swayed, for some years, the destinies of an Italian State.

The story of Tom Ward is, indeed, as instructive as it is interesting, and proves the truth of the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Ward, singular to say, exceeded the above Shakesperian quotation, and not only achieved greatness, but had it thrust upon him.

His grandfather, Thomas Ward, was a labourer of excellent character in the parish of Howden, in the county of York, where all his, old Thomas's, sons and daughters were born, and where he himself lived long enough to receive frequent proofs of the attachment and bounty of his distinguished grandson. He and his wife were highly esteemed, both by their superiors and equals, and they maintained through life that character of honesty and integrity for which many of the English peasantry are so conspicuous. Old Thomas Ward was invariably treated with the utmost affection by his grandson. He used to receive very kind letters from him, and when the Baron visited England in after-years,

on the various missions with which his sovereign entrusted him, he never failed to spend a day or two at Howden, in order to show him dutiful attention.

Thomas Ward's son, William, was settled at York, as stud-groom to Mr. Ridsdale, the trainer. His wife's name was Margaret, and their son Thomas (the Baron) was born at York, in the year 1809. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was very young. His father married again, and we must presume that Tom did not find his home comfortable; for when he was seven years of age he ran away from his father and step-mother, and went to his grandfather at Howden, where he remained five years. It was to this period of his life that he always reverted with the most affectionate interest; and here it was that he received his education. From seven to twelve he attended in the church-school, and there he imbibed the good honest principles to which he steadily adhered throughout his whole life. His conduct as a school-boy was commendable, and those who knew him well at that early period remember that he was accounted, in his humble way, an apt scholar. When he was about twelve years old he left Howden and returned to York, and here again his good conduct attracted the notice of his superiors. On his return to York he attended a national school for a short time, and afterwards went to Mr. Ridsdale's stables, where he did not continue long, for in the year 1823 he was sent out to push his fortune in the world.

He was then fourteen years of age, and an active, smart clever little fellow, with uncommon shrewdness and dexterity, and with perfect good faith and honesty, founded on religious principle. He was altogether a

first rate specimen of a genuine Yorkshire boy. In the month of October, in the year 1823, he was sent with a horse to Vienna, and entered the service of Prince Aloys von Lichtenstein in the department of the stables.

Materials are wanting for a particular account of the earlier years of the continental life of Tom Ward, and it is probable that they do not contain many interesting incidents. He continued for some time in the service of Prince Lichtenstein, and his moral conduct was uniformly good, while he distinguished himself by his knowledge of horses, and by his ability as a skilful trainer and fearless rider. He was very compactly built, and a light weight, and was frequently selected as a jockey to ride races. He gradually rose in the stables of his master, and he was at length induced to leave his service by the offer of a promotion into that of a Sovereign Prince and member of a royal house.

This was Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, who lived more at Vienna than in his own dominions. Although a Bourbon and a son of France, he never cultivated any very intimate connection with Louis XVIII., or Charles X.; while he regarded the Emperor Francis as a father. Himself a great grandson of Maria Theresa, he was still more closely connected with the Imperial family through his beautiful Duchess, who was twin sister to the wife of the son and heir of the Emperor. He was thus adopted as a son of the house of Austria, and regarded Vienna as his capital, while in common with his neighbours of Florence, Parma, and Modena, he looked up to the Austrian Emperor as the supporter of his sovereign authority, and respected him as his political chief.

The Duke of Lucca was extremely fond of horses, and

as he was an *Anglomane* it was necessary to have both horses and grooms from England. Being in want of a clever under-groom, he was strongly recommended to take Tom Ward, and he considered himself fortunate in securing the services of so neat, active, and clever a lad. Little did either master or man, at that time, think of the close and important ties by which it was their fate to be bound together, during so many troubled and anxious years!

I cannot tell the exact date at which Ward entered the Duke of Lucca's service. It must have been between 1825 and 1830. He was for some years in the Ducal stables, when his cleverness and good conduct attracted the favourable notice of his master. The Duke was generally very fond of the English, and seeing the many good qualities, independently of his equestrian skill, of Tom Ward, he decided upon removing him from his stables, and making him his under *valet de chambre.* Ward owed this promotion entirely to his high character, integrity, and scrupulous English cleanliness. He had no personal advantages whatever, being quite devoid of that showy exterior which sometimes leads to promotion in great houses. He was undersized and by no means well made, except for riding; his face was plain, but had an expression in which there was a remarkable union of simplicity and shrewdness. His complexion was light, his eyes were grey, quick, and penetrating. He was thoroughly English in his air and manner, and in nothing more than in his extreme neatness of dress and cleanliness of person. Many years have passed since Baron Ward visited me at Brompton, but I retain a perfect recollection of his honest homely appearance and his sharp sensible remarks on men and things.

The Duke of Lucca had many opportunities of testing his integrity and moral worth, and as he was anxious to have a valet on whose sterling honesty he could quite depend, he was glad to transfer his little Yorkshire groom from the stable to the ante-chamber.

Ward's rise in the service of the Duke was extremely gradual, and was the result, not of capricious favour, but of a well-grounded appreciation of his long tried worth and rare intelligence. From under-valet he was raised to the highest post in his master's dressing-room; and in the year 1836 he was his confidential attendant, in which important though humble capacity he continued for six or seven years.

The Duke was a frequent guest at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany. He was nearly connected with the reigning family, and the larger social circle of Florence formed a pleasant variety from his own smaller court. In the summer of 1838, he considerably enlarged the circuit of his travels, being attracted by the coronation of the Queen of Great Britain. He first attended the coronation of his own brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, at Milan, as King of Lombardy, and then proceeded to England.

It may here be mentioned that there is no Imperial coronation of the Austrian Emperor. His imperial title is rather personal than territorial. The crown of the Western Empire (the Sacred Roman Empire) had during the latter centuries of its existence degenerated into an almost hereditary heirloom of the house of Hapsburgh, when it was rudely rent from the brows of Francis by Napoleon. Although Bonaparte created a new Western Empire, the successor of Old Rome was extinguished never to be revived. Yet Francis, who

had been the representative of the Cæsars, was not to be cheated of his imperial dignity. He continued an Emperor, but his Empire was Austrian instead of Roman. Austria had never been more than a Duchy, to which, by way of eminence, the affix "Arch" had been added. The Archduke of Austria had no coronation, but on his accession was accustomed to receive the homage (Huldigung) of his states. But as the Austrian Emperor was the possessor of many crowns, such as those of Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardy, it was decided that he should henceforth undergo the ceremony of coronation at Presburg for the Kingdom of Hungary, and at Milan for that of Lombardy, and at Prague for that of Bohemia.

After the coronation at Milan, the Duke of Lucca proceeded to England, and he was accompanied by Ward in his quality of first *valet de chambre.* He must at that time have seen at an awful distance some of those political notabilities with whom it was his fate, a few years after, to mingle in the associations of diplomatic life. At the Court of Great Britain, the Duke was extremely well received, and welcomed with the distinction due to his exalted rank; and during the months of his stay in this country, he had the opportunity, of which he fully availed himself, of mingling with the various ranks of English society, and with the manifold subdivisions of party, whether religious or political, by which that society is marked.

After a stay at Windsor Castle, and one or two visits to country mansions, and a residence during some time in London, his Royal Highness returned to the Continent. The Duchess at this time preserved the grace and beauty for which she had been so pre-eminently

distinguished, but her health was extremely delicate, and she mixed but little in the world of fashion. Besides a princess, who died in early infancy, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess had produced only one son, the late unfortunate Duke of Parma. He was at this time a boy, under the care of his tutor, Monsignore Diacchi, a Hungarian ecclesiastic of considerable talent and worth.

Such was the scene into which the young Yorkshireman was introduced, and such were the actors among whom his lot was cast when he became principal valet to the Duke of Lucca.

It has been already stated that Ward had in his early years received a religious education, and that he did not fail to profit by what he had learnt. He was unlearned in doctrines, but he cultivated the fruits of sobriety, chastity, and honesty; and he regarded it as a point of duty and honour to remain faithful to the communion of the Church of England, in which he had been born and bred. There never was a man less ambitious; greatness was thrust upon him without his either wishing for it or expecting it, and he pursued the quiet tenor of his way, always acting according to the dictates of his prudent integrity and shrewd simplicity, and adopting as his motto, "Honesty is the best and surest policy."

His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the departments of his stables and his wardrobe. He consulted him accordingly in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur. And he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new

counsellor, that he began to regard him as almost infal lible. Ward soon became the prime adviser in all that regarded the personal expenditure and the household economy of his master. Among the natives of Lucca the English valet was much more popular than is usually the case with the foreign favourites of princes. It was evident that he was acquiring a very great share of influence; but then it was quite as evident that he was not abusing that influence in order to compass any selfish ends. All that he did was characterised by straightforward plainness and simplicity. He never boasted of favour: it was evident that he was always entirely actuated by a desire to promote the *really* best interests of his master, and the people soon learnt to distinguish between his sincere downright attachment to his duties, and the time-serving fawning of court parasites. As his influence increased, and as he was consulted on weightier matters, he obtained a growing esteem among the people, and "Signor Tommaso" was one of the most popular personages in the ducal court. He never manifested the slightest wish to rise above the level of his early rank. He had married a young woman of Vienna, of excellent character, but of his own station in life, and he inhabited a neat little house in Lucca, in the vicinity of the palace. And when he was practically the keeper of the Duke's privy purse, and his adviser in some of the most important concerns, he went about his humble duties with the same modest and unassuming demeanour as when he had no other occupation than that of overlooking his master's wardrobe and arranging his toilet. The knowledge that he possessed on the subject of horses gained for him a considerable amount

of influence; he became practically superintendent of the ducal stud, and almost every year he made journeys to his native Yorkshire, in order to purchase fine English horses. On such occasions he never omitted to visit his father, and his old grandfather and uncles at Howden.

Ward had been gradually advancing in the regard and confidence of the Duke and Duchess, when, in the year 1843, a circumstance occurred, which justly secured for him a lasting place in their favour, and which at the same time proved his capacity for diplomacy, and his remarkable aptitude in accomplishing difficult negotiations. After the death of the Marquis Mansi, the management of the affairs of the Duchy of Lucca fell into bad hands; the revenue was misappropriated, the Duke's private funds were embezzled, and the finances had fallen into the most frightful disorder. This occasioned the utmost distress of mind to the Duke; and his health and spirits were visibly affected. The anxious affection of the Duchess was on the alert to find, if possible, some remedy for the evil; and there was no one to whom she could so readily apply for advice as Ward. He was perfectly aware of the course of the nefarious transactions by means of which his master was impoverished, and plainly told the Duchess that there was no salvation from ruin except by the immediate removal of the obnoxious minister, and the adoption of a strict system of financial reform.

But it was easy to suggest. The difficulty was, to induce the Duke to take the decided steps which were necessary. A powerful minister was to be dismissed, and a complicated arrangement of embarrassed affairs [illegible]o be accomplished. The only way of getting the

Duke to act was by inducing some friend to take the responsibility and the trouble upon himself; and where was such an invaluable friend to be found? The Duchess and her faithful counsellor went over the different princes with whom her family were intimately connected, and she found objections to all. At last she fixed upon one of the Austrian Archdukes, who was Governor of Gallicia, and she decided that he was the man to help them out of their embarrassments by his resolution in acting, and his prudence in advising, if he could only be induced to undertake the onerous task. It may be proper to explain that the prince thus selected was Ferdinand, cousin to the Emperor, brother to the Duke of Modena, and maternal uncle to the Duchess of Lucca, her father, Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia having married an Archduchess of Austria, the daughter of Ferdinand, a younger son of Maria Theresa. Her mind was no sooner made up than she resolved without delay to put her plans in practice. She told Ward that he must forthwith prepare for a journey to Gallicia. She feared to give him full instructions in writing, or to send by him any detail of circumstances to the Archduke, lest he should be robbed by the way or examined at the frontiers which he had to pass. She ascertained that he was thoroughly acquainted with the posture of the Duke's affairs and alive to all their complications; and she therefore furnished him with a single line to the Archduke, informing him that the bearer was a person entirely in her confidence, and who had a most important communication to make to his Imperial Highness, and that every word that he said might be implicitly trusted.

The first obstacle to be overcome, was for Ward to obtain leave of absence from the Duke, whose health and spirits were such that he could ill dispense with his services. However, he entreated so urgently for leave of absence during three weeks, that his master was at length prevailed on to grant his request. It was next necessary to take measures to conceal the place of his real destination.[1] Ward gave out that he was going to Dresden, and in order that this might be believed, he sent several letters addressed to his wife at Lucca, under cover to a confidential friend at Dresden, to be put from time to time into the post-office of that city, so that they might arrive at Lucca with the Dresden postmark.

When once he set out, he lost little time by the way. But after he had crossed the Hungarian frontier, and when he was no longer in danger of having his papers seized, he spent one or two nights, instead of sleeping after his long day's journey, in writing out as distinct a statement as he could of the Duke's affairs, and of the shameful way in which he was pillaged, with a view to assist his memory in the conversation that he hoped to have with the Archduke. This statement he composed in German, which he spoke and wrote fluently, although with the Viennese dialect.

As soon as he arrived at Lemberg, the capital of Gallicia, he requested an audience of the Archduke, and delivered to him the chief credentials with which the Duchess of Lucca had entrusted him. When the Archduke desired to know the nature of the important communication that he had to make, Ward pulled out his statement, and began to explain it. The Archduke

told him to leave the paper with him, and to call next day, when he would be better able to talk to him. The following morning, full of anxiety, he came at the appointed time, when his Imperial Highness complimented him on the distinctness of his statement, but demanded in what way all this concerned him, and how he could be instrumental in improving the state of the Duke's affairs? Thereupon Ward entered fully on the mission with which he had been entrusted, and a very long conversation ended in the Archduke giving him the assurance that, if he were requested by the Duke of Lucca, he would formally enter on the trust which the Duchess wished him to undertake, and endeavour to check the abuses of his master's financial administration, and put order into his affairs.

No sooner had this assurance been given, than Ward set out on his homeward journey, and in due time arrived at Lucca. He first acquainted the Duchess with the success of her scheme, and then hastened to present himself to his master, whom he found sunk in the lowest dejection, and who complained bitterly of his minister's conduct, of the embarrassment of his circumstances, and of his misfortunes. "Ah," said he, "I have no able and powerful friend who might help me to bear my burden!" Ward immediately caught at this idea, and suggested that some of his princely relatives and neighbours might perhaps be induced to give him their aid. He began with those who were most nearly connected with his master by family ties, and proposed successively his brothers-in-law, the Duke of Modena and the King of Naples, his neighbour the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the King of Sardinia. All were objected to, on different

grounds. Ward next went warily into Germany, and spoke of the King of Saxony, or Prince John, who were also allied to him. They would not do. Then he turned to Vienna, and among the Archdukes he named with considerable internal trepidation the Governor of Gallicia. "Ah," said the Duke, "*he* would be the man, if he could only be prevailed on to undertake the task." "Would your Royal Highness agree to put your affairs into his hands, if he would consent to take the trouble?" eagerly rejoined Ward. "Yes, I would, and gladly," said the Duke. "Then I have the happiness of informing you that the thing is already agreed to; and the Archduke only awaits your application to him, in order immediately to enter upon the arrangement of your affairs." The satisfaction of the Duke, the Duchess, and their faithful confidant, may easily be conceived. The settlement of the Duke's embarrassments was immediately entrusted to the Archduke. The unfaithful minister was dismissed, and the rapid advance of ruin was arrested in good time.

The zeal and address which Ward displayed in this arrangement, procured for him an unbounded influence with his master, who, soon after, strongly urged him to accept of a portfolio, and to assume the public position of a minister of state. This proposition Ward refused point blank. He said that it would make them both ridiculous; that he was an illiterate English groom, and quite unfit, in every way, to be elevated in the manner that his Royal Highness proposed; but that he had devoted his life to him, and could serve him in a private capacity quite as faithfully and as effectually as [illegible]umed the external badge of power. He had

now the entire management of all the Duke's private affairs, and he was consulted by him in matters of state; but he held no ostensible position, and he would not allow himself to be regarded otherwise than as the Duke's servant.

Some months after the final conclusion of this negotiation, when the Prime Minister had been dismissed, and the finances of Lucca had been put on a better footing, in the autumn of the year 1844, Ward made one of his accustomed journeys into Yorkshire to buy horses for the stud.

In this refusal to take office, which was not a mere feint, we may recognise the native of a free and yet an aristocratic country; for Ward carried about with him through life the most unmistakable type of an Englishman. In a despotic government, where the will of the autocrat is absolute law, a word or a nod can raise the most abject, and, decorating him with orders and titles, can elevate him above the noblest in the land. And in pursuance of this arbitrary system, of which we have the most full development in Eastern countries, but which we have seen in a modified degree under the various despotisms of Europe, the Duke of Lucca thought it neither strange nor unreasonable that his valet should, if he so pleased it, become a minister of state, and hold his head above all the native nobles. But Ward, with the intuitive sense of an Englishman, felt that this would not do. Though probably not well read in the constitutional history of his country, he yet felt as the mass of Englishmen feel, and the same cause which has prevented some of our ablest statesmen from gaining a thorough cordial influence over the English

nation, made Ward refuse the glittering distinction that was offered to him. With the tact of an Englishman, he felt that position and station were wanted in order to give a fair field to talent, integrity, and honest ambition. And although his hesitation would have been better founded if it had applied to free England, than to an Italian people accustomed from time immemorial to bow to the caprices of rulers, yet it was not wholly mistaken; for it was impossible that the Lucchese nobility who, one generation back, had been themselves the sovereigns of their republic, could regard with complacency the sudden elevation of an obscure foreigner, however great might be his personal worth.

Ward's reluctance to take upon himself the name and title of cabinet minister was persevered in for some time. But it was found to be inexpedient, and even impossible to carry on the government with the real and virtual prime minister holding the position of valet de chambre to the sovereign. The Duke, therefore, at length overcame his scruples, and elevated him to the position of minister of state, giving him the portfolio of minister of finance. At the same time he created him a Baron.

In the year 1845, an auspicious event occurred in the ducal family, viz., the marriage of the only son of the Duke and Duchess, Charles, Hereditary Prince of Lucca. This young Prince was now twenty-two years of age; and he had grown up very different from what might have been expected, in the son of parents so distinguished for beauty and grace. His appearance was plain, and his manners were singularly undignified, as *may* be remembered by many of those who knew him

during his visits to England, where he astonished all who had observed the graceful demeanour of his mother, and the winning courtesy of his father.

The marriage which he now made was one well calculated to please a family who were themselves Bourbons, and connected with all the highest royal houses in Europe. The bride was Louisa of France, only sister of the Duc de Bordeaux, and daughter of the Duc de Berry. Having been born in 1819, she was three years older than the Prince, and that was an advantage, considering his boyish temperament, which required guidance. The marriage took place on the 10th November, 1845. Nothing could be more gratifying to the Duke of Lucca than this marriage of his son. The alliance was brilliant in point of rank and birth; and although the star of the elder line of the Bourbons was not in the ascendant, yet the last remaining scions of that magnificent race were invested with a grand historic interest. In the probable event of the death of the Duc de Bordeaux without a family, his sister Louisa would have become heir-general of Hugh Capet, as well as heir-general of the ancient Scottish and Anglo-Saxon kings, through John Balliol's sister. The latter, however, is a curious pedigree fact known and valuable to genealogists alone. But, even in the present day, when illustrious birth is made to yield to wealth and success, the representation in the female line of the mighty Capetian and Bourbon dynasty of French kings will add considerable illustration to a cadet branch of the family, which is the position of the Duke Robert of Parma, the Princess Louisa's eldest son.

The issue of his marriage with Louisa of France was

two sons and a daughter. To the eldest was given the name Robert, unusual in his family since the times of Robert, son and successor of Hugh Capet.

I have followed Ward in the scenes of his early life, when he passed through the discipline of obscurity and attained to a position of trust and importance. I have now to trace his course amid stirring events, in which he was destined to act a very conspicuous part; and I will, in the subsequent portion of the narrative, thankfully avail myself of some of his letters, written from the midst of his political vicissitudes. If I could publish them fully, they would redound still more to the honour of his disinterested modesty, rare good sense, and right feeling; but many details are involved in them which cannot, with propriety, be made public during the present generation. Enough, however, will appear in the extracts which I propose to give, to exhibit the excellence of his character, and the rare talent which he evinced for conducting the most difficult and seemingly hopeless negotiations to a successful conclusion.

The reader must pardon the inaccuracies of the English, remembering that it is that of a Yorkshire groom, whose only college was the parish school at Howden. However, in the midst of a life of constant active exertion, he did not neglect his improvement in his native language as well as in German, Italian, and French. Were the letters, written in 1839 when he was a valet, compared with those written ten years after, when he was a Minister of State, a considerable difference would be seen in style and orthography. His best language, [illegible]ver, was Italian, as in that he had been the most [illegible]med to converse with men of rank and education.

In considering the character of this man, even those who were not so intimately acquainted with him as to be able to judge of his higher qualities, must needs admit him to have been a consummately clever fellow, who could apply all his native Yorkshire shrewdness to a new sphere, and turn to his sharp intelligence for guidance in novel and difficult circumstances. A certain freedom of speech, with a bold hardihood of character, based entirely on a conscious sense of honour, attracted, at first, the notice of his master, who felt such pleasure in the open frankness of the man, that he frequently took opportunities of conversing with him and asking his advice. Ward always spoke out his mind, and by the force of strong native sense and unswerving determination, he impressed his master with the fact that his best counsels were to be derived from the truthfulness of his Yorkshire groom, and not from the flattery of the titled and decorated crowds that thronged his chambers of audience.

The groom was elevated to the post of personal attendant, then of intendant of his stables and household, then of comptroller of his privy purse, then of Minister of State, and, in fact, Prime Minister, with baronial titles, and manifold knightly decorations. Such was the elevation to which Ward had ascended at the present epoch of his history. He was the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics; the arbiter of the most abstruse points of international policy with other states; and the highest authority in all home affairs. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves whenever the game of life is to be played; quick to discern the character of

those around him, and prompt to avail himself of their knowledge. Little hampered by the conventionalities which impose trammels on men born in an elevated station and refined by elegant breeding, he generally attained his object by a *coup de main*, before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities, so instrumental to his success, he added the most rugged unyielding honesty, and a loyal single-hearted attachment to the person of his Prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Ward stood alone and fearless against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals, who, although armed against counter wiles and counter machinations, were quite unprepared against straightforward honesty. He went right on to the point, even as the pebble from the shepherd's sling penetrated the skull of the mighty man of Gath.

Ward was thus, most honourably to himself, raised by his master to the important office of a Minister of State, with the finance department as his more peculiar province in the first instance. But he soon became virtually Prime Minister, and his diplomatic talent and address were such that all the arrangements between the Duchy of Lucca and the other Italian States were made under his immediate superintendence. In the year 1847, he succeeded in settling, very much to the advantage of the Duke of Lucca, a dispute between that Prince and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of many years' standing; and having concluded a treaty for the acknowledgment of the Lucchese public debt, as well as the Customs Union [be]tween the two governments, he was decorated by his [ma]ster with the first class of the order of St. Louis, and

was created a Baron of the Duchy of Lucca. The Grand Duke of Tuscany also made him a Noble of his States, and decorated him with the order of St. Joseph. An account of the conferring of these honours will be given hereafter, in the simple and naive words of the Baron himself. Meanwhile I may say that they were showered upon him without any solicitation on his part, and altogether unexpectedly. The first news that he had of his having been created a Baron was when he saw that title attached to his name in some public document. Believing it to be a mistake, he ordered it to be erased, and he was only induced to give a reluctant consent to the measure, when the Duke assured him not only that he had created him a Baron, but that, under the circumstances of his early obscurity and his present exalted position, it was absolutely necessary that he should hold some definite rank.

One day, about this time, when he entered the Duke's room, he found his Royal Highness occupied with a pencil and paper. "Ward," said the Duke, "I am devising a coat of arms for you. As a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the Duchess as well as by myself, you shall have armorial bearings compounded of her arms and my own. I will give you the silver *cross* of Savoy with the golden *fleur de lis* of France in dexter chief." With many expressions of gratitude for the honour which was about to be conferred upon him, he asked permission to add something emblematical of his native country; and as he had heard that coats of arms sometimes had supporters, he would like to have the cross of Savoy and the lily of Bourbon supported by English *John Bulls!* "So be it," said the Duke, "you

shall have 'two bulls reguardant' for your supporters." And thus the arms of Baron Ward may be found in old editions of "Burke's Peerage" among those of Englishmen who have obtained foreign titles:—On a field gules a cross argent, in the dexter chief a shield azure surmounted by a royal crown, and charged with a *fleur de lis* or; supporters, two bulls reguardant, proper.

In 1847 a remarkable event took place in the history of the Duke of Lucca. He put in execution the design which he had long entertained, of abdicating his crown. This measure he had contemplated at least twelve years before; and he always reverted to it whenever he found the burden of sovereignty peculiarly distasteful; but he had been hitherto prevented from accomplishing his object by the consideration of the duties incumbent on a ruler, and in consequence of the representations of his friends. Lucca was not to be his permanent possession. He knew that in the course of nature he must, ere long, inherit his birthright, the Duchy of Parma, which had so long been unjustly withheld from him; and he might well be excused if he was unable to feel the same interest in his Lucchese subjects with which they would have inspired him if he had been born their ruler, and if they were to become the subjects of his son after him. He also considered, and not unjustly, that since at no distant date they were of necessity to be united to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the sooner that transfer was accomplished the better. The health of the Archduchess Maria Louisa was declining. On her death he was to become Sovereign of Parma; he wished to be fairly rid of all

the cares of one sovereignty before he was called on to undertake those of another, and he considered that the treaties which he had just concluded with the Grand Duke rendered the present a favourable opportunity for resigning to him that which must, at any rate, soon be his in perpetuity.

Many arrangements were necessary with regard to the transfer of the Lucchese state; but they had been rendered comparatively easy in consequence of the political measures already alluded to, which had been so ably accomplished by Ward. And that indefatigable diplomatist was employed to conclude the transfer of the aristocratic old Republic from the dominion of the Duke Charles Louis to that of the Grand Duke Leopold. In all this, be it observed, the nobles and commons of the recently erected Duchy had no choice. There is something very repugnant to the ideas of an Englishman in the population of a state, which, only a generation ago, had been free and self-governing, being turned over like a flock of sheep from the hands of one despotic master to those of another. But I am describing Italy, and not England. And little as such an arrangement accords with our notions, it is probable that the people of Lucca were not worse governed by a Bourbon and an Austrian than they had been by a Gonfaloniere and Senate composed of their own nobles. No one that ever knew personally the Duke or the Grand Duke can deny them the praise of the most amiable and kindly disposition; and if they were despots, their desire, at least, was that their people should be happy.

The cession of the Duchy of Lucca to Tuscany was by no means an unfavourable arrangement either for

the people or their sovereign. The former were at once settled under the rule which was expected to be permanent; and the latter received such an indemnity as secured him against loss; while he continued to enjoy his own private income as an Infant of Spain.

The active agency of Ward was instrumental in the amicable settlement of these momentous changes, and he had just brought everything to a happy conclusion, when another remarkable vicissitude occurred in the fortunes of his master, which was immediately followed by a catastrophe no less sudden than it was overwhelming. No sooner was the Duchy of Lucca resigned into the hands of the Grand Duke Leopold, and Charles Louis, thus a second time discrowned, was beginning to enjoy the freedom of no longer reigning, than he was called to resume the sceptre of command over a more important sovereignty. The Archduchess Maria Louisa died, and he became Duke of Parma.

The resignation of the crown of Lucca and the succession to that of Parma were events that followed each other so rapidly that the Duke had no time to enjoy the repose of private life before he was called to take possession of his new states, and to be installed in the palace of his ancestors; but he was scarcely settled on his throne when the storm which had been brewing in other parts of the Italian peninsula burst forth there as elsewhere with such fury, that the Duke was speedily compelled to relinquish the sceptre which had just been put into his hands.

In the beginning of the year 1848 he was establishing himself at Parma, and Ward was still at Florence, busily occupied with the concluding [illegible] of the

arrangement which had just been effected between his master and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I will here allow him to speak for himself, and to give a sketch of his actual position, in an extract of a letter to his father.

*Extracts from a Letter written by Baron Ward, from Florence, 12th January,* 1848.

"Many have been the changes in my position of life since I saw you last, and your not writing was one great reason why I have abstained from doing so, as I must have spoke of all these affairs, and that might have appeared in the eyes of many vanity. However, all has gone for the best, and I hope, with the help of God, in whom alone I place my confidence, all will continue so. I have had many changes in life, wonderful changes for a man of my humble education. When I returned last from England, the whole of the Duke's administration was confided to me. I was successful, and everything went well. Afterwards, a very serious question arose between the Duke of Lucca and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which lasted for two years, and ended in a very disagreeable manner, by the Grand Duke protesting publicly. I at that time was confided with the finance department, as Minister of State and State Councillor. Our Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had treated the above affair, gave it up as impossible to make anything more out of it. My indefatigable spirit would not allow me to see a scandal of that kind given up so cowardly, and it was, at my request, confided to me. I was laughed at when I took it in hand by all. Some

said I was presumptuous, some said I was a fool, and some said I was an ignorant fellow. I let them all have their talk; and to work I went; and this was my first step as a diplomatist. I was so successful that in two months' time the Grand Duke was so convinced of his wrong, that he was obliged to withdraw his protest which had been publicly placarded by his government throughout this Duchy, and confirmed the Duke of Lucca's right to his credit against the Duchy of Lucca in two millions of livres. And in three weeks afterwards, I signed another treaty for a Customs Union betwixt the two states, and was fortunate enough to succeed, as well as the raising of a public loan. All this went step after step, so quick that I had not time to look round me. The Grand Duke, as a demonstration of his satisfaction, decorated me with the Commander Cross of St. Joseph; and the Duke of Lucca with his Cross of St. Louis, first-class; afterwards with the title of Baron for me and my successors. And all at once I found myself launched into the world, without really knowing how I got there; and for why do all make such a fuss of me? Invitations on all sides, all admiring a wonderful talent that I know nothing of. After these affairs, and just as I was beginning to feel myself easy in financial matters for the state as minister, the Italian movement began: and again I found myself in the middle of the whole, how, I know not. But it has been the cause of my signing three more treaties. The Duke of Lucca abdicated in favour of the Grand Duke; and since, I have been the intermediator betwixt Austria and Tuscany, Modena and Tuscany, the Dukes of Lucca and Tuscany and Modena. I have done nothing but travel

about from one court to the other. And a few days ago, the Grand Duke of Tuscany has settled upon me a handsome pension for life, for my services rendered to his state. The Duke of Lucca, who is now Duke of Parma, has done the same. And now I am settling the liquidation betwixt the Duke of Parma and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and I have four secretaries and ten writers at this present moment here at Florence under my direction to get done as quickly as possible; as the Duke of Parma wishes me to take part in his government there. However, I shall retire if possible; I have had enough of this life. They will finish me with fatigue. I have not a moment's rest, and have much to fear for my health, as really I feel I cannot go on this way. I thought it necessary just to give you a sketch of my past life, not for vanity's sake. I am, and I hope God will maintain me so, always the same, nothing has altered in me. Only I feel burdened by what many envy me for possessing. In it, law and honour will be my guide through life. Though humble, God has raised me above many thousands that sneered upon me. But he has likewise blessed me with a noble mind, and I feel his blessing in all I do. My path is straightforward, and here they call it talent."

It may be interesting to know that at this period, which was the commencement of his pecuniary prosperity, he was mindful of the wants of his poor relations. He had a family of his own to provide for, as prior to 1848 he had a son and a daughter, and in 1848 another child was born to him. But no sooner could he be said to have an assured competence, than he hastened

to place his father, grandfather, and other near relatives in a comfortable position, according to their station. And the manner in which his assistance was bestowed proved his good sense. In 1848, besides a very handsome new year's gift to his father, he settled one pound weekly on him, payable every Monday morning. He sent considerable sums as presents to his old grandfather and brother, and settled a comfortable weekly allowance on them both; that to his brother being put into the savings' bank to accumulate, as he was at sea. He adopted Walter Ward, the son of his father's younger brother, and educated him, and procured for him a commission in the Austrian army, which he left, and then joined the German Legion, and went subsequently to the Cape. The Baron was always most affectionately disposed towards his father, brothers, and uncles, and more especially towards his old grandfather, with whom he had passed so many years. The letters which he wrote to them were always expressive of much affection. In that addressed to his father, from which I have given extracts, I have limited these to his account of public matters, as being alone of general interest.

When the death of the widow of Napoleon I. opened to Charles Louis de Bourbon the succession to the dominions of his ancestors, he ascended a throne which had been already undermined. In Parma the emissaries of Charles Albert found men's minds too ready to receive impressions of revolt and sedition. In Placentia, all were gained over to the interests of Piedmont. In Pontremoli, and Lunigiana, some wanted a republic, some were anxious for annexation to Tuscany, while a few were attached to their lawful sovereign.

Such was the state of the people of Parma, and such were their dispositions towards their native sovereign, when, early in the year 1848, he ascended the throne which the death of the ex-Empress Maria Louisa had rendered vacant.

Charles Louis was no sooner established at Parma than the fruits of the secret intrigues of Sardinia appeared in the disaffection of his new subjects, which received a sudden impulse from the revolution in France. Ward, as I have already stated, was at that time in Florence, concluding the complicated arrangements incident on the recent cession of the Duchy of Lucca to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. No sooner did he hear of the political troubles by which his master was surrounded than that faithful servant hastened to Parma, where he arrived just in time to witness that master's overthrow. The secret intrigues had been astutely devised, the revolutionary movement was violent and sudden, and the Duke's throne was subverted without giving him even the opportunity of resistance. Flight was the only course that was left, and attended by the faithful Ward, he suddenly quitted the capital where his reign had not extended over many weeks. They traversed a portion of Italy in disguise; and gaining the coast, they embarked and landed in the south of France, whence they proceeded to Weistropp, a chateau and small estate which the Duke had purchased near Dresden, ten years before. The Duke now fixed his residence in this retired spot, where he could enjoy the tranquil life of an elegant scholar and country gentleman, diversified by the occasional intercourse of the Royal Family of Saxony, who were his near relations, and to whom he was much attached.

At Weistropp he remained almost continually during the remainder of 1848 and 1849, while the great struggle in Italy was carried on, which ended in the confusion and defeat of Charles Albert, and the restoration of the ascendancy of the legitimate sovereigns. While the Duke remained at Weistropp, the Prince and Princess visited various countries, and spent a considerable portion of their exile in England.

From Weistropp, Baron Ward was despatched, in the summer of 1848, to fight his master's battles in the diplomatic circle of Vienna, and in the camp of Field-Marshal Radetsky. He displayed the greatest energy and the most consummate prudence in negotiating for the interests of the Duke, or rather for those of his family, for the Duke himself had decided on abdicating his sovereignty to his son, and he only waited for the downfall of Charles Albert, and the restoration of legitimate authority in Northern Italy, in order to execute his design. Ward was invested with full powers to act for the Duke both at Vienna and in Italy; and he was, in fact, nominated as his *alter ego*, a degree of confidence which was indeed fully merited by him, but which has very seldom been extended by a prince to a subject.

During the autumn of 1848, he was busily engaged in negotiating between Charles Louis (or Charles II. as he was called), the abdicating Duke of Parma, and his son, who ascended the tottering throne as Charles III. The act of abdication on the one hand, and that of acceptance on the other, are both countersigned by "Ward," who acted as prime minister both to the father and son. Part of the autumn of 1848 was spent by the Prince and Princess of Parma in the island of Arran, with the

Marquess of Douglas and his Marchioness, *née* Princess Mary of Baden. Ward came to England in order to arrange some of the necessary preliminaries with a view to the abdication. He followed the Prince to Scotland, and on his way thither he stopped at Bolsover Castle to deliver a packet with which he had been entrusted by the Duke for the late Mr. Hamilton Gray. When invited to prolong his stay there, he stated that he was unable to remain longer than a few hours, as he was anxious to devote four-and-twenty hours to a visit to the village of Howden, where he wished to see his aged grandfather and other members of his family. And hereupon he opened a small portmanteau, which was literally filled with the insignia of different orders of knighthood which he had received from various sovereigns; the Grand Cross of St. George; the Grand Cross of St. Louis of Parma; the Grand Cross of St. Joseph of Tuscany; the Commander Cross of the Iron Crown. All these splendid decorations he intended, with pardonable vanity, to show to his Yorkshire kinsmen.

After having negotiated the abdication of his old master, and been mainly instrumental in placing on the throne of Parma the youthful Charles III., he continued to be prime minister, with absolute power, during the years of that Prince's life and reign.

It was necessary to give this short sketch, in order to enable the reader to understand the extracts from a few of Baron Ward's letters with which I will conclude this memoir. They are addressed to an English gentleman, who, from his very old and intimate acquaintance with the Duke of Parma, had the best opportunity of knowing and appreciating the sterling worth of Ward's character,

having watched his progress from the time that he waited in his master's ante-chamber to that of his exaltation as unlimited prime minister.

LETTER I.

WEISTROPP, 22nd July, 1848.

"I kept the Duke at Parma as long as I could. Had he heeded my counsels throughout, I believe we should have been there still. However, it seems that Providence had ordained otherwise. The English Government has been very kind to us throughout the whole affair. I had been at Turin, treating the customs league, and there I had an opportunity of informing the English Government, and proving my statements, so that they had a clear view of the infamous conduct of the King of Sardinia. When all was beyond remedy, I was enabled, by the kindness of Sir George Hamilton, to snatch the Duke from their power, and by so doing I have embarrassed their whole policy, and, as I hope, saved all. I see nothing to be feared from Charles Albert's invasion, and really believe he will soon be driven home again. I hope that the Duke will benefit by this lesson; for out of all that numerous herd of courtiers fed by him, none came forward to share their fate with him; and it proves, at the end, that my poor humble Yorkshire breeding was the best nobility of that horrid lot! I was desired by the Court of Tuscany to take a part in their government, just at the moment of the Duke's fall in Parma. My answer to the Grand Duke was, that the more the Duke of Parma was sunk in misfortune, the truer I should stick to him, and that

I hoped the Grand Duke would, in case of similar misfortunes, find men of his own who would do the same! The Grand Duke was highly pleased with the answer, and said, 'Ward, that is precisely the answer that I expected from you.'" In this letter Baron Ward describes, at great length, many important negotiations which he had carried on between his master, while Duke of Lucca, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the share which he had in the arrangement whereby the Duchy of Lucca was ceded to the Grand Duke on very favourable terms for Charles Louis. "The conclusion of this important affair made the Grand Duke settle an annual pension on me of 10,000 francs, allowing me to enjoy it when I liked, and to continue to serve the Duke and his son. Afterwards he conferred his Grand Cross on me, and the title of a Tuscan nobleman. The Duke of Lucca had given me his cross of the first class, and, unknowingly to me, had created me a Baron. Here you have a sketch of my romantic life; for I cannot term it otherwise for a national school-boy of York, who only had the benefit even of that up to his ninth year. To go on with my story: Unluckily for us, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, died suddenly and unexpectedly. I was engaged in Florence liquidating the affairs of the Lucchese abdication. * * * The Duke did all he could to get me to Parma; and when the Grand Duke conferred on me the Grand Cross of St. Joseph, the Duke gave me the Grand Cross of Constantinano of Parma. But that was not what would entice Ward. However, I set out post immediately for Parma, to stand by the Duke in such a needful moment. I was stopped on the road by Zam-

beccari's band of Crosciati; but when conducted to him, he most friendly told me he had heard so much good of me, he was sure I should do no harm. However, I arrived at Parma when the revolution had conquered, and I leave you to judge my mortification. However, I succeeded in compromising the Regency, so that the Duke and his family had their horses taken from their carriages, and were drawn in triumph through the streets. The Regency were baffled by this sudden change of public opinion, and begged me to become one of their members. This, of course, I declined. The Duke had unfortunately named a Regency before I arrived, and after he had done so there was no means of getting him away, as all Lombardy was in an uproar. Had the Duke not done this, or even afterwards, had he given the constitution and formed a new ministry, all would have gone well. But it was impossible for me to persuade him to this, so I had no other way than that of saving the family; and after having achieved the victory of public opinion, off I went to Turin, and arrived there before Charles Albert left for the camp. This step was, as I say, necessary, in order to save the family; and I managed business so well there that I kept all alive for a month longer. Had Radetsky recovered in this time, you see my battle would have been most glorious. I bothered Piedmont with English interference to that degree that my passports were sent to me. Then I claimed my rights as an English subject, and obtained, in virtue of this, fifteen days' respite, under English protection, to remain at Genoa. This was all I wanted to save the Duke, and save him I did, from Genoa, with Sir George Hamilton's assistance. I

was excluded then from Piedmont and Tuscany. However, I had the comfort to be admired for my stanch conduct even by my bitterest enemies. You see I have done what I could to give you a brief sketch of what has occurred. But you find a great deal of ICH, which I could not avoid if I wished to give you a sketch of my romance, &c., &c., &c. The Duke will be highly delighted with your letter. His intention is about the end of August to visit England. He has already had a friendly invitation from the Queen."

LETTER II.

"WEISTROPP, DRESDEN,
"30th July, 1848.

"You see the benefit of all that I did has vanished away like smoke, in the Italian revolutions; and it is a useful lesson for life, for from this we can learn how vain the things of this world are. It is not that I regret what has occurred to myself, for to me all that is beyond the necessaries of a humble, honest life, are accessories. It is for the Duke that I feel. It is for the misfortunes of a noble-minded prince, who, throughout all his life, has been involved in difficulties; and when we go to the origin of all, the cause generally applicable is overdone generosity and kindness. I believe that the Duke's family will, ere long, be reinstated in their dukedom, and here ends all my political career. I have resolved on retiring from court and state whenever that happy event is realized. I have lived fifteen years constantly among the Italians, and I am sorry to say, that out of thousands of pretended friends not one

turned out in the day of trouble. Thousands the Duke has raised from nothing, and not a soul of them came forward, even to say, 'Do you want anything?' excepting Sebright* and Cotterell. After such experience, whenever fortune reappears favourable to the family, my duty is finished, and a tranquil life, after so much *burasco* with my dear children, will be preferred to anything else this world can offer."

### LETTER III.

"WEISTROPP, 9th August, 1848.

"When His Royal Highness wrote to you of his coming to England, Radetsky had not driven Carlo Alberto out of the trenches on the Mincio. Now he has driven him beyond Cremona; and probably at this moment Milan has been retaken. So you see all these events change the Duke's position, and we have for the present something more to do than to travel."

### LETTER IV.

"11th August, 1848.

"I find myself once more launched into business, and I have this day accepted the office of chargé d'affaires for Parma, at the Court of Vienna. So you see we intend having another struggle for my master, or at least for his family. All this good news, that

* Mr. Sebright for some years was equerry to the Duke, who created him Baron de Everton, and afterwards British Resident at Santa Maura, in the Ionian Islands. Both he and Mr. Cotterell were independent English gentlemen attached to the Court of Lucca.

would have warmed the hearts of thousands in His Royal Highness's position, has been the cause of damping his spirits. The remembrance of his past sufferings is so fresh, and the sounds are so deeply engrained, that I fear he will never recover from them."

LETTER V.

"WEISTROPP, 19th August, 1848.

"The affairs of Italy have travelled by steam. So quick have events thereon followed the other, that we are all in confusion how to act and what to do first. I came here just from Vienna, and I leave to-morrow for Italy, by Vienna, as Luogotenente for the Ducato di Parma, with unlimited power to act, as circumstances may appear necessary. The Duke will not come there until all is entirely settled. This is my mission; but mind, I have another which only needs filling up; and, if I can find the man to my fancy, I shall step back and place him in my shoes before I put them on. Only downright necessity will make me take this step of re-entering into public affairs in Italy, for I am so sick and disgusted, that I shall be most happy to withdraw from the whole, and attend to the welfare of my family. However, I must fulfil my promise, save the Duke and his duchy, and see him once more righted. I cannot say for the present direct here or there, as it will be very difficult to know where I shall get to, and what may become of me for a time. I trust in God, and fear no man; and I doubt not but that I shall work my way through. The King and Queen of Prussia, as well as the King and Queen of Saxony, all paid the Duke a visit here yesterday. Please take no notice,

should the Duke at this moment of excitement not answer punctually. And be so kind as to write to him often, as your letters do him much good."

### Letter VI.

"Vienna, 18th December, 1848.

"When I arrived at Weistropp, I found the Duke in good health. The abdication of the Emperor only allowed me to remain twenty-two hours, as I was honoured with the mission of congratulating, in the Duke's name, the young Emperor on his accession to the throne; so I left for Olmütz, and from thence I was commissioned to go to Prague, where I was honoured with an audience of the Emperor Ferdinand and the Empress. From an interview with Prince Schwarzenburg, and the Russian Minister, Count Medem, I have the pleasure to announce to you that the Duke of Parma's affairs are in a most tranquillizing position, as Russia has pronounced positively in favour of the Duke's rights being respected, and Austria has given the assurance of having them respected. So much for poor Tom Ward's exertions! You see, sticking to right, and going straightforward has the help of God with it at the end; and the feeble, with patience and perseverance, find protection."

### Letter VII.

"Vienna, 6th February, 1849.

"Some days I am all in hope, and no sooner have I dreamt too pleasantly than up stirs some insignificant intrigue as small as a nut, and before I have well had

time to observe it, it becomes as large and awkward as the Alps. I cannot describe my position to you, as it would lead me into a labyrinth of court intrigues that are only known in England from romances. I have just arrived from Pesth in Hungary. I was honoured with the commission to be the bearer of the Duke's Grand Cross to Prince Windischgrätz, and the Commander Cross to the Colonel of the Regiment that bears the Duke's name, and six crosses of Chevalier of the first class to the staff officers, and three thousand francs to the soldiers of the regiment, they have distinguished themselves, particularly in the last campaign. I was most cordially received by the Prince, invited to dinner among the warriors, and honoured with the place of distinction at the Prince's table."

LETTER VIII.

"WEISTROPP, 2nd March, 1849.

"The Duke has determined to abdicate in favour of his son. Convinced as I was that all opposition to this resolution was useless, I made my last journey to England, and came to a final accommodation with the Prince and Princess as to how this could be arranged when the moment was found favourable. Many obstacles of the greatest importance, which I cannot mention here, were necessary to be removed before a step of this kind could be thought of, and I leave you to judge what a difficult task I have had. God be thanked, I have got over the worst part of my labour. Providence has been, far above our merits, kind. Things have occurred which, to a certain degree, will justify the step that must be taken, and I have been successful

in smoothing down the Austrian obstacles; and I hope that my dear Duke will be able to make an honourable retreat. Were it not for the immense attachment and gratitude I feel for all his kindnesses bestowed on me, it would have been impossible to have carried it through. My trust in God has made me do what I really never could conceive to have succeeded in, driven on by the feeling of sooner die than be ungrateful. The Prince has been greatly and most unjustly calumniated; and all I can say in his favour is, that I know all the sovereigns in Italy, and that pretty well, and I do really and sincerely believe that he will prove one of the best among them. No one has ever taken the trouble to circulate what I saw the Prince do at Viareggio. A poor fellow was drowning in the sea, and the Prince begged two sailors standing by, to jump in and save the man. The answer was, that it was impossible, as the poor man was in an underwater current. The Prince then threw off his clothes and jumped into the sea. The sailors cried out, 'He is lost.' A tremendous moment occurred betwixt him and the drowning man. But he had determined to save him, and he did so. I got up to the spot before the Prince was out of danger; and I wish you had seen the modesty of the young man. His words were, 'Dear Ward, pay these men, that they may be silent, and see this poor man, who I fear is dead, attended to, and say nothing to no one;' and with that he was gone. Any man capable of such a generous action is not to be despised."

## Letter IX.

"Weistropp, 17th March, 1849.

"I have received your letter of the 10th. The Duke happened to come into my room, snatched it up, and had the pleasure of its contents. He was sorry for the opinion you pass on his intended act of abdication, and I ventured to explain to him that many of his best friends would be of your opinion, as he could not say that it was old age or indisposition that hindered him from performing the sacred duty which God had laid upon him. However, that was only repeating what I have said thousands of times and in thousands of ways, and I have painted futurity to him in private life with all the disagreeableness that I could think of. But he has suffered so much from the revolution of Parma, that he is horror-struck when you talk of his returning there."

The Duke of Parma had fully, and, as it has turned out, wisely, made up his mind to abdicate the crown in favour of his son. This step was opposed by many of his friends, but it is one of which he never repented; and after the events of recent years, so fatal to Italian dynasties, he may consider himself fortunate in having renounced voluntarily, from moderation and lassitude, that supreme authority which has been wrested from others by force.

## Letter X.

"Vienna, 5th June, 1849.

"Events go by steam, and being reckoned among the fast locomotives, I am constantly at work. The grand

essential thing that I have managed was, in spite of all diplomatic precautions from friends and enemies, to get the young Duke to take formal possession of Parma and Placentia. This is what we term now-a-days '*un fait accompli.*' And it succeeding above all expectation, thereby became an incontestable *fait accompli*, which so vexed many parties, who had their *arrière pensées*, that it may cost me all favours formerly bestowed on me. Never mind about that! The cause I had so hardily fought for has succeeded. No one can, out of whatever new system of doing or thinking, dispute us our rights, as, if we go by legitimate right, we are incontestable; and if we go by the new theory of *fait accompli*, we are more than safe, as no one could have been better received than the young Duke was, and, *nota bene*, under the most unfavourable circumstances. But I was determined to have the *fait accompli* accomplished before the peace with Piedmont was concluded, as I was well informed what was going on in those quarters. Let them say what they will of Ward, they must own that he has *York'd* them all for once. I am at war, as I said above, with friends and foes, but I feel the comfort of having done my duty, acted entirely in accordance with my conscience, and have no one to fear but God, and He has conducted me through life, else I should never have had success. Though feebly placed, having no cannon and no soldiers, with God there is no need of them, as is evident in our case. I expect to be in Milan in a short time again, if the clouds clear away. If not, I have succeeded in assuring the incontestable rights of a family to whom I was, from a sense of gratitude, devoted; and I shall content myself

with the day's work allotted to me being accomplished, and retire to rest. The young Duke did wonders at Parma, pleased every one, was found in the eyes of all sensible, active, honourable—*pieno di carattere.* He seems born for a sovereign. The tact which he displayed was like magic. He is now at Malghera with Radetsky, displaying as much courage as any common soldier. In short, he seems determined to make up lost ground."

### LETTER XI.

"VIENNA, July, 1849.

"Since my return from Milan, I have had the satisfaction to hear repeated from Prince Schwarzenburg that the Duke of Parma and his government were much more noble-minded than the Duke of Modena. This was the complete success gained by perseverance when you know you have espoused a right and honest cause. And this has been my guide through life. Support what is right and just, and live and die by the consequences; and allow no one, high or low, to baffle me in my work, trusting solely to God, and fearing no man. This is the only way to succeed, as God alone can do and undo. Against His will all the craft of man is useless, and with His support the frown of thousands can do no harm. I have walked quietly through revolutions, and no one had the power to cry out against me, and I have all my enemies under my feet. Should I not therefore trust in God, and should I be so vain as to fancy this to be my work? No, it is God's work alone, and I am a mere tool that He has pleased to make use of; and a great blessing it is to be chosen as

such. Think of a boy torn from school in the ninth year of his age, placed in livery stables without education, and then see him placed amidst the affairs of Europe, concluding treaties! and must not this be the work of God? Most certainly it is his work: and may I always be thankful to Him, and prove as worthy as we earthly beings can be for His bountiful kindness! I have been very busy here of late, and succeeded in all with great success; in short, gaining ground, day by day, with hard work and constant attention to the important interests placed in my hands. His Majesty the Emperor has been pleased to confer on me the Knight Commander's Cross of his order of the Corona di Ferro. The matter caused some sensation amongst the diplomates, I being the youngest and the latest accredited. However, so it is, and I own that it gave me great pleasure, as Austria is so very particular as to conferring distinctions of the kind on foreigners."

### Letter XII.

"Vienna, 20th July, 1849.

"The young Duke is doing wonders and gaining the esteem of all who approach him. He has not, as yet, taken the reins of government in hand. The peace not being concluded with Piedmont has caused the delay. However, he has grown impatient, and determined to assume his duties. As for myself, since I left England I have been very busy backwards and forwards betwixt Milan and here. However, successful in all. Prince Schwarzenburg was rather hard upon me about a month ago respecting a quarrel we have with the Duke of Modena. I was to have been silenced by force; the

order was imperious. But Albion's sons do not understand any language but honour, so I made the affair short, and as a *sine quâ non*, the free liberty to defend the rights of my royal master without any restraint, or else Ward retires from office. Ten days elapsed without an answer, and a hundred might have done so before I would have humbled myself. My straightforwardness at last gained the day. The Prince sent for me, inviting me 'to have the kindness to come to him.' And ever since, I flatter myself that there is not a man in Vienna he esteems more. Since then I have concluded a treaty with the Minister Brück, in Milan, for the free navigation of the Po, as well as a postage convention, and also a military one. And I have now a very important business on hand which I hope will end equally successfully."

### LETTER XIII.

"VIENNA, 29th January, 1851.

"I am now and then everywhere, but at present hard at work with the Austrian government to obtain the sums due to the government of Parma for the late war. Then this work finished (when is very hard to say), I am expected in Parma (and have been so for the last six months), to do wonders there. So the Duke and the ministers say, as if they have anything difficult all is referred to me, and I am become a real byword, 'Ma questo benedetto Ward quando verra?' After I have finished in Parma, I am bound from thence direct to Madrid, to regulate the royal family affairs. I am hard at work from morning to late at night, day after day But God has blessed me with health and good humour,

which makes toil less trouble. He has blessed me with the happiness of three dear children, and a good sensible wife. He has given me sufficient good sense to discern the vanity of this world, so that although placed in a most extraordinary position for one of my birth and education, it is all no burthen to me. I go my way straightforward, fearing God, and thanking him constantly for his bounties, and doing cheerfully my duty. I keep as distant as I can from the rumour of society, as my business leaves me no time to cultivate it. So that I have sufficient time to enjoy my cheerful fireside. And only when my position does oblige me do I leave it. You must conclude that I am a happy man, and so it is. I am thankful to God, and happy as ever a man can be on earth. Not indeed without *désagrémens* and disappointments; but these are all in business, and are often caused by my eagerness to arrive 'au fond d'une affaire' too soon. I never have any *désagrémens* from society, I thank God, as I am always afraid and annoyed when I have to go up one step higher, fearing the consequences of falling from a slender ladder when too high up. As to titles and honours, I really do not know what to make of them, as they are of no use but for a show, such as a court ball, and those come seldom, so the whole gives little trouble. However, as you do interest yourself to know what is become of Tom Ward, I send you the top of one of my passports, which will save me the trouble of giving you the whole pedigree. The Duke has remitted to me a letter for Field Marshal Radetsky, recommending your protégé, which I will forward without delay."

LETTER XIV.

"VIENNA, 18th June, 1851.

"I thank God for his goodness in keeping me in the straightforward path of duty, as it is the only one in which to maintain intact a cheerful heart, and a real good will to meet all the fatigues and disagreements such a principle has to contend with. But assuredly it is ten thousandfold recompensed when you look on after the thing is accomplished. I have had a hàrd fight with the government here, which has, by God's inspiration, often given me the opportunity to baffle all the learned men on the point of right, frequently with a simple exposé. And so I have brought them to a dead standstill, which you may suppose aggravated them, but at the same time gained me great esteem; and the word *Parvenu*, which is often a powerful weapon with a certain party, has vanished entirely, and in its place, on dit, 'C'est un homme qui possede des moyens,' 'C'est une tête qui voit clair,' which, with my simple straightforward system, gives me great strength, as I have a much larger field to work upon than many others have; as a sturdy direct blow is attributed to my want of primitive education; and so these can be dealt out in many instances very freely, and I can assure you to great advantage."

I might add extracts from many more letters of equal interest. Enough, however, has been given to show the rare merit of this man, who united honesty and dexterity, simplicity and aptitude for diplomatic intrigue, in a way that has seldom before been seen. He even knew how to turn his early want of education and his

presumed ignorance to the advantage of the cause which he had on hand and *at heart.* The heart was the main secret of his success. He regarded the interests of his master with a single-minded, generous devotedness, and espoused them with much more zeal than he would have bestowed on his own advancement.

Of the subsequent years of his life little more shall be said. He continued to be prime minister of Parma, with absolute authority, during the short reign of Duke Charles III. Although occasionally at Parma, he resided chiefly at the Court of Vienna, to which he was accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary by his master, and from which he governed the Italian Principality. It is not my purpose to enter upon the subject of the rights of the foreign reigning dynasties, or the alleged wrongs of the native Italians. Ward was the servant and the minister of the Duke; and his business was to govern the people of the Dukedom according to the best interests of his master. It is only natural to suppose that this government by a foreigner, in the interests of a foreign dynasty, and supported by a great foreign power, could not be popular with an excitable, discontented, mutinous people like the Parmesans.

In the beginning of the year 1854, Charles III., Duke of Parma, was suddenly removed from this world by a mysterious and violent death. One of the first acts of the Duchess, his widow, desirous of popularity among the subjects of her infant son,* was to depose Baron

* The young ex-Duke of Parma centres in his person the presumptive heirship to the grandest and most ancient dynasties in Europe. His maternal uncle, the Duc de Bordeaux, being childless, he will, at the Duc's death, be the undoubted heir of line

Ward from his ministry, and send him into banishment. Alas! in the solitude of her dignified exile, amid the bitter experiences of the base ingratitude of those whom she endeavoured in vain to please, this sorely tried Princess had, before her death, in the midst of gloom and sadness, time and good cause to contrast the sterling and disinterested devotedness of Ward with the miserable fickleness of those for whom she had to sacrifice him.

Ward was removed from the evil to come, and was called to exchange this world for a better before the last fatal outburst of ruin upon the family to whom he had devoted the active energies of his virtuous and useful life. After he was so suddenly and so harshly

of the Royal Family of Bourbon, through Henry IV. and the kings of Navarre, up to Louis X., who was the direct descendant, from father to son, of Hugh Capet. He will also be heir of the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland, through the elder line of Baliol, the sister and heir of that monarch having carried the right of representing the old Scottish sovereigns and the Royal Saxon line of England, through the families of Lindsay and DeCoucy, into the house of Bourbon. He is also, in right of his paternal grandmother, Maria Teresa, Duchess of Lucca and Parma, co-heir of the Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet kings of Great Britain; for she was one of the daughters and co-heirs of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who was the sole heir of King Charles I. Of all the Italian princes who have been driven from their thrones by revolutionary movement, the misfortunes of none have excited so much sympathy as those of the young Duke of Parma, now an exile at Frohsdorf, and his late mother the Regent, the most unfortunate Louisa de Bourbon, who died 1st February, 1864. What Royal vicissitudes were the lot of this Princess! Her grandfather, Charles X, was dethroned, her father, the Duc de Berri, assassinated, her husband murdered, and her son, Duke Robert, driven from his duchy! Her father-in-law, Duke Charles, Ward's friend, and her mother, the Duchess de Berri, still survive.

sacrificed by the course of events, and a vain attempt to conciliate popular favour, he entirely retired from public affairs. No man could more emphatically say, 'Put not your trust in princes." And with the approval of a good conscience, he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to those occupations which seemed to have been his original destination, but from which he had so strangely been raised to fill the position of a statesman.

Prince Metternich truly characterised Ward as a "Heaven-born Diplomatist." This was said on the occasion of the baron's paying a visit to the great Austrian minister then at Brighton, after the revolution of 1848.

The ingratitude of the government of Parma to that friend, whom Providence seemed to have raised up for its defence, was the signal for Ward's retirement into a private and comparatively humble station. He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and spent his last few years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children.

In 1859, Baron Ward died at the age of forty-nine. He has left us a memorable example, how integrity, talent, and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to ride on the high places of the earth, and to reflect an honour on the land that gave him birth.

# The House that Jack Built.

Chi troppo in alto sale
Presto in giù cade.

THE county of Westmoreland—the Switzerland of England—has natural beauties in great and charming variety. Her fine meres and waters, her green luxuriant gills, and her lofty range of fells, are themes of every one's praise. In the midst of this delightful scenery have lived Langhorne, Patteson, Thompson,* Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Wilson, Talfourd, De Quincey, and many others whose muse derived inspiration from the sublime and beautiful around them.

But, as if it were by a law of compensation, no county is so barren of material for a work like this. Family vicissitudes, by which I mean the ups and downs of families, seem almost unknown here. Scores of *Worthies* have elevated themselves, and their families with them, from a lowly condition of life to one of distinction; but, once raised to eminence, they seem to bid defiance to those influences which overwhelm so many elsewhere. Like their very mountains, they seem, in most cases, to resist all change. The *haute noblesse* of Westmoreland are few and far between. Of these few, some have been swept away, without leav

* The Author of the "Fables of Flora."

ing a wreck behind: others endure in all their ancient grandeur and prestige. The Parrs of Kendal Castle, for instance, are gone for ever, and of their great stronghold the last battlement is fearfully tottering under the infirmities of age; yet the Howards of Levens, the Stricklands of Sizergh, the Musgraves of Hartley, and the Lowthers of Lowther are there still, coeval with, and not unlike, those stately oaks and elms that crown their parks and shelter their Halls; and which Time has only served to imbed more deeply in the ground, adding firmness and strength to the various branches they have thrown forth. And as with her nobility, so it is with the class next in social rank—the *statesmen;* the peculiar name given to those who live upon and cultivate their own *estates;* being, probably, a corruption or abbreviation of the compound term *estatesmen.* Amongst these, too, (by far the largest class) there is to be found the same remarkable family solidity and durability. The Addisons and Dents, and Halls, and Wilsons, and Fishers, and Robinsons, and Thompsons live where their ancestors lived five or six hundred years ago, with little vicissitude, beyond what Time necessarily brings.

In the list of *statesmen* I do not overlook the partial alterations which emigration has made: by this agency one great name has been given to the new world: the ancestor of the illustrious George Washington emigrated from Dillicar, near Grayrigg in Westmoreland, about the year 1651.

Now, the reasons why society in this province has undergone so little change, so little as compared to other places, and so little as compared with her fair

sister—*cannie Cumberland*—afford abundant matter for philosophical speculation. A good deal, however, lies plainly on the surface, and needs no ghost from the grave to tell us it may be referred to her physical seclusion; for until the beginning of the reign of George the Third, Westmorland was really cut off from the rest of the kingdom in a southerly direction. Highways and byeways she nominally had, but they were, at best, but sheep-tracks guarded by turnpike gates, until MacAdam visited them in the following reign; and her bleak fells seem to have served as so many barriers against those social and political floods which have from time to time swept without resistance over other parts of the kingdom. Another cause which, no doubt, contributed largely and materially to the permanence of Westmorland families was this: the *statesmen* had the sterling good sense to be quiet in political matters, and to leave the two great Barons of Lowther and Thanet to fight the county battles: thus, by their discretion, keeping their estates and families together, instead of destroying both in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, which, even in Cumberland, has led many a noble race to utter ruin. The *customary tenure* of property (there commonly called *Tenant-right*), and the law of primogeniture (to which the *statesmen* cling with almost religious attachment), have, undoubtedly, contributed their respective shares to this remarkable state of things. Be the reasons, however, what they may, the fact is so, and, as enunciated by a distinguished person, *facts have an inexorable logic*—facts are stubborn things.

The narrative I am about to give does not record the fall of a Parr, a Veteripont, a Clifford, or a Howard.

Yet it is the partial history of one who saw and experienced as much of life as most men, and who has left behind him an example pregnant with instruction and interest. It is, in short, the story of "the House that Jack Built."

In the vale of the Eden, about the middle of what is known as the bottom of Westmorland, as contradistinguished from the Barony of Kendal, stands the neat little market-town of Appleby—said to be the old Roman station of *Aballaba*—whence probably it took its appellation. It is the chief, though not the largest, town in the county, and was one of the oldest boroughs in the kingdom. Its great antiquity, however, did not save it from the vandalism of our age; and Schedule A. of the Reform Bill of 1832 is graced with the name of the constituency that first sent Pitt and Canning to Parliament. The site of Appleby is exceedingly beautiful. The town is on the slope of a steep hill, and consists of one wide street running from the top to the bottom of it, flanked at each end with a Doric pillar, called a cross, bearing patriotic mottoes—"Maintain your loyalty"—"preserve your rights," and the like. Here and there, from this main street are narrow lanes, called *weinds*, jutting out towards the river Eden, which sweeps majestically in a semi-circle round about. The Castle, the seat of the Tuftons, for many generations Earls of Thanet, and once the famed abode of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," with its grove of many sycamores and ashes, crowns the hill. Within its court-yard rises a stately tower, still bearing the marks of those religious fanatics who, in Cromwell's time, thought they did God service by turning his temples into stables, and by battering to the

ground the mansions of the great. The landscape is truly grand. Wild Boar Fell is a fine object; Cross Fell, when the helm-wind is on, looks sublime; Saddleback and Helvellyn blend their sunlit summits with the sky, and distance lends enchantment to the view of the Cheviots.

Now, after feasting to your heart's content on this lovely scene, aim for the High-street, which I have just described, and about the middle of it, on the right as you descend towards the low cross, you will see, for you cannot miss it, a large oblong-square, whitewashed mansion. Should you ask any native what that odd-looking place is, the answer will be—"Thaat pleaace? wya! it's t' hoos et Jack belt."—*Anglicè*, "That place? why, it's the house that Jack built." Should you enquire further, as probably you would be inclined to do, who Jack was? the answer would be—"Jack? Wya! Jack Robeson, to be suer!" Now, John Robinson, for that was the name he actually received at baptism, as attested by the certificate, was born in Appleby, about the year 1727. His lineage is not recorded in the books of the College of Arms, nor yet in Tara's Psalter. He was simply the son of a thriving tradesman, to wit, as the lawyers say, of one who kept a small shop, dealt in everything from sugar to a shoe-tie, and was thriving on its profits.

By means of the excellent free grammar-school of his native town, Jack managed to get the rudiments of education. Public opinion seems much divided as to the degree of instruction he received. If it be true that he became an attorney, and was a gentleman by act of parliament, when Sir James Lowther first took a fancy to him, if that be so, it may fairly be inferred that he did, at

school, make some progress in scholastic knowledge; but there seems to prevail a well-grounded belief that he was, as a mere boy, taken into the service of the House of Lowther, and that when Sir James came of age, and began to look after his own affairs, he discovered in the lad in his office a most expert arithmetician. Certain it is, that from the moment the eye of Sir James rested upon him, his advancement was assured. He rose so rapidly, that the pen that attempts to describe his ascent fails in speed to follow him. I must be content, therefore, to consolidate his honours by saying that, in a very short space of time, he was M.P. for the county of Westmorland, and afterwards for the borough of Harwich; Lieutenant-Colonel of the Westmorland Militia; Secretary to the Treasury; and lastly, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. There is an accepted, but erroneous tradition that his rocket-like ascent gave rise to the household phrase—"As soon as you can say Jack Robeson;"—an error, undoubtedly, for the saying is to be found in books written before Robinson was born. In all probability it came to be fathered upon him, or rather attached to his name, from the following circumstance. When Jack was Secretary to the Treasury under Lord North's Administration, he took a very active part in politics. The H.B.s of the age caricatured him as *the political ratcatcher*, and at one time he performed those delicate and mysterious duties which belong to the influential post of a parliamentary *whip*. Now, Brinsley Sheridan being very much distressed at the bribery and corruption that had prevailed at a general election just over, was hurling his anathemas at the heads of those seated on the opposition

benches (of course those on the same side with himself were incapable of doing any wrong in this respect), when the cry arose "Name! name!" Sheridan turning round, and looking Jack somewhat impudently in the face, exclaimed, "Name! ay, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robeson." This was, no doubt, the occasion that gave rise to the notion that the saying had its origin in Mr. Robinson's rapid rise from obscurity to wealth and power.

When Sir James Lowther first resolved on making Robinson member for the county of Westmorland, he found it necessary to confer upon his *Jack-boot* (as he was sometimes called) a sufficient qualification to enable him to sit in the House of Commons. This qualification (until abolished in 1858) was in England for a knight of the shire, £600 a-year; and £300 a-year for a borough member. Property worth £600 a-year had consequently to be conveyed or transferred to Jack, to qualify him as a knight of the shire. Where there's a will there's a way. It was no sooner said than done. Jack was now M.P. for his native county; and then it was that he built the house in Appleby, which has been partly, but very imperfectly, described.

To call it either a Dotheboys Hall, a ladies' seminary, a workhouse, or a house of correction, or a house of a composite order, would convey an imperfect idea of its size, shape, or general appearance. No description does so well as the common one—that it's "the house that Jack built;" for none but Robinson would have dreamt of building such a fabric. Here, when he was in the north, he lived, in almost regal splendour. Whether Sir James got jealous of him on this account,

or had just cause of quarrel, is not certainly known: the estrangement took place about the time when Sir James withdrew his support from Lord North on the American question, and it may be, as some say, that Jack refused to be dictated to. However, of a truth, they did quarrel, and Jack then exchanged his seat for Harwich, which he represented many years. Sir James immediately demanded a return of the property qualification conferred upon Robinson when he was elected member for the county. This Jack refused to restore, putting forward a counter claim of as large an amount. It is commonly reported that he challenged Sir James. The barbarous practice of duelling was, no doubt, very common at that period; but the fact was that Sir James, and not Jack, sent the challenge. The late Colonel Lowther acted as Sir James's next friend; and so determined was he, for some reason or other, to become the principal instead of the second in the affair, that he told Jack to his face that he was a scoundrel, and that he had come on purpose to tell him so. Such a fire-eater was not a man after Jack's own heart, and he very wisely declined to have anything to do with either of them. The matter ended in Jack's disposing of his property in Appleby, and above all, by selling his property of Burgage tenure to the Earl of Thanet, Sir James's political rival, who thus got an equal footing in the town with the house of Lowther, and equally divided the interest, until the Reform Bill of 1832 annihilated the whole.

In 1788, Pitt made Robinson Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. This office brought him into immediate relation with the Royal Family,

especially with George the Third, with whom he was a special favourite. "When he died,"—(says his learned biographer, Mr. Serjeant Atkinson, in his "Worthies of Westmorland")—"there were upwards of three hundred letters in his writing desk written to him by his sovereign, some on agricultural matters, but many on the American War; letters proving alike the unbounded confidence placed in his head and heart." His biographer tells an anecdote of Jack which shows more fully his status at Windsor Castle. "The king was once obliged in the chase to cross Wyke Farm"—(Robinson lived at Wyke House, near Brentford)—"but on riding up to one of the gates he found it locked. He hailed a man close by, but the fellow seemed lazy or unwilling to do as he was bid. 'Come, come,' said the king, 'open the gate.' 'Nay, *ye mun gang aboot*,' was the answer. 'Gang aboot!' replied the king; 'open the gate, man—I'm the king!' 'Why, may be,' said the chap, 'but ye mun gang aboot, if ye ert king,' and sure enough the king was forced to gang aboot; which in plain English means that he was obliged to go round nearly the whole enclosure of Osterly Park. Whether Nimrod lost his temper or not is unrecorded; but that he was not in at the death may be taken for granted, without any record of the fact. Robinson came home in the afternoon, and was told of his royal master's disappointment; and being assured of the fact by the offender himself, he instantly ordered horses to his carriage, and drove post haste to Kew. He was admitted as usual without ceremony, and the King, laughing, greeted him thus: 'Ah, Robinson, I see you are in distress—be of good cheer! I wish I had such fine fellows in my pay as *auld gang aboot*.

Tell him from me that I shall always be glad to see him.'" Robinson was at ease; and *auld gang aboot* very soon and very often found a more direct path than around the palings of Osterly Park to Kew Palace, where he always met with the kindness which his sturdy honesty and practical good sense was sure to meet with under the roof of one who himself had so large a share of both. The king never saw friend Jack afterwards without inquiring affectionately after *auld gang aboot.*

I have noticed the autograph letters on agricultural matters found amongst Robinson's papers after his death; and it is not unworthy of note that the king used to sign the name of *Ralph Robinson* to his agricultural letters in Arthur Young. Sight-seers who drive from Windsor to Virginia Water, will also be pleased to remember that they ride through a forest of trees planted by the direction and under the eye of Jack Robinson. He used to boast that he planted nearly twenty thousand oaks in Windsor Park.

Jack was now in the meridian of his glory—the child of fortune, the companion of princes, and the active Member of Parliament. As a retired Secretary to the Treasury, he enjoyed a pension of £1,000 a-year, and he held in addition the lucrative appointment of Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. He had besides kicked away the ladder by which he rose to power, and so freed himself from the political sway of Sir James Lowther. With such advantages and *prestige,* it will not be a matter of surprise to find that his only child, a lovely and accomplished daughter, was wooed on every hand. Many were the suitors, but Mr. Nevill, afterwards Earl of Abergavenny, carried off

the prize. Jack had thus ennobled his family. A patent of nobility for himself seemed all that was wanting to fill up the measure of his good fortune, and bets ran high that he would get one.

But the height of his prosperity had been attained: nothing further remained in store for him but the bitterest adversity and the severest trials. Robinson's fall was as rapid as his marvellous rise. I have already stated that he was His Majesty's Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests (an office now merged in the General Board of Works). At the time he held this office there was, strange to say, no fixed salary attached to it, nor yet was the Chief Commissioner entitled to what is commonly called a commission. It seems to have been a *quasi*, or sort of commission measured in amount by the will of the Minister. When he asked to have his accounts audited, he was told to wait; when he asked for money, he was told to help himself. This he did, but being in constant expectation that his accounts would be properly audited and the just balance admitted, he only took what he thought sufficient for his immediate wants, and which was far, very far, below the amount he believed was due to him. As if he had a presentiment of danger, however, he never ceased to importune Pitt for a settlement. At last some busybody in the House of Commons enquired why public auditors should be paid out of the public purse for doing nothing, and threatened to apply for a Committee on the Woods and Forests generally. The effect of this threat was the ruin of Jack Robinson. He had now reached the venerable age of three score years and ten, and had during the period of his official life been immersed in political

rather than financial details. Those who know the difficulty there is in rendering a strict and rigid account of every halfpenny paid and received during a course of ten or twelve years in the ordinary concerns of life, can form a good notion of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of rendering one for a period so long and in matters so multitudinous as those Robinson had to deal with. It is said that vouchers were even called for in proof of the payment of turnpike tolls! And these were no trifles in those days, when he had to post to Windsor and Kew (not to mention other places) several times a week. To add to the difficulty of such a mode of audit, the delay in calling for a settlement had deprived him of the right or power to call upon others to render their accounts to him. Robinson was assisted in his endeavours to make out his statement by his able and confidential old clerk, Thornborough, but he had not strength of mind or body to carry him through. Weighed down with this unexpected and heavy calamity, and seeing no end of it but poverty—a poverty not springing from extravagance or inadvertence of his own, he sunk beneath it, a broken-hearted man.

After his death, Thornborough, to his infinite credit, pursued the matter, and in the end proved beyond all controversy the cruelty and injustice of the treatment of his master. He clearly established the fact that the Government was Robinson's debtor to a large amount, and thereupon, the title to Wyke House, being freed from Exchequer claims, passed to the Earl of Jersey, the noble owner of the adjoining estate of Osterly Park. Robinson died in December, 1802, in Harwich; but where he was buried does not appear to have been

ascertained with any degree of certainty. The belief, however, is, that his remains lie with those of his daughter, the Countess of Abergavenny, at the corner of Isleworth churchyard. On her tomb is written:—

MARY NEVILL,
COUNTESS OF ABERGAVENNY,
Died 26th Oct. 1796,
Aged 36.

When a man rises in the world, especially to the great social and political height that Robinson did, it is natural to expect to see his family, even to a very remote degree of consanguinity and affinity, rise also. Robinson had two brothers; one became a bencher of Gray's Inn, and Recorder of Appleby, and the other attained the rank of Rear Admiral in the British service. A sister married into the Chaytor family, now of the county of Durham, but formerly, it seems from Appleby.

But Robinson's relatives of a more remote degree do not seem to have risen much above the horizon of their own primary condition. About five and thirty years ago, two of the family, father and son, the only ones of the name, lived three or four miles from the county town, on a small piece of land belonging to the father. Their vicissitudes are not without interest. The father was a remarkably fine man, full six feet three inches in height, of powerful form, and honest, good-humoured appearance. In an evil hour he turned smuggler. The Excise detected him and he fled. His property was seized and sold to satisfy the requirements of the Excise laws, and the son was driven to a trade for a living. The whereabouts of the

father was long unknown, indeed, it was known to very few. Not long ago one who was acquainted with him of old was struck with the stalwart frame and front of a Guardsman on duty at the foot of the royal staircase. The recognition was mutual. Under what name he served his queen and country is not material to enquire; for his loyalty, like his manhood, was inferior to none. I have mentioned that the son, upon the father's flight, took to a trade. I dare say he may still, any day, be seen plodding his weary way, with lap-board and goose over his shoulders, to some lone farm house for a day's work in the art and mystery of a tailor.

# The Fall of Conyers.

——— I'll noble it no further.
Let them erase my name from honour's list,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege.

SCOTT.

THE ancient Hall at Sockburn in the county of Durham—"Tees-seated Sockburn, where by long descent Conyers was Lord," has mouldered to the level of its bounding pastures; a dying chestnut seems the last remnant of its thick defences of green; and the little rural church, where the old Lords knelt in life and slept in death, is a ruin in its lonely graveyard. The chapel-aisle retained, up to a recent period, a few of the Conyers' monuments; and broken panes of coloured glass, with brasses still unworn, forbade the disruption altogether of Conyers memories from Sockburn; but a feeling of utter desolation now strikes the tourist on visiting the home of the Conyers's. All is gone. Not an acre of land in the county of Durham is held by one of the name; and of the old Hall, not one stone is left on another. A curious legend, which yet lingers about the place, alone connects the deserted spot with a recollection of its early owners. Sir John Conyers, a doughty knight, is recorded to have

slain a venomous wyvern, which was the terror of the country round, and to have been requited by a royal gift of the Manor of Sockburn, to be held by the service of presenting a falchion to each Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into the Palatinate.

Truly could the Conyers's say,

"By this sword we hold our land."

I do not ask the reader to pin his faith on the Norman name of Conyers being the veritable style of the dragon-slaying knight of Saxon times, much less that the falchion of Cœur de Lion's days, still preserved in the modern House at Sockburn, belonged to him.

But I would have him remember that the sword of the Conyers's was the title-deed to their estate. In compliance with the tenure, when each new Bishop of Durham first comes to his diocese, the Lord of Sockburn, meeting him in the middle of Neashamford, or Croft Bridge, presents him with a falchion, addressing him in these words:—"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the Champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery-flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the Manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented." The Bishop returns it, wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and long enjoyment of the Manor.*

Before the gift of Sockburn, it is asserted that Sir

* Longstaffe's History of Darlington.

Roger Conyers was, in the Conqueror's days, made Constable of the Keep of Durham and all the soldiers there; and that his son, Sir Roger, was Constable by inheritance, "as by a deed is made mention in the time of Henry the First, which deed is yet to see, under a great seal, himself in complete armour, sustaining of his falchion and shield-at-arms, and amounted of his horse, being armed, and attired with all the furniture of the field, having a shaffron, and a plume of feathers, according to the course of war and the Marshal office of a Constable." This is a gallant picture, and I wish we had better authority for it than the "Manuscript of John Calverley, Esq.," from which Randal had it. Certainly all the Constabulary rights had decayed when the Conyers's flaunted proudly at Sockburn.

Knightly and noble was this same race of Conyers: the Sockburn line, who displayed the simple bearing, "*az. a maunch, or*," held broad lands by inheritance, and increased them by marriages with Northern heiresses. Sir John Conyers, of the time of Edward I., gained the hand and fortune of Scolastica, the richly-endowed daughter of Ralph de Cotam: his grandson, another Sir John, married the co-heiress of de Aiton, whose mother was a Percy of Northumberland, and *his* son, Robert, took to wife the sole heiress of William Pert, whose mother was a Scrope of Yorkshire. Subsequent alliances with the Eures, Bigots, Markenfields, Radcliffes, Saviles, Dawnys, Bowes', Bulmers, Widdringtons, and Simeons tended still further to elevate the position and grandeur of the house, until at length, in the seventeenth century, ANNE CONYERS, the heiress of the last male descendant of the senior branch, married Francis, 11th Earl of

Shrewsbury, and conveyed the Lordship of Sockburn to the historic name of Talbot; but the Talbots soon fell sick of the ancient acres of the Conyers's, and in about fifty or sixty years after, sold them to the Blacketts.

While the Sockburn stem was flourishing in Durham, an offshoot planted itself at Hornby, in Yorkshire. That grand old castle came to the second branch of Conyers, by the marriage of Sir John Conyers with Margery, daughter and co-heir of Philip, 6th Lord D'Arcy, the 4th in descent from the renowned Justice of Ireland, John, Lord D'Arcy, and it passed in succession to their eldest son, Sir John Conyers, who was a Knight of the Garter, and whose son, William, became a Peer as Lord Conyers. This latter was a brave soldier, and shared in the victory of Flodden; but two generations more closed the male descent of this second family of Conyers, the Barony passing to the heirs-general, the D'Arcys, Earls of Holderness, and from them, through the Dukes of Leeds, to the present Lord Conyers. The male representation, however, vested in Conyers of Horden, in the county of Durham, sprung from a son of the Knight of the Garter, and enriched by an alliance with the heiress of Sir Robert Claxton, and was sustained with honour and dignity by them, matching with the Lumleys and the Harratons, and other county grandees, and receiving from Charles I. a patent of Baronetcy. The third inheritor of the title, Sir John Conyers of Horden, succeeded to the large fortune of his uncle, Sir William Langhorne, Bart., whereby he became possessed of the stately seat of Charlton, in Kent, a splendid mansion, built originally for Prince Henry, the eldest son of

James I., and considered one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture of the period: he got besides a very considerable estate attached thereto, and he further augmented his possessions by a property in Huntingdonshire, derived from his wife.

About this period the Conyers's were thus distributed: The heirs or assigns of Anne Conyers, Countess of Shrewsbury, held Sockburn; Conyers D'Arcy, Earl of Holdernesse, and Baron Conyers, who represented the next branch, kept princely state in the Conyers' Castle of Hornby; and Sir John Conyers, the male chief of the whole family, who had quitted his northern and ancestral home of Horden, was sojourning in a far more genial climate—the courtly groves of Charlton.

This was the state of the family in the early part of the eighteenth century. After the fashion of melodrama, let us now suppose an interval of eighty or ninety years, and draw up the curtain on a new scene. It is no longer the grand old Hall of Sockburn, with its quaint avenues and its mediæval architecture; it is not Hornby's proud Castle, or Charlton's palace home, that the spectator sees, but a room in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street, in the very county of Durham where the Lords of Sockburn held such potent sway, and in that workhouse room, among other paupers, is poor old Sir Thomas Conyers, the last Baronet of Horden, bearing up manfully and patiently against his bitter adversity. Fate seems to have done its worst, but even in that moment of apparent hopeless suffering, the guidance of Providence leads one to the ruined gentleman's relief, one who has heart and hand open to afford it.

Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, the historian of

Durham, had been informed of this awful case of vicissitude, and lost not a moment in ministering to the wants and comforts of the descendant of one of those grand old Durham houses that his labours had so ably illustrated.

He appealed to the benevolence of the titled and opulent, but, without waiting for the receipt of any subscription, he hastened personally to aid the sufferer, and to raise him from his humiliating situation.

It was on the 26th February, 1810, that Mr. Surtees proceeded to the workhouse. His own gray head uncovered, he accosted Sir Thomas with cordiality and respect, simply stating the purport of his visit. The old man was at first much affected, but soon a dormant sense of pride seemed to be awakened, and he said, "I am no beggar, Sir; I won't accept any such offers." Mr. Surtees gently soothed this temper, assuring him that the gentlemen by whom he was deputed were actuated by no motive which could be offensive to him, but only by feelings proper to their rank and his own; and that by acceding to their wishes, he would only evince his own sense of that propriety, and prove that he, in their situation, would have felt and acted as they now did.

Thus his scruples were gradually overcome, and he consented to the proposed arrangement, with many expressions of gratitude to those who had so kindly interested themselves in his situation.

Immediate enquiries were made for more comfortable and respectable accommodation than the workhouse could afford; but no narrative of mine can give to the details the freshness of description with which the

philanthropist himself tells the sad story. Here are Mr. Surtees' own letters:—

*To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Mainsforth, Co. Durham.

"MR. URBAN,

"You have lately called attention to the claims of an unfortunate Baronet, Sir Charles Corbett; give me leave, through your pages, to solicit some degree of favourable regard to the still more humiliating situation of another ancient Baronet, the decayed representative of one of the most honourable houses in the North."

Mr. Surtees then enters into details of the Conyers family in its various branches, until the creation of the Baronetcy in 1628, in the person of Sir John Conyers, of Horden, and proceeds thus:—

"His, Sir John Conyers', successors resided on property acquired by inter-marriages in the south, 'till the extinction of the elder line in the person of Sir Baldwin in 1731; when the estates fell to heirs-general, and the title, without support, fell to Ralph Conyers, of Chester-le-Street, *Glazier*, whose father, John, was grandson of the first Baronet. Sir Ralph Conyers intermarried with Jane Blakiston, the eventual heiress of the Blakistons of Shieldion (who represent those of Gibside), a family not less ancient, and scarcely less unfortunate than that of Conyers. He had by her a numerous issue, and was succeeded in title by his eldest son, Sir Blackiston Conyers, the heir of two ancient houses, from which he derived little more than his name. Sir Blackiston was early placed in the navy, where he reached the rank of

X 2

Lieutenant, but quitted it, on obtaining, through the generous patronage of the Bowes family, the honourable and lucrative post of collector of the port of Newcastle. With a view to the support of the title, Sir Blackiston was induced at his decease to leave nearly the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his nephew and successor, Sir George, whose mother was a Scotch lady, of Lord Cathcart's family. In three short years this infatuated youth squandered the whole fortune he had derived from his uncle, in scenes of the lowest dissipation; and, at his death, the barren title descended to his uncle, Thomas Conyers, who, after a life, perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, after an unsuccessful attempt in a humble business, and a subsequent service of several years at sea, is now in his 72nd year, solitary and friendless, *a pauper in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street.* When I add, that if any credit be due to physiognomy, Sir Thomas has received from nature, in his fine, manly figure, and open expressive countenance, the native marks of a gentleman,* and that he bears his lot with a degree of fortitude equally removed from misplaced pride or querulous meanness,

* "The late generous Earl of Scarborough, the only patron whose kindness Sir Thomas ever experienced, proposed to solicit for him the place of a poor knight of Windsor. How far such a removal at his present advanced age might add to his comforts seems doubtful; but it is apprehended that for £60 or £70 a year, or even less, board and lodging might be procured for him in some respectable private family. And I beg to add, Mr. Urban, that I will willingly contribute £20 a year to this purpose. I have a few promises of annual guineas, which will raise this to £36. Of the present application, the object of it is ignorant; and it would be cruel to acquaint him with it, unless something be effected for his relief.

"R. S."

enough, I hope, will have been said to interest some benevolent minds in his favour. Accustomed to a life of hardship and labour, he wishes for neither affluence nor luxury, but his present humiliating situation he feels severely. A trifle would prove sufficient, and a trifle would surely not be ill-disposed in enabling him to pass the few days which he has still to number in decent comfort and respectability. The writer of this article is willing and desirous to contribute his mite, and will pledge himself both for the literal truth of the statement, and for the proper application of any sums contributed for the purpose mentioned. He therefore gives his real name and residence.

"Yours, &c.,

"ROBERT SURTEES.

"P.S.—In justice to the officers of the workhouse, it is proper to mention, that Sir Thomas receives every degree of attention compatible with the rules of the place, that he has a separate apartment, and is provided with decent clothing."

Within a few months after this appeal was made, Mr. Surtees again addressed the Editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine:"—

"Mainsforth, 17th April.

"MR. URBAN,

"I lately solicited through your pages the public attention to the reduced state of Sir Thomas Conyers, and I anticipated the pleasure of recording in your next monthly number the success of my efforts, and of expressing the old man's grateful and overflowing

feelings to his benefactors. It is now my less pleasing task to record the unexpected termination of those endeavours. On the 1st of March (although the proposed amount of the subscription was not then filled) Sir Thomas was removed to a situation of ease and comfort,* which he was destined to enjoy but a short time. His strength had been for some time declining, and his constitution, naturally vigorous and robust, sunk under the increasing burthens of age and infirmity. For the last fortnight he had medical assistance, but the springs of life were exhausted, and on the morning of Sunday, the 15th, he arose evidently weaker, and, under the awful impression of approaching dissolution, passed the day in religious exercises, and in taking an affectionate farewell of his friends and relatives.

"At six in the evening, his usual hour of retiring to rest, he expressed a wish to be removed to bed, and almost immediately expired, without pain, and without a sigh. His mental faculties remained unaltered, and the closing scene of life, chequered by more than ordinary vicissitudes, was serene and unclouded. In him (the last male heir of a long line of ancestry, whose origin may be traced to a period of high and romantic antiquity) the name and title expire, and the blood of Conyers must hereafter flow undistinguished in the channels of humble and laborious life. Sir Thomas has left three daughters, married in very inferior situations, and it is trusted his benefactors will not think the residue of their contributions ill applied in placing some of his

* "At the house of Mr. Wm. Pybus, in Chester-le-Street, whose respectful and affectionate treatment of the old Baronet deserves the highest praise."

numerous grandchildren in the decent occupations of humble life.

"I subjoin an account of the benefactions already received; but exertions have been made by several friends, of the effects of which I am not yet aware.

"Yours, &c.,

"ROBERT SURTEES."

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Bishop of Durham . . . . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Sir Thomas Sheppard, Bt. . . . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| George Anderson, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Sir Thomas H. Liddell, Bt. . . . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Sir H. Vane Tempest, Bt. . . . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Wm. Radclyffe, Esq., Rougecroix . . . . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. John Ward, Mickleover, near Derby . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| James Hammett, Esq. . . . . . . . | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| E. A. and E. H. . . . . . . . . | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| R. Surtees . . . . . . . . . . | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| | £67 | 3 | 0 |

One short note more from Mr. Surtees closes the correspondence:—

"Mainsforth, 21st May.

"MR. URBAN,

"I must request your insertion of the following subscriptions, which as they have been received since Sir Thomas Conyers's decease, will be applied to the service of his descendants:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir Henry Etherington, Bart. . . . . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas Harrison, Esq., Stubhouse, co. Durham . | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas Wilkinson, Esq., Oswald House, Durham . | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sir Joseph Andrews, Bart. . . . . . . | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Sir Montagu Cholmley, Bart. . . . . . | [illegible] | [illegible] | 0 |

"£100 5s. have been subscribed, and the following sums have been expended:—Clothes and linen, £15; debts discharged, £5. 4s. 10d.; lodging, and a gratuity for trouble, £8 8s.; medical attendance, £4 13s. 6d.; funeral expenses, £19 19s. 6d. Some trifling articles have not been brought into the account. £47 remain for the service of the family, when the whole of the subscriptions shall have been received.

"Yours, &c.,

"ROBERT SURTEES."

A few lines more and my tale of the "Fall of Conyers" is told.

*Magni stat nominis umbra!* The poor Baronet left three daughters, married in very humble life: Jane, to William Hardy; Elizabeth, to Joseph Hutchinson; and Dorothy, to Joseph Barker, all working men in the little town of Chester-le-Street.

A time may yet come, perchance, when a descendant of one of these simple artisans may arise, not unworthy of the Conyers' ancient renown; and it will be a gratifying discovery to some future genealogist when he succeeds in tracing, among the quarterings of such a descendant, the unsullied bearing of Conyers of Horden.

# Nostel Priory.

'Tis a heavy fall, when the great go down,—
And the tottering tree had some renown.
DIGBY STARKEY.

THE monasteries exercised potent influence over the Middle Ages. Piety and learning and intellectual culture found their sanctuary in the cloister. The ignorant were taught, the poor fed, and the oppressed protected within the precincts of those holy retreats. Inestimable is the debt history owes to the monks: the information they collected is to this day the guide for all chroniclers, and the knowledge they have handed down, the light that carries us through the darkness of that mediæval era, which was not yet illumined by the glorious invention of printing. "Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray." A monk of the eighth century is styled by Leland "the chiefest and brightest ornament of the English nation," and this same monk is thus referred to by a modern writer: "If ever there was a man who could truly be called *venerable*, it was he, to whom the appellation is constantly fixed, BEDE, whose life was passed in instructing his own generation, and preparing records for posterity." The Monks of the West have left their trace more especially; and are themselves fortunate in being the theme

of a brilliant work of Montalembert's. In point of fact the monasteries were not only the refuge of learning, driven to them for shelter from strife and persecution—an asylum to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age—but also the depositories of the literature and, to some extent, of the records of the country. Each foundation had its Scriptorium for the use of the monks who were employed in transcribing books, and each its library: Peterborough possessed seventeen hundred manuscripts, and Croyland, when it was burnt in 1091, lost seven hundred. Grey Friars, in London, built by Sir Richard Whittington, had a well-stored library of 129 feet long, and 31 broad; and Wells, one so extensive, that it required to light it twenty windows on each side. Of the treasures which shared the fate of the religious houses, it is impossible to speak without the bitterest pain and regret. Some relics have been preserved—such as chartularies, leger books, registers, necrologies, calendars, and chronicles, together with some rolls of kings, nobles, and warriors, for instance the great Tournament Roll, to be seen at the College-of-Arms, a representation of the Tournament of Henry VIII., with portraits of the King and his courtiers; the Crusade Roll, a register of the names and arms of two hundred knights, and the Battel Abbey Roll, a record of the Conqueror's Norman soldiers.

But on the other hand, it is impossible to estimate all that has been lost to us. The curious monuments of antiquity, the valuable public documents of our early history, which have escaped, only increase our disappointment at the wholesale demolition of the rest.

John Bale, writing in 1549, mentions that "the books of monasteries were reserved by the purchasers of those houses to scour their candlesticks, and to rub their boots; some were sold to grocers and soapsellers, and some were sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. A merchant bought two noble libraries for forty shillings."

Before the dissolution, twenty-nine abbots, almost all Benedictines, held baronies, and sat in the Parliament of England. The Abbeys which conferred the privilege were St. Alban's, Glastonbury, St. Austin's Canterbury, Westminster, Winchester, St. Edmundsbury, Ely, Abingdon, Reading, Thorney, Waltham, St. Peter's Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Winchelcomb, Bardney, Croyland, St. Bennet's-on-Hulm, Peterborough, Battel, Malmesbury, Whitby, Selby, St. Mary's York, Shrewsbury, Cirencester, Evesham, Tavistock and Hide Winchester. The Prior of Coventry and the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem had also seats in the Lords; the Prior of St. John being styled "primus Angliæ Baro," and, taking rank, though of a religious order, as the first lay Baron.

It would be curious to follow down the Vicissitudes of the old abbeys of England:

"—— I stood before the portals, where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper, alms and hospitality.
Still the ancient seat was standing, built against the buttress gray,
Where the clergy used to welcome weary trav'llers on their way;
There I sat me down in sadness, 'neath my cheek I placed my hand,
Till the tears fell hot and briny down upon the grassy land.
There, I said in woful sorrow, weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness reigned within this ruined pile;—
Was a time when bells were tinkling, clergy preaching peace abroad,
Psalms a singing, music ringing praises to the mighty God.

* * * * * *

Refectory, cold, and empty, dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses, simple bed and frugal fare?
Gone your Abbot, rule, and order, broken down your altar stones;
Nought I see beneath your shelter, save a heap of clayey bones."

Samuel Ferguson thus poetically laments the downfall of our grand old monastic houses: in simple prose, one cannot speak of the ivy-clad ruins of the priories and abbeys that are to be occasionally met with, without a feeling of veneration and sorrow. In Yorkshire there are many such—many an interesting and picturesque monument of the piety and munificence of our ancestors, and many a sad story of monastic vicissitude. St. Mary's, of York, the richest and most celebrated of all, became a royal palace, and finally a private school: Rievaulx, Fountains, and Kirkstall have fallen to decay: Bretton, converted at first into the residence of a younger branch of a noble family, has degenerated into the homestead of a farm: a few beautiful fragments alone remain of Roche Abbey, the splendid foundation of the early Lords of Maltby and Hooton, and these, with the ancient demesne attached, may be considered the Tintern of the north. And there are, too, in Yorkshire "fair Kirkleys," where "they buried bold Robin Hood," and Bolton Abbey in unrivalled ruin, and "high Whitby's cloister'd pile," and Byland, and Temple Newsam, the home of the warrior-monks, and many a one beside. But the legends and stories that used to attach to these decayed Abbeys of England, have, with few exceptions, passed out of men's memories; that such legends must

have existed cannot, one would think, be a matter of question, yet it must be confessed that small care has been taken to preserve our legendary lore; here and there, the antiquarian explorer meets with an oasis where the leaf is green, and the fountain is flowing, but generally speaking, he plods on for days, gleaning little by the wayside. Some chance, and not quite forgotten, tradition, some family tale that still lingers in an old Baronial Hall, or is associated with a Monastic ruin, is all that rewards his toil—the more prized from its very rareness. One of these scarce family stories—a miserable one 'tis true—clings to the history of a Yorkshire religious house, after it had passed from its holy owners to layman's possession.

On the margin of a lake, to the right of the road from Doncaster to Wakefield stood the Augustine priory of Nostel. The oldest record we have in connection with the foundation, is the charter of the first Robert de Laci, by which he gives to Gilbert, "the hermit of St. James of Nostel, and the brethren of the same house and their successors serving God there, Nether Sutton, with all such liberties as Ilbert, his father, had of the free gift of William, Duke of Normandy, the year after he conquered England." From this it is manifest that, in the time of Rufus, a religious community existed at Nostel, and we may fairly presume that the brotherhood had been gathered together, even in the Saxon times. This supposition gains confirmation from the mention by the Venerable Bede, of a monastery in the wood of Elmete, presided over by the Saxon Thridwulf. Be this, however, as it may, no doubt can be entertained that the constitution of the

original society underwent an entire change in the reign of Henry I. That prince, influenced by his chaplain and confessor, Ralph Aldlâne, became its munificent patron, and by valuable endowments, in which he received the co-operation of the De Lacis, and the other great feudatories of the honour of Pontefract, converted the humble convent of the hermits of St. James into the rich and stately monastery of St. Oswald of Nostel, conferring on the community extensive privileges. For full four centuries, Nostel was distinguished by the piety of its members and the charitable uses to which its revenues were applied.

At the dissolution, it fell to the share of Thomas Leigh, LL.D., one of the royal visitors, and eventually devolved on his only child, Catherine, the wife of James Blount, Lord Mountjoy, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas Gargrave, of Kingsley, the representative of a distinguished family, and himself no degenerate scion.

The first recorded ancestor of the Gargraves, was Sir John Gargrave (tutor to Richard Duke of York), a warrior as well as a man of letters, who died in France, Master of the Ordnance under Henry V.; and the next, his son, Sir Thomas Gargrave, a soldier too, who fell with Salisbury at the siege of Orleans. The namesake of the latter gallant knight and the purchaser of Nostel, represented Yorkshire in Parliament, and filled the Speaker's chair. The latter years of his life, which was extended to the advanced age of eighty-five, he passed almost entirely in the beautiful retreat of Nostel, and at length died there 28th March, 1579, in the enjoyment of an unsullied reputation. His wife, Anne Cotton, was

sister-in-law of Dr. Leigh, the original grantee, and by her he left a son, Sir Cotton Gargrave, of Nostel, who enjoyed the estate ten years, but does not appear to have taken much part in public affairs. He married twice: by his first wife, Bridget, daughter of Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton, he had two sons; the younger, Robert, was slain in Gray's-Inn-Fields, aged seventeen; to the elder, and his melancholy end, I will refer immediately. Sir Cotton's second marriage with Agnes, daughter of Thomas Waterton, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, brought him many children, the eldest of whom, Richard, eventually succeeded to Nostel.

Thomas Gargrave, the son by the first wife, was indicted six years after he came into possession of the estate, for murder, and being found guilty, suffered death at York. Dodsworth says that the crime was "poisoning and burning in the oven a boy of his kitchen," but a MS. entitled "The Case of Prudence Gargrave, daughter to the unhappy convict," affirms that "Gardyner, who was supposed be be poysoned, was a poore man, Mr. Gargrave's servant, and had all his meanes from him. He could gaine nothing by his death. And it is to be proved by men yet living, that, by reports of chirurgions, who sawe him and had him in care, that he dyed, not of poysoninge, but of a disease called a *noli me tangere*."

The outrage, for which this unhappy man suffered, seems to have been one of peculiar atrocity, but it is difficult to ascertain the exact details, and perhaps it is better that the veil of mystery which envelopes it should not be removed.

The career of Sir Richard Gargrave, the next inheritor of Nostel, and the half-brother of Thomas, was scarcely less miserable. By paternal descent the representative of Sir Thomas Gargrave, King Henry the Fifth's Master of the Ordnance, and through his mother, a descendant of Sir Robert Waterton, younger brother of the Lord of Waterton, who fought for this same monarch at Agincourt, he wasted, by the most wanton extravagance, the splendid estate he inherited, and at length reduced himself to abject want. His excesses are still, at the expiration of considerably more than two centuries, the subject of local tradition. Every folly, every reckless outlay, every vice was his. Beginning with the fashionable extravagancies of the time, he sank step by step to the lowest profligacy and the meanest habits—to be the boon companion of the ale-house gambler and the village sot—the associate of the very refuse of society. At Badsworth Hall, in the neighbourhood of Nostel, was long kept an old painting representing Sir Richard Gargrave's passion for gaming. The picture represents the degraded outcast playing at the old game of put, the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale! The close of the story is a fit sequel to its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, Gargrave is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was, at last, found dead in an old hostelry! He had married Katherine Danvers, sister of Henry Earl of Danby, K.G., and by her left three daughters, the eldest wedded to Sir Thomas Dereham,

Bart., the second to Colonel Molyneux, and third to Mr. Redmoon. Of the descendants of his brothers we can ascertain but few particulars. Not many years since, a Mr. Gargrave, believed to be one of them, filled the employment of parish clerk at Kippax, near Leeds.

## The Princess of Connemara.

> "Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
> That called her from her native walks away;
> When the poor exile, every pleasure pass'd,
> Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked her last,
> And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
> For seat like this beyond the western main."
>
> GOLDSMITH.

WHO has not heard of the eccentric but benevolent Richard Martin, the Lord of Connemara, the renowned for hospitality in a land of hospitality, and for many years the representative of the county of Galway in the House of Commons? Weighed accurately in the scales of merit, he may have fallen short of his ancestors. Most certainly he was not the man to have nursed or augmented the family estates, but somehow his name stands out to the eclipse of those who went before him, and I am thus tempted to give him a momentary precedence.

Even those who have forgotten the eccentricities of this singular character, will yet recollect him in connection with a certain act for "preventing or punishing cruelty to animals," an act which is popularly known under his name, "Dick Martin's Act." Nor did he content himself with having obtained this parliamentary defence for his four-footed clients, and then leaving the carrying of it out to others; he was equally strenuous in seeing that they had the full benefit of the law

enacted for their protection, and when he was in London he never failed to bring up before the police-magistrates such delinquents as had the ill-luck to come under his eye, when he would press the law against them to the utmost. There was something of the το γελαιον—of the ridiculous—which for a long time accompanied his best efforts, but eventually the cause of humanity was triumphant.

In Connemara, where, like Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez, he was "monarch of all he surveyed," and could do pretty well as he pleased, without the intervention of a magistrate, his benevolence took a shorter cut to its object, and the memory of his doings in behalf of his dumb friends is perpetuated in the ruins of an ancient fortalice upon the shores of Ballynahinch Lake. The peasants of the neighbourhood still know these mouldering fragments by the name of *Dick Martin's Prison*, and will tell how the Lord of Connemara used, in the somewhat doubtful exercise of his feudal rights, to confine therein such of his tenants as sinned against the laws of humanity towards the brute creation. But I must now leave this redresser of animal grievances, and trace my steps back to the commencement of my story.

The founder of the Martin family in Ireland was, it is stated, Oliver Martyn, who accompanied the first English army, under Strongbow, and settling in Galway, originated one of the thirteen tribes in that ancient town. But the prosperity of the race would seem to have been greatly increased in the time of Captain Richard Martin of Donegan, who received large grants from the confiscated possessions of the O'Flaherties of

Ire Connaught. He was a warm partizan of James the Second, and after the abdication, or more properly the flight, of that monarch, joined for a time the so-called Irish army. It seems, however, that he knew how to trim his sails to the wind, for upon the Jacobite cause becoming manifestly hopeless, he submitted to King William, and had the good fortune to retain his lands. He then petitioned the reigning sovereign that he might be allowed to erect his estates into a manor, urging as a ground for this request his desire to improve the property by encouraging dealers and handicraftsmen of every kind to become settlers upon it. His prayer was accordingly granted by a patent, July 5th, 1698, which, moreover, ratified the title of all his previous acquisitions. Nor was it probably any drawback to his satisfaction that he had constantly to fight with some one or other for the maintenance of these new rights, which, in proportion as they enlarged his bounds, had curtailed those of his neighbours. Amongst the most troublesome of the enemies so raised up against him was Edmund O'Flaherty, surnamed *Laider*, of the Stoney, who was far from tamely acquiescing in the alienation of his paternal territories. Many and desperate were the conflicts between the feudal chieftains, for the most part sword in hand, on horseback. But the praise of chivalry must, we think, in fairness be awarded to the *Laider*, who seems to have trusted in a great measure to his own good right arm. Martin, being always surrounded by a troop of followers, ran comparatively little risk, while the more adventurous O'Flaherty had often to cut his way to safety through opposing numbers by dint of superior strength.

The estate of the Martins might well be called a principality. Situated in the county of the town of Galway and the baronies of Moycullen, Ballynahinch, and the half-barony of Ross, in the county of Galway, it contained upwards of one hundred and ninety-two thousand statute acres, and extended almost uninterruptedly from the town of Oughterard to Clifden and Claggan Bays, a distance of at least thirty miles, having the navigable Lough Corrib on the north, and the Bay of Galway, and the Atlantic ocean as the south and south-western boundaries. Yet their dwelling of Ballynahinch, although styled a castle, was unworthy of the surrounding land. The prodigious extent of the demesne may be imagined from the fact that the grandfather of the last possessor could boast to George the Fourth, "he had an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length." Were the greater part of these enormous demesnes either waste, rock, or moorland, there would be less matter for surprise, but such is not altogether the fact; the whole is infinitely diversified with glens, lakes, rivers, and some portion of cultivated land, though far below what the soil would naturally admit of. Many of these waters exhibit scenes of surpassing attraction, their wide surface being broken by beautifully wooded islets. There are about sixty-four of the larger of such watery oases, not to mention a multitude of islets that occur singly or in clusters, and are not the less lovely from oftentimes presenting themselves in the midst of desolation. Moreover the whole coast, washed by the Atlantic, is indented with numerous bays. offering the same panorama of islands that seem to float upon the reflecting element. And then, as might be

expected from the natural history of Ireland, the waters abound in salmon and trout, while the land is not less amply provided with grouse, woodcocks, and divers sorts of waterfowl, which make a country life so delectable to sportsmen. At the same time, amidst all these agreeable recommendations, there is no want of the useful. The sea affords an abundant supply of manure for agricultural purposes, various parts are rich in blue limestone, and in the *Twelve Pin Mountains* are inexhaustible quarries of marble. Nothing is wanted but the hand of industry, aided by modern science, encouragement, and capital, to render Connemara equal to some of the favoured regions of the earth.

Within this prodigious extent of territory the Martins exercised something very nearly akin to feudal rule, the arms of the law being much too short on most occasions, to stretch into the wilds of Connaught. They were lords paramount. Every head was bared in submission to the owners of so many thousands upon thousands of acres, which, if not generally remarkable for cultivation, at least impressed the imagination by extent. Yet, immense as the estate was, the seeds of decay had been sown in it by the profuse hospitality of its improvident owners; and with such marvellous rapidity did they spread, that when Richard Martin ceased to be returned to parliament, he was fain to seek refuge from his creditors by escaping to the continent, where, at Boulogne, he died January 6th, 1834.

Affairs do not seem to have improved under his son and immediate successor, the late Thomas Barnewall Martin, Esq., M.P., of Ballynahinch Castle. Perhaps the evil was already too deeply rooted to admit of cure, but

certain it is that the immediate cause of the utter ruin of the property was the act of Mr. T. B. Martin himself, who, from a desire to aggrandize an only daughter whom he idolized, broke the entail, to the injury of his half-brother, Richard Martin, and acquired a power of borrowing money, of which he largely availed himself, and by which unhappy facility he nearly doubled the incumbrances. At his death the estates (thus heavily charged) descended to his daughter, popularly styled "the Princess of Connemara," who found it so encumbered by the prodigality of her ancestors that it became a serious question in what way she was to keep her inheritance together. Still she struggled on bravely, and for some time maintained a decent appearance upon the balance that remained after paying off the interest of the various mortgages. A continuation in the same line of prudence might perhaps eventually have restored the family estates to something of their former splendour; but, though sought in marriage by many of wealth and name, she gave her hand in preference to a near relation—Mr. Gonne Bell—who, whatever else might be his gifts, had not the gift of fortune. In this case, as in so many others, it was "all for love, or the world well lost," a poetical creed which is seldom very strongly believed in when the heyday of life is over.

On the day of marriage Mr. Gonne Bell assumed by royal licence, dated 15th Sept., 1847, the name of his bride, and shortly afterwards both parties united in borrowing a large sum of money from the *Law Life Assurance Company*, in order to consolidate the incumbrances on the estate at a lower rate of interest.

But this attempt to save themselves was defeated by events over which they had no control. The year of famine came on, government works were commenced, and the tenants soon ceased to pay any rents whatever, and as a natural consequence the owners of so many thousand acres were no longer able to pay up the instalments due upon their mortgage. Men acting in large bodies are seldom so merciful as when they are individually responsible for their deeds, and the Law Life Assurance Society formed no exception to this rule of general experience. They insisted on the due performance of their bond, and that being under the circumstances impossible, this vast Connemara property came into the Encumbered Estates' Court, and the famous old race of Martin of Ballynahinch was sold out: the times were the worst possible for an advantageous sale, and the Assurance Company bought in almost the entire of the estate, at a sum immeasurably below its real value, and quite inadequate, even with the produce of the remnant of the lands bought by other parties, to the liquidation of its heavy liabilities. Not a single acre remained for the poor heiress of what was once a princely estate, and while others were thus fattening upon her ancient inheritance, the "Princess of Connemara," without any fault of her own, became comparatively a pauper. The home of her fathers had passed away to strangers, leaving nothing behind but debts and the bitter recollection of what she had lately been. A more painful example of family decadence will not easily be found, though the roll of such events, as I have already shown, is sufficiently extensive. In most cases the fall is more or less gradual, the downward

course speeding on with each descendant. But here, although the worm of decay had for some time been at work, eating and undermining what seemed from its size to be indestructible, yet its progress was almost too rapid for notice, and when the building fell it seemed to fall at once, sweeping everything before it.

In this total wreck of all her fortunes the ill-starred "Princess of Connemara" retired to Fontaine l'Evêque in Belgium, where for a short while she supported herself by her pen, but so scanty were the means thus obtained that she at length resolved to abandon the continent for America, hoping to find in the New World an ampler field for her exertions. But the hope was delusive. After a premature confinement, the poor lady survived a few months only, and thus in a foreign land the story of the Princess of Connemara closes!

Though the home and the vast patrimony of the Martins are now in strangers' hands, a kindly remembrance of the old proprietors still lingers in the heart of the peasantry. The people of Connemara yet speak of the Martins as the legitimate lords of the soil, and never mention them but with affectionate regret—

"Pride, bend thine eye from heav'n to thine estate;
See how the mighty sink into a song!
Can volume, pile, preserve the great?
Or must thou trust tradition's tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee and history does thee wrong?"

## John Mytton, of Halston.

> "——— Herein Fortune shews herself more kind
> Than is her custom; it is still her use
> To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
> To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
> An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
> Of such a misery doth she cut me off."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

THE extravagance of one single inheritor in a long line of succession has ofttimes overthrown an ancient house, just as a hurricane levels in a hour the old oak that has stood for ages, safe against the storm. In illustration, no case could be more in point than the story of the unfortunate reckless man of whose sad history I am about to give a brief outline.

Shropshire stands high amongst our aristocratic counties: "the proud Salopians" are almost as exclusive as the German noblesse, and to be classed amongst their grandees is no mean distinction: the landed properties are very extensive, and many of their owners men of long-derived lineage.

Among these and in the first rank stood for centuries the MYTTONS OF HALSTON, representing, in the days of the Plantagenets, the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament, and filling the office of High Sheriff of Shropshire at a very remote period. So far back as 1480, Thomas Mytton, when holding that appointment, was the fortunate captor of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, whom

he conducted to Salisbury, for trial and decapitation; and in requital, Richard III. bestowed on his "trusty and well-beloved Squire, Thomas Mytton," the Duke's forfeited Castle and Lordship of Cawes.

Intermarriages with heiresses added greatly to the riches of the race. Reginald de Mytton, M.P. for Shrewsbury in 1373, won the well-portioned daughter of Sir Hamo Vaughan, Lord of West Tilbury, in Essex, and his son Thomas, the heiress of William Burley, of Malehurst, whose mother and grandmother were also themselves heiresses; but the grand alliance which brought broad lands and Royal blood to the subsequent Myttons was the marriage of Thomas Mytton, Esq., M.P. for Shrewsbury in 1472 (the only son of the heiress of Burley), with Eleanor, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John de Burgh, Knight, Lord of Mowddwy, in Merioneth, the son of Sir Hugh de Burgh, Knight, and Elizabeth his wife, sister and heir of Foulk, Lord of Mowddwy, a scion of the princely line of Powys. Through the heiress of De Burgh, the Lordship of Dinas Mowddwy, extending over upwards of 32,000 acres came to the Myttons.

This Mowddwy, dignified with the name of *Dinas*, or city, still preserves the insignia of its power, the stocks and whipping post, the *veg vaur* or great fetter, the mace and standard measure. It is likewise the capital of an extensive lordship, and its powers over the surrounding district are very important.

As Lord of Mowddwy, Mr. Mytton used to nominate the Mayor, Alderman, Recorder, Magistrates and Attorneys of his little Sovereignty. The Mayor tried and punished criminals, and the Recorder (in absence of the

Lord) took cognizance of all litigated matters of property not exceeding forty shillings.

Augmented in honour and influence by this advent of Royal Cambrian blood, and this magnificent Cambrian estate, the Myttons continued in increased splendour to ally themselves with the great neighbouring families. Amongst others, with those of Delves of Doddington, Grey of Enville, Greville of Milcote, Corbet of Stoke, and Owen of Condover, and even the younger branches from the parent stem flourished in dignity. A descendant of one of these, Reginald de Mytton of Weston, held a great landed property in Shropshire, which is now in the possession of the Earl of Bradford, and another was the celebrated Sir Peter Mytton, of Lannerch Park, Co. Denbigh, Chief Justice of North Wales, and M.P. for Carnarvon.

Halston, to which the family transferred their seat from their ancient residences of Cawes Castle and Habberley, is called in ancient deeds "Holystone," and was in early times a preceptory of Knights Templars. The Abbey, taken down about a hundred and fifty years ago, was erected near where the present mansion stands. In the good old times of Halston, before reckless waste had dismantled its halls and levelled its ancestral woods, the oak was seen here in its full majesty of form, and it is related that one particular tree, coeval with many centuries of the family's greatness, was cut down by the spendthrift squire in the year 1826, and contained ten tons of timber.

In the great Civil War, Mytton of Halston was one of the few Shropshire gentlemen who joined the Parliamentary standard. Displaying in the cause he had

espoused the most undaunted bearing, tempered with the greatest humanity, he rose to the rank of Major-General, after a series of eminent services, including the capture of Wem (the first place in Shropshire the Commons possessed), of Oswestry and of Shrewsbury, of Ruthin and of Conway. In the line of politics he adopted, General Mytton was influenced by his connection with Sir Thomas Myddelton of Chirk Castle: they married two sisters, and the two brothers-in-law went exactly the same length in opposition to the king, and no further: their hostility was levelled against prerogative, but they never contemplated the prostration of the monarchy, or the death of the sovereign. From this gallant and upright Parliamentarian, the sixth in descent was JOHN MYTTON, the eccentric, wasteful, dissipated, openhearted, and openhanded squire of Halston, in whose day, and by whose wanton extravagance and folly, a time-honoured family, and a noble estate, the inheritance of five hundred years, were recklessly destroyed.

John Mytton was born 30th September, 1796, the only son of John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, by Harriet his wife, daughter of William Owen, Esq., of Woodhouse. His father died when he was only eighteen months old; and I may here casually notice the singular circumstance, that for several generations the heir to the Halston estate had a long minority. At one time the succession devolved on a great-grandson of the previous possessor. John Mytton's minority lasted almost twenty years, and during its continuance a very large sum of ready money was accumulated, which, added to a landed property of full ten thousand a year, and a

pedigree of even Salopian antiquity and distinction, rendered the Squire of Halston one of the first Commoners in England; but a boyhood unrestrained by proper control, and an education utterly neglected, led to a course of profligacy and eccentricity amounting almost to madness, that marred all these gifts of fortune. Young Mytton commenced by being expelled from both Westminster and Harrow, and, though he was entered on the books of the two Universities, he did not matriculate at either; the only indication he ever gave of an intention to do so was his ordering three pipes of port to be sent to him, addressed "Cambridge." When a mere child, he had been allowed a pack of harriers at Halston, and at the age of ten was as confirmed a scapegrace as ever lived. At nineteen he entered the 7th Hussars, and immediately joined his regiment, then with the army of occupation in France. Fighting was, however, all over; and the young Cornet turned at once to racing and gaming, in which he was a serious loser. His military career was of short duration. In four years he retired from the service, in consequence of his marriage, in 1818, with Harriet Emma, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt-Jones, Bart., of Stanley Hall.

By this lady, who died in 1820, he had an only child, Harriet, married, in 1841, to Clement, youngest brother of the present Lord Hill. After his wife's decease, the course of extravagance which marked the career of John Mytton has probably no parallel. He would not suffer any one to advise him: his own violent passions and his own heedless folly were the sole guides of his actions. After heavy liabilities had been incurred,

but previously to the disposal of the first property he sold, Mr. Longueville, of Oswestry, his agent, assured Mr. Mytton, that if he would content himself for the following six years with an income of £6,000, the fine old Shrewsbury estate—the earliest patrimony of his ancestors—might be saved, and he besought him to listen to this warning counsel. "No, no," replied Mytton, "I would not give a straw for life, if it was to be passed on £6,000 a-year." The result confirmed Mr. Longueville's apprehensions: the first acre alienated led to the gradual dismemberment of the whole estate; and from this moment may be dated the ruin of the Myttons of Halston.

It is not within my province, nor would it be to my taste, nor, I am sure, to the satisfaction of my reader, to follow step by step the gradual downward progress of this unfortunate man, who, with a heart naturally generous, and nobly charitable, with talents only wanting cultivation, and with a spirit that retained to the last the innate character of a gentleman, forfeited all the numerous advantages he was born to, by an unrestrained submission to his passions and by a lavish prodigality, which makes one feel the force of a friend's remark, "that if Mytton had had an income of £200,000, he would have been in debt in five years." Most certain it is, that within the last fifteen years of his life he squandered full half a million sterling, and sold timber—"the old oaks of Halston"—to the amount, it has been stated, of £80,000!

Poor John Mytton found a kindly biographer in the late Mr. Apperley, whose "Life" of his ill-fated friend is a very remarkable work, written with much of the

graphic force and animation of style that have made Nimrod's pen so popular. To that volume, more appropriately than to this, the characteristic anecdotes of Mr. Mytton's sporting and gambling career belong, and the curious reader will meet with much to amuse and much to sadden him in the pages of those memoirs. The coloured prints are quite curiosities in their way. One of the first gives a view of Halston, with its glorious plantations, and exhibits its eccentric owner riding through the middle of a noble sheet of water, which adorns the demesne, as the shortest cut home; another illustrates Mytton's wild duck shooting: "He would sometimes," says Nimrod, "strip to his shirt to follow wild fowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down on the snow only to await their arrival at dusk. On one occasion he out-heroded Herod, for he followed some ducks *in puris naturalibus*—and escaped with perfect impunity." A third illustration commemorates a singular practical joke of the frolic-loving Squire. One evening the clergyman and doctor, who had dined at Halston, left to return on horseback. Their host, having disguised himself in a countryman's frock and hat, succeeded by riding across the park, to confront them, when, in true highwayman voice, he called out, "Stand and deliver!" and before a reply could be given, fired off his pistol, which had, of course, only a blank cartridge. The affrighted gentlemen, Mytton used to say, never rode half so fast in their lives before, as when, with him at their heels, they fled that night to Oswestry.

Another of the prints exhibits Mr. Mytton in hunting costume, entering his drawing-room, full of company,

mounted on a bear; and another exemplifies the old saying, "Light come, light go;" Mytton travelling in his carriage, on a stormy night, from Doncaster, fell asleep while counting the money he had won: the windows were down, and a great many of the bank-notes were blown away and lost. The reckless gambler used often to tell the story as an amusing reminiscence.

One of the illustrations represents a scene which is scarcely credible, a scene in which Mytton is depicted with his shirt in flames. "Did you ever hear," enquires Nimrod, "of a man setting fire to his own shirt to frighten away the hiccup? Such, however, was done, and this was the manner in which it was performed:— 'Oh! this horrid hiccup!' said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into bed; 'but I'll frighten it away;' so seizing a lighted candle, he applied it to the tail of his shirt, and, it being a cotton one, he was instantly enveloped in flames." His life was only saved by the active exertions of two persons who chanced to be in the room.

There is one picture wanting, to point the moral of this miserable history—a picture of the wretched room in the King's Bench Prison, where this ruined lord of wasted thousands died.

I had nearly forgotten to mention Mr. Mytton's second marriage with Miss Giffard of Chillington, a marriage of much misery to the lady, which ended in a separation. But the crisis in the spendthrift's fate was now impending. The "Times" one morning published an advertisement of the sale of all the effects at Halston, in Shropshire; and very shortly after Mr. Mytton fled to the continent,

to escape his creditors. "On the 5th of November, 1831," says Nimrod, "during my residence in the town of Calais, I was surprised by a violent knocking at my door, and so unlike what I had ever heard before in that quiet town, that, being at hand, I was induced to open the door myself, when, to my no little astonishment, there stood John Mytton! 'In God's name,' said I, 'what has brought you to France?' 'Why,' he replied, '*just what brought yourself to France*'—parodying the old song—'three couple of bailiffs were hard at my brush.' But what did I see before me? the active, vigorous, well-shapen John Mytton, whom I had left some years back in Shropshire? Oh, no, compared with him, 'twas the 'reed shaken by the wind;' there stood before me a round-shouldered, decrepit, tottering, *old-young* man, if I may be allowed such a term, and so bloated by drink! But there was a worse sight than this—there was a mind as well as a body in ruins; the one had partaken of the injury done to the other, and it was at once apparent that the whole was a wreck. In fact, he was a melancholy spectacle of fallen man."

I will not pain myself or my reader with a recital of the scenes of suffering which followed, but hasten to the last act in this mornful drama of real life. Arrested for a paltry debt, he was thrown into prison in France. "I once more," writes Nimrod, "was pained by seeing my friend looking through the bars of a French prison window. Here he was suffered to remain for fourteen days; on the thirteenth day I thought it my duty to inform his mother of his situation, and in four days from the date of my letter she was in Calais." After a while Mytton returned to England, but only to a prison

and a grave. The representative of one of the most ancient families of his county, at one time M.P. for Shrewsbury, and High Sheriff for Shropshire and Merioneth, the inheritor of Halston and Mowddwy, and almost countless acres, the most popular sportsman of England, died within the walls of the King's Bench Prison, at the age of thirty-eight, deserted and neglected by all, save a few faithful friends and a devoted mother, who stood by his death-bed to the last.

The announcement of the event produced a profound impression in Shropshire; the people, within many miles of his home were deeply affected; the degradation of his later years, the faults and follies of his wretched life, all were forgotten; the generosity, the tenderness of heart, the manly tastes of poor John Mytton, his sporting popularity, and his very mad frolics were recalled with affectionate sympathy. The funeral of the last Mytton at Halston, unprecedented in its display, will long be remembered. Three thousand persons attended it, and some of the first county gentlemen assembled to join in the *cortège*. A local paper thus chronicled the ceremonial:—

"A hearse with four horses (driven by an attached servant of the deceased), a mourning coach-and-four, and another carriage formed the melancholy cavalcade through Shrewsbury. On the road to Oswestry every mark of respect was paid, and at the Queen's Head the corpse was met by a detachment of the North Shropshire Cavalry (of which regiment the deceased was Major), who escorted it to the vault in the chapel of Halston, where the remains were deposited at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The procession was exceedingly

well arranged, under the direction of Mr. Dunn, o London, assisted by Messrs. Hanmer and Gittins, and entered the demesne of Halston in the following order:—

Four Trumpeters of the North Shropshire Cavalry.
Captain Croxon and Captain Jones.
Thirty-two Members of the Cavalry.
A Standard of the Regiment, covered with crape.
Forty-two Members of the Cavalry.
Adjutant Shirley and Cornet Nicolls.
Mr. Dunn (undertaker) and Mr. Gittins.
Two Mutes.
Carriage of the Revds. W. Jones and J. D. Pigott.
Two Mourning Coaches-and-Four, with the

Pall Bearers;

| | |
|---|---|
| Hon. F. Kenyon. | A. W. Corbett, Esq. |
| R. A. Slaney, Esq., M.P. | J. R. Kynaston, Esq. |
| J. C. Pelham, Esq. | Revd. H. C. Cotton. |

The Hearse, drawn by Four Horses, with

THE BODY,

In a Coffin covered with Black Velvet, with massive handles, richly ornamented, the Plate inscribed

'JOHN MYTTON, Esq., of Halston,
Born 30th of Sept. 1796,
Died 29th of March, 1834.'

(The Hearse was driven by Mr. Bowyer, the Deceased's Coachman, who, with Mr. M'Dougall, another Servant, attended him in his last moments.)

Mourning Coach with two Mourners, the Rev. E. H. Owen (Deceased's Uncle), and the Hon. and Rev. R. Noel Hill.

Mrs. Mytton's Carriage.

Lady Kynaston's Carriage, with Mr. W. H. Griffiths and Mr. Cooper.

Carriage of A. W. Corbett, Esq.

Carriage of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, Bart.

Carriage of the Rev. E. H. Owen.

Carriage-and-Four of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon:

J. Beck, Esq., in his Carriage.

Dr. Cockerill and Lieutenant Tudor, in Carriage.

Carriage of T. N. Parker, Esq.

Carriage of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P.

Carriage of the Viscountess Avonmore.

Several Cars, &c., with Friends.

Mr. Broughall, Agent.

"About one hundred of the Tenantry, Tradesmen, and Friends on horseback, closed the procession.

"Among these were Messrs. Longueville, Cartwright, Bolas, Hughes, J. Howell, S. Windsor, J. Williams, Morris Griffiths, Venables, D. Thomas, W. Francis, R. Edwards, Farr, Blandford, Rogers, Davies, &c., &c.

"The Mutes were old men, brothers John and Edward Niccolas, of Whittington; the latter was mute at the funeral of the deceased's grandfather; John was mute at the grandfather's funeral, the father's funeral, and at that of Mr. Mytton.

"A mourning peal was rung at Oswestry, and the bells of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Whittington, Halston, &c. tolled during the day. The number of spectators was immense, and the road along which the procession

slowly moved was bedewed with the tears of thousands who wished to have a last glance. Everything was conducted with the greatest order; but there was a great rush to enter the chapel on the body being taken out of the hearse. The body was placed on a shelf in the family vault, under the communion-table of Halston Chapel, surrounded by the coffins of twelve of his relatives."

The magnificent Lordship of Dinas Mowddwy, with its 32,000 acres—originally an appanage of the dynasty of Powys—inherited through twelve generations from a coheiress of the Royal Lineage of Powys Wenwynwyn, had been bartered in adjustment, it is alleged, of a balance on turf and gambling transactions.

It became eventually the property of Mr. Bird of Manchester, and from him it passed by mortgage to the Sun Fire Office, by whom it was sold by auction in October, 1856, to the late Edmund Buckley, Esq., of Ardwick, Manchester, formerly M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme. All other family property Mr. Mytton parted with, except Halston, that was entailed on his eldest son and namesake, by whom it was in a few years alienated. Mr. Mytton, jun., disposed of it to the late Edmund Wright, Esq., of Mauldeth Hall, the then head of the very respectable and wealthy mercantile firm of Wright and Lee of Manchester. Mr. Wright bought this last place of the Myttons for about £150,000, as a gift to his son, who is now in possession, and is the present Edmund Wright, Esq., of Halston Park. The career of the purchaser, Mr. Wright, senior, strongly contrasted with that of the unfortunate Myttons. While they, the lords of thousands, were spending, he

was making and amassing; and he died enormously rich. His partner and present head of the firm, now styled Lee and Co., is another instance of how, in this country, the spendthrift's tale may be ever met by that of wealth nobly won and enjoyed. The gentleman alluded to, Daniel Lee, Esq., of Springfield, near Manchester, has achieved a high and popular position, not in business only, but in private life, where his hospitality and munificence show him to be truly worthy of his well-earned prosperity.

The story of John Mytton is not without its use and its moral: a warning to the extravagant, and a lesson to the profligate. It tells too of the instability of all human things. A family far more ancient, and apparently as vigorous as the grand old oaks that once were the pride of Halston, was destroyed, after centuries of honourable and historic eminence, by the mad follies of one man in the brief space of eighteen years!

What a sad conclusion to the history of a very distinguished race, memorable in the days of the Plantagenets, and renowned in the great Civil War, is the following notice taken from "the Times" of Wednesday, 2nd of April, 1834;

"On Monday an inquest was held in the Bench Prison, on the body of John Mytton, Esq., who died there on the preceding Saturday. The deceased inherited considerable estates in the counties of Salop and Merioneth, for both of which he served the office of High Sheriff; and some time represented the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament. His munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay

circles, both in England and on the continent. Two medical attendants stated that the immediate cause of his death was disease of the brain (delirium tremens), brought on by the excessive use of spirituous liquors. The deceased was in his 38th year. Verdict 'Natural Death.'"

# The Cheslyns and the Shakespeares.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
SHAKESPEARE.

## The Cheslyns.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.
BURNS.

IN a sequestered and woody valley about three miles south-west of Castle Donington is Langley Priory, a foundation of William Pantulf's for Benedictine nuns in the 12th century. At the dissolution it was granted to Thomas Grey, an illegitimate scion of the Greys of Codnor Castle. The situation, like that of most monastic houses, is low and lovely. The chapel and some portions of the south front are, perhaps, the sole remains of the original building—the once beautiful stonework having been replaced by vulgar brick in many parts by the Greys, and a good deal of incongruous blotching having been introduced by their successors. A "lucid lake" in front, fringed with fine shrubs, is a striking ornament. Altogether it is one of the most charming of Leicestershire seats of its class.

In 1686 the whole estate was purchased by RICHARD

CHESLYN, Esquire, for the sum of £7,777. In 1820 the *income* of the estate was little short of that sum. Mr. Cheslyn, its then proprietor, served the office of High Sheriff, was an active magistrate, and supported the character of "the fine old English gentleman" in a style worthy "of the olden day." By his wife, the sister of the Bishop of Killala, he had one son and three daughters. The son was "the pride of all circles and the idol of his own;" the daughters were the belles of the county, two of them lovely as Hebe, and one gifted with great mental powers. At Donington, at Belvoir, at Coleorton, at all the great county seats, they were always welcome guests, and the Priory was a *rendezvous* for the choicest spirits of the three counties. Moore was a frequent visitor, and warbled some of his favourite Irish melodies at Langley Priory *before* they were in the possession of the general public. Bacchanalian and anacreontic were the evenings at Langley in those days.

As trustee, Mr. Cheslyn became involved in a law suit, and some colliery speculations which proved ruinous; and his son, who had been brought up with an expectancy of £7,000 a-year, and was on the point of forming a high matrimonial alliance, found himself at once reduced from affluence to indigence. He, that might have matched with a Countess, married a "miller's daughter," by whom he left an only son, now the object of the Herrick Charity, and the last of the Cheslyns. An overwhelming vicissitude was never borne with better grace than by Dick Cheslyn. To the last he kept up "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," was [illegible]ys well received as a guest at the many noble

houses at which he had visited on terms of equality, and at those dinner parties at which every portion of his dress was the cast-off clothes of his grandee friends —always looked, and *was* the gentleman. He made no secret of his poverty or of the generous hand that had "rigged him out." "This coat," he has been heard to say, "was Rancliffe's; these pants, Granby's; this waistcoat, Scarborough's; the *etceteras* Bruce Campbell's." His cheerfulness and *bonhomie*, under all the painful circumstances, never forsook him. He was the victim of others' mismanagement and profusion, not of his own.

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## The Shakespeares.

> The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
> Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
> And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt with
> Strange and dusky aspects: he was not
> Himself like what he had been.
>
> BYRON.

WHILE the CHESLYNS were at the height of their prosperity, there was living in a humble cottage in the adjoining village of Tonge, a little lad, named John Shakespeare, whose chief employment was tending cows in the lanes, and who was occasionally employed in the gardens of the Priory. He looked with wonder on all he saw there.

One day, a thunder storm had driven Lord Moira, a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood, to take

refuge under a tree beneath which young Shakespeare sought shelter while tending his cows. Lord Moira spoke to the boy, was struck by his intelligence, and told him to call at Donington Hall on the following morning.

The lad went thither, under the impression that it was one of the Earl's upper servants who had been chatting with him so freely, and he was filled with confusion, on finding that his questioner of the previous day was really Lord Moira himself!

The noble lord found, on further examination, that he had not formed an erroneous estimate of the young rustic's talents. He placed him at school, and the object of his bounty became, in the fulness of time, the greatest Hindustani scholar in Europe. He published the best grammar and dictionary in that language, became an eminent professor, acquired a large fortune, and eventually purchased, for £140,000, the whole of the Priory Estate, on which, as it has been already stated, he had worked in the humblest capacity. Professor Shakespeare —I wonder if he was of kindred blood with his immortal namesake—deserved all honour and reward. By dint of his own natural ability, assiduous industry and application, and of an unimpeachable and energetic character, the poor rustic lad, whose intelligence attracted the notice of Lord Moira under the oak at Langley, lived to earn a sufficient fortune to purchase the grand estate on which he had formerly laboured. He bequeathed the Priory and the Langley and Diseworth estates to his nephew, Charles Bowles, Esq., who assumed by sign manual the name of SHAKESPEARE, and is now a respected Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Leicestershire.

Under his hands the Priory is undergoing extensive restoration, and will again be one of the most charming of Leicestershire seats.

The *vicissitudes*, which the foregoing brief narrative attempts to describe are, at once, striking and singular. Careful observers of passing events will not fail to draw from them a salutary lesson. Had my object been "to adorn a tale," rather than "to point a moral," the narrative might have been invested with far greater interest, the beauties of LANGLEY PRIORY might have been dwelt on with more glowing feelings, and a more romantic story told of the fall of the CHESLYNS, and the rise of the SHAKESPEARES.

# The last William Wray of Ards.

An old Song
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtier.

SOME time after the quenching of the great Rebellion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, more than half a million of acres in the north of Ireland were at the disposal of the English Crown. Part of this territory had been the property of the O'Neills, and the numerous branches of that great and ancient family, and part of the O'Donells, who held princely pre-eminence in Tyrconnell, or Donegal. After the later insurrection of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, another chief of Donegal, and its suppression in the year 1608, the whole county fell to the King, under the law of forfeiture or escheat. At the same time, five other northern counties suffered a like doom, namely, Tyrone, the Principality of O'Neill,—Derry, O'Cahan's country,—Fermanagh, Maguire's,—Cavan, O'Reilly's,—and Armagh, the property of the Clanbrassil O'Neills, and of the O'Hanlons; these chiefs and their followers were put under attaint, and their

lands forfeited: hence arose, in 1610, the Plantation of Ulster with English and Scotch settlers, who were generally soldiers of fortune, professional adventurers, or cadets of good families.

Many of them found their way into Donegal, and these may be distinguished into two kinds, viz., those who arrived on the suppression of O'Donell's rebellion at the end of Elizabeth's reign; and those who "settled" under James I. in 1610; the former were almost all of English descent, whereas the latter were Scotch. In Donegal the chief families of the former were the Gores, now Earls of Arran, the Brookes, represented by Sir Victor A. Brooke, Bart., of Castle Brooke, the Harts of Doe Castle, the Sampsons, still extant in military descendants, and the Wrays of Castle Wray and Ards. Old Fynes Morison tells us that of these families, Sampson, Brooke, and Hart alone brought to Ireland one hundred halberdiers at their own expense to aid the Queen: they therefore may be said to have earned what they got. Sampson had a vast tract of wild mountain range lying on the sea, and now comprehending Horn Head, and Ards. Hart was his neighbour at Doe Castle: and Brooke had Donegal town and Castle, and a fine acreage south of Muckish, and Lough Salt mountains, and near what now is the village of Letterkenny. To John Wray 1,000 acres of Carnegilla, near the same town, were assigned, or probably had been purchased by him from Sir John Vaughan, a Welshman by birth, who was the original patentee. Mr. Wray was of a branch of the Wrays of Ashby; they were formerly of the Bishopric of Durham, whence they removed to Glentworth in Yorkshire. In 1612 they were created Baronets, but the title became

extinct at the death of Sir William James Wray, in 1809. Their escutcheon is *azure, on a chief or, three martlets gules;* their motto an ancient French poesie, and play upon their name, "*et juste et vray.*" One of this family, Sir Christopher Wray, of Glentworth, was Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, M.P. for Boroughbridge, and Speaker of the House of Commons *temp.* Eliz.: he died 1592. In his Latin epitaph at Glentworth, there is an allusion to his motto; he was "re justus, nomine verus;" he left behind him good advice as to how an estate was to be kept: 1st, by understanding it—2ndly, by not spending till it comes—3rdly, by a quarterly audit—4thly, by keeping old servants: all of which sapient rules his later Irish kinsmen were ever disregarding, to their own detriment, which was a negative evidence of the excellence of the Chief Justice's counsel.

Little is known of John Wray of Carnegilla, the first settler from England, but his son, Henry Wray, had a further grant from the Crown, in 1639, of the lands afterwards called Castle Wray, a beautiful spot sloping up from the green braes of Lough Swilly, now in the possession of Francis Mansfield, Esq., a descendant of Captain Mansfield, who obtained "1,000 acres in Killaneguirden," in the plantation of 1610. This Henry Wray had married a daughter of Sir Paul Gore, by his wife Isabella Wicliff, a niece of the great Earl of Strafford: and probably he obtained this grant through the earl's influence with his royal master Charles I. Henry Wray's son was William Wray, who was living at Castle Wray in 1689, when his name appears in the "Act of Attainder" by James the Second, in common with all the prominent gentry who held the

Protestant Faith. He appears to have been a wise and prudent man, and bent upon staying at home and improving his estate; accordingly we look in vain for his name among the valiant Donegal gentry who buckled on their broadswords and went off to fight King James's army at Derry in 1689.

Among these were Stewart from Lough Swilly—Forward from Coolemacurtaine—Nesbitt from Tully-Idonnell—Mansfield from Killigordon—Babington from Castle Doe—Hart from Culmore Fort—Sinclair, of the stalwart Caithness race, from Holyhill—Vaughan and Groves from Castle Shanagan—Colquhoun from Letterkenny—Knox from Glenfin and Carhewenancannah, an awful territorial title to spell or speak, with which I close the catalogue. Wray does not appear among the belligerents: he had married a Miss Sampson, and migrated into the very depths of the northern Donegal Highlands, where he purchased the singularly wild, romantic, and beautiful estate of Ards, probably from his wife's family, who some time afterwards, in 1700, sold the promontory of Horn Head, with its glorious sea cliffs and sublime views, to Captain Charles Stewart, ancestor of the present proprietor, the Rev. Charles Frederick Stewart. At Ards, Wray built himself a good and large mansion on a sunny bank facing the sweet south, and running down to meet the purple rocks, and white strands, and clear blue waters of Sheephaven; and here he lived in a princely way, amidst his woods and pleasure grounds and many retainers, enjoying a climate like that of Italy for softness, where, sheltered from the north and east, the myrtles and geraniums grow richly in the open air,

and beds of rhododendrons and fuchsias stretch down to meet the kisses of the Salt Sea.

On William Wray's death in 1710, his widow, who had been his second wife, erected to his memory a mural tablet, which is still to be seen amid the ruins of Clondehorky Church; it contains in itself a pedigree and a picture, and is an odd specimen of the style of that day. In gallantry to the gentle widow whose piety devised it, I must attribute the bad spelling to the ignorance of the sculptor, unless, perhaps, the lady's tears had blinded her eyes when writing it, and thus injured her orthography. Probably Miss Sampson, Wray's first wife, had brought him a wing of the Ards estate, which had been her father's. His second lady, Angel Kilbreth, was sister to Colonel James Galbraith, who was M.P. for the borough of St. Johnston. Another sister was married to Mr. Sinclair, of Holy Hill, county Tyrone. This Colonel Galbraith was an ancestor to the Honourable Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, the late Lord Enniskillen's brother, and the family is now represented by Samuel Galbraith, Esq., of Clanabogan, Omagh, county Tyrone. An old Scottish race were these Kilbreths or Galbraiths, and governors of Dunbarton Castle at the time of Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven. Wray's *eldest* son, Henry, succeeded to the Castle-Wray property. He married Eleanor Gore, sister to the first Lord Arran, and from him lineally comes the present Mr. Wray, of Oak Park, near the town of Letterkenny, who represents the family; but my business is more with the younger branch, which, in the person of William's *second* son, Humphrey, inherited Ards; this Humphrey Wray, of Ards, appears to have been a careful man, as he left

his son a very considerable estate; indeed, something little short of a principality in territorial extent.

Humphrey's wife had been Miss Brooke, of Colebrooke, county Fermanagh, and grandaunt to the late Sir Henry Brooke, Bart. Of this lady we know but little, nor is there any record of the doings of her husband among the traditions of the neighbourhood; but their son, "OLD WILLIAM WRAY OF ARDS," is the remembered hero of many a strange recital mingled with a hue of sorrow for his fallen fortunes, and a romantic interest in his having been the last of the old branch of the Wrays, that reigned and ruled at beautiful Ards for so long a time.

I have said that he had inherited a splendid rental and a wide spreading property; his house and demesne, of great beauty and extent lay along the north strand of a bay of the Atlantic Ocean; woods waved all behind, and on either side of the old mansion, while the offices occupied a spacious square, and contained, besides the ample stabling and coach-houses, a number of shops, such as tailors, saddlers, shoemakers, carpenters, slaters, —in short, a little world of artisans, to supply the numerous household; the nearest mart being twenty miles distant, and only accessible by a road over a steep mountain. The place was an oasis in a desert; all outside the park gates was mountain heaped upon mountain, stony valleys, huge grey boulders standing up like sentries on the road side; blue tarns, white strands dotted with dark pebbles, and broken tracts of brown bog, redeemed at intervals by patches of vivid verdure, virgin soil, which no spade had ever violated; here, too, were stretches of natural wood, relics of the old

forest: the dwarf oak; the rowan, with its red berries; the birch, with its pale stem; the silver ash, and the thick hazels; and the holly, growing most luxuriantly amidst fantastic rocks, and glittering greenly in the sunbeams. Here ran many a bubbling runnel, thundered many a torrent from its gully on the hill-side, and glittered many a lake far seen between the clefts of the mountains; among which, pre-eminent for its wild and romantic beauty, lay Glenveagh Lough, or the Lake of the Valley of the Deer, glancing like silver, or blackening like ink, as it alternated in sunlight or in shadow; deep, narrow, sublimely solitary, it runs up between the precipitous wall of Dooish Mountain, whose summit rises two thousand two hundred feet above the glen, and on the other side the steep rocks, and green declivities, and wooded precipices of the Glendowan Mountain, and Lossett, which signifies light. Here, at the time of which I write, the red deer ran and haunted these wilds in troops, sporting amidst the ancient oakwood of Mullanagore, part of which still remains, or slaking their thirst in the Burn of Glenlack, which rolls and whirls adown the mountain for six hundred feet, or listening under the greenwood tree, and in the silence of the summer morning to the roar of waters, where, across the lake, the Derrybeg Torrent is precipitated over a cliff of one thousand feet, and after raving amidst the lower levels, where the trees and brushwood half conceal its glancing waters, hurries into the tranquil bosom of lovely Glenveagh, and is at rest. A more exquisite gem of mountain, lake, waterfall, and woodland beauty, the wide world could scarce produce.

To the left of Ards rose Lough Salt with its volcanic

crater, and large, deep lake on the summit, along whose stony rim for a mile lay the only road by which Ards could be approached from the south. To the right and landward of Ards soared the great mountain of Muckish, with its declivities, precipices, and its hundred spurs broken into unceasing hill and hollow, through which grey boreens, or bridle-paths, were seen to wind like serpents in the grass. More westerly still, uprose the three giant mountains, Dooish, Altan, and the silvery cone of Arigle, or "the white arrow," with all their peaks and precipices, their shadows, and solitudes, only broken by the wild bark of the golden eagle. To the east of the demesne lay the sea, of great depth and exquisite colour, bluest of the blue. It was, indeed, and is to this day a complete solitude, but abounding in the wildest and most original scenery, little known and seldom visited, but replete with all that could charm the tourist, and delight and satisfy the eye and pencil of the artist. Here, amidst his woods, and wilds, and sea-cliffs, and mountains, reigned William Wray in feudal state, and with an assumption of power which his neighbours seemed to allow him. His heart was kind, his purse was long, his step was high, and his hand was open. He was profuse, proud, energetic, jealous, stately, hospitable, eccentric, and exclusive. Tradition tells us that he had twenty stalls in his stables, kept ready for the horses of his guests, and twenty covers on his table for their masters, yet the difficulty of reaching Ards was what would never come into the computation of modern diners-out, and was opposed to all the facility and luxury of present travelling. At that time there was but one available road

from Letterkenny, the frontier town, to Ards, and this had been made by William Wray himself, and with such zeal, that he caused his labourers to work at it all night by torchlight. It runs straight up and over Lough Salt, a mountain one thousand five hundred feet high. Wray paved most of it with square flags, and set up huge milestones all along it, and resting-places, as trophies of his engineering prowess. When the guests who were invited to Ards arrived at Kilmacrennan, a village at the foot of the mountain, the postilion unyoked the horses and replaced them with bullocks, which animals were regularly provided by William Wray, and which slowly but strongly dragged the carriages up the great mountain; and as the equipages emerged at the other side of Lough Salt, and became visible to the northern region beneath, tradition has it that the Master at Ards from his own lawn took a telescopic observation at the distance of fourteen miles; and computing that the company would not complete the rest of their journey under four hours more, and being a man given to punctuality, *he ordered dinner accordingly.*

He was, indeed, a perfect Martinet; one day, walking in his pleasure-ground, he cried to his gardener, "John, I cannot get on;" to which the other answered, "I do not wonder at it, Sir, for there is a straw in your path;" which being removed, the old gentleman resumed his walk.

He was very dignified in his appearance and manner, and once in the Grand Jury room at Lifford, when a young fop, desirous of knowing the hour, turned to him and said, "And what are you, sir?" he struck the floor with his gold-headed cane, and answered, "I am

William Wray of Ards, sir." Yet with this characteristic of hauteur, he was most kind to the poor, and would suffer the fishermen, if it blew hard from the north or west, to run their smacks close in under his very windows for shelter, and to coil their cables and hawsers round the stem of the great trees which grew close to the sea, and which remain till this day. Squeamish and fastidious, he could not bear to see any one eat egg or oyster before him; and once, when his daughter after breakfast had the good sense with her own gentle hands and a damask napkin to wash up some extremely costly and beautiful cups and saucers, he was so hurt and mortified, that he indignantly ordered his horse, and rode into Dunfanaghy, four miles off, where he breakfasted at an inn; and this he continued to do for some months, till time had effaced the recollection of the indignity.

One would be inclined to accuse the man who acted thus of folly; but such conduct was rather the result of pride and eccentricity, fostered by the solitary magnificence in which he lived, and the station in which his wealth and birth had placed him, and which the neighbouring gentry who ate his mutton and drank his claret did not dispute. He was undoubtedly a man of wondrous activity, enterprise, and public spirit. The causeway up the steep of Lough Salt he made at his own expense. The milestones were seven feet high and four broad—the last was standing some twenty years ago. There was something of the ancient Roman in the man's works, bold and massive. A second road he constructed over Mongorry Mountain, between Letterkenny and Raphoe, with incredible trouble and cost.

No hard Whinstone rock, no shaking bog, no hill-side torrent, ever could turn our rectilinear road-maker one foot from his straightforward course. He would blast the first, pave the second, and bridge the third: and on the map of the recent Ordnance Survey, the engineer's rule could never draw a straighter line than the delineation of this long road presents. It is now quite forsaken, only cattle drivers make use of "ould Willie Wray's road," the present generation having discovered that it is wiser, if not shorter to skirt the base of a hill than to scale the summit, a process endangering the breaking of your horse's wind in the going up, and the breaking of his knees, or your own neck in the coming down. Mr. Wray was a great loyalist, and zealous for king and constitution; and on one occasion suffered severely in his purse through a headlong act of arbitrary enthusiasm for ——the Excise of the country! A small brig was at anchor, becalmed in the bay; she had a low hull, rakish masts, and smart rigging, altogether a suspicious craft. William Wray determined to pay her a visit, and getting into his grand pinnace with a number of his men, boarded her. He found her cargo consisted entirely of tobacco; her skipper was sulky, and would not produce his papers: and the upshot of the matter was, that Wray, as a magistrate and magnate of the county, took upon him to legislate *suo arbitrio*, and under the impression that the tobacco was smuggled, the skipper a contrabandist, and the king's majesty defrauded, he sent on shore for all his boats, barges, corrais, and sailors, and before the sun was kissing the fiery [illegible] behind Torry island, he had landed all the tobacco [illegible] seabeach, and heaping it together, set a torch to

the pile and burned it, producing such a smoke and such a smell amidst the glades and sweet dells of Ards as never was till then, or ever will be again, though the whole population of Donegal were to turn out and assemble there with cigars in their mouths. Under cover of the smoke the captain returned in a rage to Derry, and the damages and law costs he obtained at the next assizes against the too adventurous Willie were fully six hundred pounds.

William Wray's mother had been Miss Brooke, of Colebrooke, and through her he was widely and wealthily connected in Donegal and Fermanagh. His wife was Miss Hamilton, of Newtown Cunningham, county Derry; she was daughter to a Rev. Andrew Hamilton and a Miss Cunningham, and sister of Sir Henry Hamilton, probably of the Abercorn family. The great mansion where this family resided is a prominent object in the village at this day, though almost a ruin; it is a grey and massive pile, and looks like an old baronial keep of other times. Sir Henry had five sisters besides Mrs. Wray: one was married to Mr. Olphert, of Ballyconnell; a second to Mr. Benson, of Birdstown; a third to Mr. Smith, of Newtown Limavaddy; a fourth to Mr. Span, of Ballemacool, near Letterkenny; and a fifth to Mr. Stewart, of Ballygawley, direct ancestor of Sir John M. Stewart, Bart.; the sixth was the Lady of Ards, and wife of William Wray. Besides all these family ramifications, Wray was allied by blood or marriage with the Gores of Magherabeg, the Stewarts of Horn Head, the Mansfields of Killygordon, the Galbraiths of St. Johnston, the Babingtons of Urney, the Sinclairs of Holly Hill, the Lowrys of Pomeroy, the Eccles of Fintona, the

Knoxs of Rathmullen, the Perrys of Mullaghmore, the Moutrays of Favor Royal, the Boyds of Ballycastle, &c., &c., all families of ancient settlers in Donegal, Tyrone, and the county of Antrim.

One of his daughters married her kinsman, Richard Babington; and two gentle scholars, brothers, coming up from the south of Ireland, James and Joseph Stopford, sons of James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne, and nephews of the first Earl of Courtown, bound the north and south together in kindly ties by wooing and wedding Anna and Angel Wray, two of the lilies of Ards, which had flowered in William Wray's paternal garden; another daughter was united to Mr. Atkinson, the head of an old family in Donegal. Thus his connection was as extensive as his fortune, and as wide as his expenditure; he possessed the very spirit of Irish hospitality, and guest and kinsfolk being ever ready to accept his invitations, and bringing with them crowds of servants, no doubt profligate and wasteful, it is little wonder that all these gatherings and entertainments produced their inevitable results in pecuniary difficulties, then gradual decadency, and eventually something tantamount to absolute and irretrievable ruin. Yet there is no record of anything coarse or vicious in the extravagances which beggared the Master of Ards. One hears nothing of hard drinking, or loud swearing, or boisterous revels in his courtly mansion. William Wray was a gentleman—a high Irish gentleman—too proud to be popular, and too eccentric to be understood; he could not be estimated by the unimaginative and matter-of-fact people among whom he dwelt; the shrewd and money-loving north-

erns called his unbounded hospitality, riotous living, and his diffuseness they termed madness; but had these things been done in France in the fourteenth century, and chronicled by such a pen as that of Froissart, *he* would have classed him with such entertainers as Phœbus-Gaston Count de Foix, and pronounced upon him as a courteous and liberal, a bountiful, and most gentle host. Yet he had not many near neighbours in that wild country; there was a Mr. Olphert, a cousin of his own, at Ballyconnell, who spent much of his time in crossing from Ballyness to Tory Island, a distance of ten miles, and a navigation accompanied with extreme peril. This he accomplished not in a twelve-oared boat, broad bottomed and skilfully manned, to meet the raging of the tremendous sea which runs in that stormy sound, where the Atlantic beats around the Horn, and breaks in thunder and in foam up its black sides; but in a little corrai, or long basket, made of twigs of twisted osier, and covered over with a cow-hide, so as to keep out the water, and pulled by two men: nay, the story has it that Olphert often put to sea in the corrai by himself, and with a favourable tide and wind, accomplished the voyage alone. Probably this daring navigator was a fisherman, for salmon are in great abundance in the deep blue water around the mural cliffs of Horn Head, where the finest and rarest fish are taken, and where occasionally a giant whale on a *lark* from Greenland is seen to lie at his ease, and spout in the cool summer evening. Olphert being such a passionate philo-marine, and so original in his nautical habits, had probably little intercourse with the Master of Ards, save when they met in the Grand Jury-room

at Lifford. The sea scenery on this part of the coast, to the east of Bloody Foreland, is sternly magnificent; the cliffs at Horn Head, embracing eight miles in extent, are matchless for size, shape, exquisite colouring and peculiarity; the Horn curls over the ocean from a height of one thousand perpendicular feet; along its ledges, all the way from brow to base, in summer, sit millions of rock-nesting birds of the gull tribe, &c.; auks, sea parrots, petrels, &c., while a pair of noble eagles—great birds—are generally found building in the precipitous face of the cliff, or floating and wheeling over the green and heathy hollows through which the Horn is approached. Far out to sea lies the Island of Tory, with its lofty, black, and broken cliffs, resembling a huge old castle, with round towers and rugged battlements, and long, dark, steep walls of rock standing out in its utter solitude in the midst of the vexed Atlantic, an object of intense interest, most picturesque in its outline.

Between Balliconnell and Ards is Horn Head House. Here lived, in the year 1700, Captain Charles Stewart, a man of ancient Scottish blood, being of the Darnley Stewarts, and having the motto, "Avant Darnley," engraved on the old silver seal which hung from his watch chain. He had been an officer in King William's army, had obtained from him a grant of lands in the King's County, but migrating northward in 1700, he purchased from Mr. Sampson, Wray's father-in-law, the promontory of Horn Head, &c., and there built a substantial and good house, which from that time to this has ever preserved its name for generous and refined hospitality. With this gentleman Wray had an extraordinary quarrel

in 1732, which, as illustrating the tone of the times and the peculiar idiosyncracy of the Master of Ards' character, I will venture to sketch. At the time the feud took place William Wray was a young man—Stewart was bordering on seventy, and his strength broken with gout and illness. Three years before, at Horn Head, "they had sworn a friendship," probably most prandial in its nature, and over a bottle of claret; and nothing interrupted the harmony of their intercourse, until one day, Wray, walking on some of the silver strands which lined his verdant park, discovered a girl gathering oysters, whom he recognised as one of Stewart's tenants. This monstrous outrage on the sovereignty of his sway and the sanctity of his premises, Wray highly resented, and told the offender that he considered it a crime for any one to gather there but himself or his servants. This of course was reported to the stern old Williamite, who next day despatched his pinnace with twelve men, with pistols and armed to the teeth, commanded by Stewart's son, and "ready," so Wray writes, "by your direction to use me, I know not how." This public affront awakened Wray's loftiest indignation, and on the 9th of November he challenges Stewart, tells him he "must have speedy satisfaction; that he was concerned to do so with a man of his years, but that his (Wray's) *honour* was at stake. Be master of your own weapons, fix the time and place; you must come alone, as I will, as the sooner this affair is ended, the sooner will revenge cease. "WILLIAM WRAY."

Stewart's answer was immediate—having the same date. It is so spirited, and so like the neigh of an old

war-horse that had probably heard the guns peal across the Boyne Water, that I will transcribe it all.

"Nov. 9th, 1732.—Sir, you say that you have received a deal of ill usage from me; I am quite a stranger to that, but not so to the base usage that you have given me, and all the satisfaction you intend me is banter by your sham challenge. If you be as much in earnest as your letter says, assure yourself that if I had but one day to live I would meet you on the top of Muckish rather than lose by you what I have carried all my life. "Yours, CHARLES STEWART."

If we consider that the writer was near seventy years of age, and a martyr to gout, and that Muckish mountain is 2,000 feet high, and so steep as to be almost inaccessible, we shall see what stuff these Boyne and Derry men were made of, and what soldiers of steel King William led to victory. Happily this duel never came off; some mutual friends, "Dick Babington" and "Andrew Knox" interfered, Wray explained, and Stewart apologized for calling his challenge a sham and a banter, and testified to the truth and honour of Wray; and thus the matter ended, as it should do, in a renewal of good feeling.

All this took place when Wray was a young man, and probably unmarried. It is all but impossible to gather records of his domestic life; those who enjoyed his hospitality have long since passed away, and the peasantry, who are the usual depositories of the legendary stories connected with great families, though forming a fine and substantial yeomanry about Ards, yet are peculiarly

matter-of-fact, common-place, and utterly wanting in the poetical element, so necessary to give the love for tradition, and preserve it from age to age. Besides, extravagance is always unpopular in the north, where the Scotch are so widely located, and where money is so highly valued, and that which we dislike and disapprove of we take no pains to keep in mind, and so the memory of the last William Wray of Ards is fast passing away with the works he constructed, the moneys he lavished, the eccentricities he exhibited, and the properties which he forfeited. A few strong facts stand above the surface of the stream—such as I have narrated: a few also remain of a sterner and sadder kind—such as his expenditure increasing as his income decreased: such as wisdom or frugality not resulting from advancing years; such as his son living in France, where he displayed even more than the hereditary habit of utter extravagance; such as his lady sinking and dying under the grief and sorrow of their ruin and their fall; and his own death afterwards in France: and finally such as the sale of the entire estate, house, demesne, and all appurtenances belonging to it in the year 1781, to meet and defray the owner's debts, when it was purchased by Mr. Alexander Stewart, brother of the 1st Marquess of Londonderry, from whom it has descended to his grandson, Alexander John Robert Stewart, Esq., who is the present proprietor of beautiful Ards, and the very noble estate attached to it.

## The Bairds of Gartsherrie Ironworks and their Predecessors.

"He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

ABOUT the end of the last century, there lived in the parish of Monkland, near Glasgow, a small farmer, in humble circumstances, of the name of Alexander Baird. By his wife, Jean Moffat, who had been employed in a neighbouring farm-house, he had a numerous family of sons, who, between the years 1820 and 1868 have, by dint of ability, judgment, honesty, and frugality, raised themselves to the position of the first mercantile men in Scotland. To these qualities must be added the advantage of rare good fortune and propitious circumstances, which does not diminish their merit, for there is no use in a ball being placed at a man's foot if he has not strength and dexterity to kick it and to keep it up. The coal and iron trade in the Monklands had not yet been developed. The sagacity and enterprise of the Bairds were devoted to that object, and in the course of a few years they rose from the position of farmers to that of thriving ironmasters, and then gradually advanced until they distanced all others in the same line in Scotland, and placed themselves on a footing with the Guests and Baileys of South Wales.

Merchants are proverbially princes to-day and beggars to-morrow; and as long as enormous capital is invested in speculation, however prosperous and apparently secure, permanency can never be certain. Those who are alive in the year 1900 will be in a condition to know whether or not the heirs of the Bairds belong to the richest landed aristocracy of Great Britain; and whether or not the immense estates already acquired by them have been preserved so as to found great territorial families.

In the meantime, these enterprising brothers have acted with praiseworthy ambition in acquiring landed possessions, which give them an influence in the country far beyond the mere accumulation of pounds, shillings, and pence. Within the last twenty years they have secured by purchase magnificent estates, which, if preserved, will, before two generations are over, raise their descendants to a place among the magnates of the land.

The present generation of the Bairds, regarded as they are by the public among the richest commoners of Scotland, have reason to be proud of the lowly origin from which prudence and industry have raised them. Possibly their grandchildren may desire to cover that origin with the blazon of pedigree; but, if they be wise, they will rest satisfied with their undoubted honourable descent from those who raised themselves and their families by their own merit and enterprise.

The brothers Baird have been too busy in transmuting iron into gold to have time, or probably inclination, to think of genealogy, or to care for ancient blood. In one or two descents, however, a family already

founded, and by that time nobly allied, may think it worth while to seek out a generous stem for their golden branches; and it is a matter of fact that Lanarkshire, which has witnessed the gradual rise of these brothers to wealth, numbered, many centuries ago, among its most considerable barons, an ancient race of their name.

In the reign of Alexander III., Richard Baird had a charter of lands from Robert, son of Waldeve de Biggar, and King Robert Bruce gave a grant of the barony of Camnethan to Robert Baird. In the ancient mansion of Camnethan, as it existed in the days of the lordly Somervilles, the most ancient portion was called the Bairds' Tower. The prosperity of this race was, however, speedily blighted by treason. Baird of Carnwath, and three or four other barons of that name, being convicted of a conspiracy against King Robert Bruce, in the Parliament held at Perth, were forfeited and put to death.

Baird of Auchmedden in Banffshire has long been considered chief of the name;* and it is a curious circumstance, that among the many estates which the brothers Baird have acquired, Auchmedden is one. The main line of Auchmedden ended in an heiress, but there are two baronets' families descended from it, viz., Baird of Saughton Hall, and Baird of Newbyth, the latter illustrated by the achievements of Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam.

I must leave to some genealogist of a future generation the task of connecting (if it be possible) the many

* The Bairds of Auchmedden, as well as the Bairds of Ordinhivas are now represented by FRASER, of Findrack, co. Aberdeen.

millioned brothers of Gartsherrie Ironworks with the races of their name which have been distinguished in the olden time, or which now claim a place among our well-descended gentry. My intention is to record the rise of this most remarkable and meritorious family, and, while I congratulate them on their present prosperity, to cast a look of regret on the ancient houses which have passed away and given place to them. Nothing more strikingly depicts the vicissitudes of fortune in considerable families than the transfer of hereditary property; and in this instance we find successful manufacturers displacing, within less than a quarter of a century, houses which had previously stood for hundreds and hundreds of years "against the waves and weathers of time."

I trust that I shall not wound aristocratic feelings—I will not call them prejudices (for such feelings are good in their proper place and within due bounds)—when I say that such transfer of great estates from the old to the new races is an immense benefit to the country. Not that the new man is a better landlord, neighbour, magistrate, or member of Parliament than the man of ancient lineage; generally quite the reverse. Not that the individual instances of noble and time-honoured families being forced to give way to those fresh from the ranks of the people, are otherwise than repugnant to our tastes and habits of thought. But such changes serve as the props and bulwarks of the existing social and political institutions of Great Britain. In this country there is happily no conventional barrier raised against the admission of a man of the people into the ranks of the aristocracy. Industry and good conduct,

favoured by providence, in the acquisition of wealth, may raise a poor man to a place among the rich landed gentry of the country, and another generation may see him not only in the House of Lords, but allied by blood to the highest families of the land.

Therefore it is the true interest of the people to maintain those social and political institutions which are thus liberal towards them.

There does not exist in England, as there still does in some Continental counties, the insurmountable barrier of a proud nobility of "seize quartiers." It is one of the safeguards of English institutions that admission to the aristocracy is not exclusively barred against the ambition of a man of humble birth, and that a place there, when once obtained, is jealously guarded by the right of primogeniture. Each generation witnesses the ascent of numbers of men of the people to the class of the upper ten thousand, and when once there, they generally become the most exclusive preservers of the footing which they have gained. It is well for England that men like the Bairds hasten to invest their hundred thousands or their million in great landed estates; and, moreover, that they centre their wealth on their eldest sons. What a contrast does this rich, flourishing, popular aristocracy exhibit to the poverty-stricken nobility of most continental countries, which, on the one hand, rarely admits of accessions from the people, and on the other, fritters away its possessions by eternal subdivisions of titles and estates among all branches of its race, however remote.

This forms one of the most striking and beneficial discrepancies between our social institutions and those

of most of the great continental States. With us, a merchant no sooner realizes a fortune than his aim is to be a country gentleman, and to push upwards among the old families of a county. He sends his son to Eton and Oxford, where he associates on equal terms with young men of birth. He seeks matrimonial alliances for his children among those of a superior class: and, unless there is something ridiculous or forbidding about him and his family, his efforts are generally successful, and the next generation sees the Liverpool merchant or the Manchester cotton-spinner's son or grandson associated and allied with houses which were founded at the Conquest or during the Barons' wars. There is scarcely a peer, however exalted his rank may be, who has not some degree of cousinhood with families of very ordinary pretensions; and not a few of our Cabinet Ministers in modern times have been but one remove from the counting-house, through the intermediate step of a merchant or cotton-spinner turned squire.

Having thus paid tribute to the beneficial influence of new blood on our political institutions, let us indemnify ourselves by the expression of our sorrow at the disappearance from the homes, that knew them so long, of the great landed proprietors who have been supplanted by the Gartsherrie Iron Kings.

The estates which these brothers have purchased are numerous, valuable, and wide-spread in every direction throughout Scotland. In the north, Strichen has been acquired from Lord Lovat, Urie from Mr. Barclay-Allardice, and Auchmedden, the patrimony of the ancient family of Baird. In the south, Stitchill has been bought

from Sir John Pringle, and Closeburn (the famous patrimony of the Kirkpatricks) from Sir James Stuart Menteth. In the east, Elie and the ancient barony of Anstruther have been purchased from Sir Windham Anstruther; and in the west, Knoydart, the last remnant of the territories of the chieftain of Glengarry, has added to the victories of the prosperous Iron Kings over the old lords of the soil.

I believe that I have only enumerated a portion of their purchases; for proprietors, small as well as great, have been swallowed up.

# The Maguires of Tempo,

## co. Fermanagh.

> "Maguire is leader of their battalions,
> He rules over the mighty men of Monach,
> At home munificent in presents,
> The noblest lord in hospitality."
>
> O'DUGAN, 14TH CENTURY.

THE fame of "the three Collas," great-grandsons of the enlightened King of Ireland, Cormac MacArt, is the favourite theme of the old chroniclers. With the invasion of Ulster, early in the fourth century, commenced one of the most sanguinary struggles on record. The old inhabitants—the brave Clanna-Rorys—fought, with their traditional valour, for their very existence; their enemies, the Collas, for conquest and a settlement. Their last battle of Achalethderg, in the county of Down, continued "while six suns rose and went down," and ended in the defeat and ruin of the Clanna-Rorys. Thenceforth, the renowned Red-branch Knights disappeared from history; Emania, the palace of the Kings of Ulster, whose construction formed one of the chief epochs of Irish chronology, was destroyed, and not a trace of its long-celebrated glories left behind. But for details, I must refer those who feel an interest in Celtic story, to Mrs. Ferguson's attractive and curious volume, "The Irish before the Conquest."

From Colla-da-Crioch the youngest of the brothers, descended the Maguires, Princes of Fermanagh, and

Lords of Enniskillen, who assumed their surname, in the ninth century, from Uidher, or "Guire," ninth in descent from Colla-da-Crioch.

These Maguires kept right noble state in their castles of Enniskillen, Portora, and Monea in Fermanagh. They had their ollamhs or bards, their hereditary brehons or judges, and their other chief officers of state. When they marched to compel eiric, or join the muster of their dynast, O'Neill, King of Ulster, Mac Caffrey, their hereditary standard-bearer, unfurled the banner of *Mac Uidher* at the head of a thousand warriors. On the summit of the magnificent Cuilcagh, a mountain near Swanlinbar, on the borders of Cavan and Fermanagh, the Maguire was inaugurated as Prince of Fermanagh: and an imposing pageant the ceremonial presented. The only canopy was the blue vault of heaven, emblazoned with the glorious sun; multitudes of clansmen clustered on the top, and the sides, and by the foot of the hill, and the Chief himself stood before a stone chair of state: the laws were read to him by the Brehon, the oath was administered, and the blessing given by the *Co-arb* of Clogher; the white wand of sovereignty was placed in his hand, the standard unfurled, and the slipper put on, when, amid the clang of bucklers, the music of a hundred harps, and the ringing cheers of thousands of the Clan Mac Uider, he was proclaimed THE MAGUIRE.

Fermanagh was called in remote times "Maguire's country," and there for twelve hundred years and more the Maguires maintained their power as independent princes. Tributary to the O'Neills, Kings of Ulster, and often allied to them by marriage, they proved ever stanch to their suzerains; the first to attend muster,

and the first to rally under the royal standard of *Lamh-dearg Eirin*, "the red hand of Ireland." In the battle-field the voices of the stout men of Fermanagh were the loudest, and their good battle-axes the keenest.

Space will not permit even a passing allusion to the chieftains of the race, but there was one among them so gallant and heroic, the last Prince of Fermanagh, Hugh Maguire, of the reign of Elizabeth, that I cannot refrain from adding an outline, brief though it be, of his brilliant career. His aunt, a proud and stately dame, was mother of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. After the death of his father, Hugh Maguire was harassed by the pretensions of Connor Roe, called "the Queen's Maguire," who joined the English and disputed the chieftaincy with him. When the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam informed him that, his country having become "shire ground," he must prepare to admit a sheriff to execute the Queen's writs, he answered characteristically, "Your sheriff shall be welcome, *but let me know his eiric* (how much his life is worth), *that if my people should cut off his head, I may levy it upon the country.*" Afterwards, in the year 1593, Captain Willis is found in his country as sheriff, but shut up with his *posse comitatus*, and besieged in a church by the Fermanagh people, where he was reduced to the last extremity until relieved by Hugh O'Neill, then an ally of the English. Shortly after Maguire led the Fermanagh forces southwards, and at Tulsk in Roscommon, defeated Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, and slew Sir William Clifford. He then fought the battle of Athcullin, on the river Erne, against Marshal Bagnall, and forced Hugh O'Neill, who had charged across the river at the

head of the English cavalry, to recross it, after being severely wounded. In 1594 he defeated Sir George Bingham at the battle of Bel-atha-nam-Briosgadh, or "Mouth of the Ford of biscuits," on the river Erne, within four miles of Enniskillen, then held by English troops, and compelled the garrison to surrender. In the following year, 1595, he entered, plundered, and devastated Brefny O'Reilly, the country of "the Queen's O'Reilly;" and when Hugh O'Neill rose in alliance with O'Donnell, Maguire joined his standard, and never after left it. He was with his gallant leader at the battle of Clontibret, where Sir John Norris was defeated; at the battle of Killcloony, where the united armies of the Lord Deputy Sir William Russell and Sir John Norris were routed with the loss of six hundred men, and at Mullaghbrack in 1596, to which victory he mainly contributed, in command of the cavalry,

In 1597, while O'Neill was fighting the great battle of Drumfluich against the new Lord Deputy Borough, Maguire was in Mullingar, on the invitation of the O'Ferrells, preying on and plundering the English of the Pale in that quarter. In 1598, he was by the side of O'Neill and O'Donnell, "Red Hugh," in the victory obtained at Bealanaboy, where Marshal Bagnall and about three thousand of the English were slain. In the next year, 1599, he joined O'Donnell in his expedition into Thomond, and separating from him for a time, attacked and took the castle of Inchiquin, and made its master prisoner; and having swept all the surrounding country, rejoined O'Donnell at Kilfenora, laden with spoil. In the year 1600 he accompanied O'Neill as commander of the horse in his expedition into Leinster and

Munster, to punish his enemies and reconcile and unite his friends, where, at O'Neill's camp, on the borders of Muskerry and Carberry, the chiefs of Munster attended and gave eighteen hostages. Here the gallant Maguire closed his career. One day in March, shortly before the festival of St. Patrick, he went, accompanied by Felim McCaffrey, his standard-bearer, and a small party of horse, and some foot, to reconnoitre the country towards Cork. Sir Warham St. Leger, Vice President of Munster, was informed of the movement by a spy, and placed a strong party in a narrow defile about a mile from the city. On approaching the place, Maguire discovered the ambush, but nothing daunted, though the odds against him were fearfully great, he stuck spurs into his horse, and, at the head of a small troop, dashed into the midst of his enemies. St. Leger and Maguire met, Sir Warham discharged his pistol and inflicted a death wound, but Maguire, though mortally stricken, summoned all his strength and cleft his adversary's head through buckler and helmet, leaving him dead on the spot. He then fought his way through the ranks of opposing horsemen—five of whom he killed with his single arm, and escaped; but gashed and cut fearfully, he fell exhausted, and being borne to O'Neill's camp, he survived only to the following day, when he delivered up his gallant spirit to Heaven. O'Neill and the other Irish chiefs mourned his loss, and laid him in a southern grave. The Four Masters styled Hugh Maguire "the bulwark of valour and prowess, the shield of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defence, and the pillar of the hospitality and achievements of the Oirghialla and almost all the Irish of his time." He

was the last prince of Fermanagh, for none of the chiefs of the Maguires after his time possessed the power or property sufficient to sustain the rank.

On the death of the gallant Hugh, his brother Constantine became The Maguire, and joined O'Neill, whose cause he sustained until the submission of the Earl in 1603. Afterwards, in 1607, when O'Neill and O'Donnell meditated their flight from Ireland, it was Con Maguire, aided by O'Brien, who brought the Spanish ship to the harbour of Lough Swilly, in which they and their friends embarked; Maguire himself died not very long after (12th August, 1608), at Genoa, while preparing to go to Spain, and was there buried by the Franciscans, in their Church of the Annunziata.

After this event, the entire of Fermanagh was confiscated by James the First. In the redistribution of lands Bryan Maguire obtained two thousand acres of Tempodessel, and Connor Roe, the "Queen's Maguire," thirteen thousand three hundred acres. The son of the latter, Bryan Roe, was created Baron of Enniskillen, and by his marriage with a sister of the celebrated General Owen Roe O'Neill was father of Connor Lord Maguire, who was attainted, and his estates confiscated, for being concerned in the rebellion of 1641: he was conveyed to the Tower of London, and after a lengthened imprisonment, was brought to trial, and condemned, hanged, and beheaded at Tyburn, in February, 1644. The title, nevertheless, was assumed by his son and descendants, the last of whom, Alexander Maguire, called the eighth baron, was a captain in Buckley's regiment in the Irish brigade in the service of France.

Several chiefs of the Maguires are mentioned during

the Cromwellian and Williamite wars; and many of them became distinguished officers in the French and Austrian armies.

The descendants of Bryan Maguire of Tempo, "senior of the race," contrived to retain the lands granted to him by James the First, through every after-vicissitude, until the commencement of the present century, when the property passed from the late Constantine Maguire, Esq., chief of his race and last inheritor of Tempo, into the hands of a Belfast merchant, and is now the seat of a distinguished Irishman, Sir James Emerson-Tennent, Baronet, of Tempo.

Mr. Constantine Maguire was a gentleman of refined education and polished manners. After leaving Tempo, he resided chiefly at Toureen Lodge, near Cahir, on a small estate he had in the county of Tipperary, where he lost his life in a mysterious and barbarous manner. On Saturday, the 1st of November, 1834, Mr. Maguire and a lady of his family were out walking on the lawn, adjoining the high road in front of his house. After a short time, his companion left him, and returned to order breakfast. She had scarcely reached the hall door, when she heard a shot fired. Running back, she saw two men escaping from the lawn at full speed, and found Mr. Maguire stretched on the grass, a lifeless and mangled corpse. A ball had passed through his heart, and his head was literally smashed and battered to pieces, apparently with the butt-end of a musket. The murderers escaped, and, notwithstanding the offer in the Dublin Gazette of a large reward, no trace of them was ever discovered. Like the kindred assassinations, which took place afterwards in Ireland, of the

second Lord Norbury and Mrs. Kelly, the murder of Mr. Maguire has remained shrouded in mystery.

Upon the death of Mr. Constantine Maguire, his younger brother, the celebrated duellist, Bryan Butler Maguire, popularly known as "Captain Bryan Maguire," became chief of his race, but inherited no part of the ancient patrimony.

The life of Captain Maguire was an eventful one, and contained as many startling incidents as would supply materials for half-a-dozen modern novels. He wrote and published his Memoirs in 1812, but his subsequent career, to which I shall by and by refer, was still more singular. In 1799, when very young, he obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and joined the 8th Regiment of native infantry at Cochin, formerly a Dutch settlement on the coast of Malabar. Here he is found, with some other Irish officers, incurring the enmity, and it seems also the "jealousy," of the Dutch residents, who prohibited their daughters from "dancing with the gentlemen of the army;" and at public assemblies and balls the novel spectacle was exhibited of "unmarried ladies dancing with their own relations, and wives with their husbands." Both parties being bent on mischief, it was not long before an opportunity offered for showing their animosity. Captain Maguire, who seems to have been the chief object of the Dutchmen's hostility, was attacked, sword in hand, in a public billiard room "by a Captain Thuring, of the *Minerva*." Maguire defended himself with "a large black billiard cue," forced his antagonist out of the room, and fractured his skull, of which the unfortunate man died in a few weeks after,

at Andengo. The governor now interfered, and the officers not on active service were ordered to rejoin their regiments. Maguire and his friends embarked on board the *Deria Dowla*, and landed at Calicut, where his companions and he parted, and he set out in an open boat for Bombay, a distance of three hundred miles. Finding this small craft unequal to so long a voyage, Maguire formed the bold resolution of cutting out a vessel from the roads of Goa. His six servants—Lascars, stout, resolute fellows—entered heartily into the project, and, in a dark night, laid him alongside a Portuguese vessel half laden. Boarding in silence, they closed down the hatches on the crew, thirteen in number, and stood out to sea. As they neared Port Victoria, a pirate vessel hove in sight, and bore down on Maguire, who, nothing daunted, fired into the enemy his only gun, "an iron four-pound swivel, crammed with iron balls rolled up in an old worsted stocking;" which "so astonished the pirate that he sheered off," and Maguire reached Bombay in safety. But here, again, his evil genius followed him in the shape of two of his old Dutch acquaintances of Cochin. They had him arrested and tried before the Recorder, Sir James Mackintosh, "for waylaying and assaulting" them. A "scene in court" took place at the trial. The judge was secretly cautioned to be on his guard, as Maguire intended to shoot him, when delivering sentence. The prisoner was searched in open court, but the charge of attempting to assassinate the judge turned out to be groundless. A verdict, however, was given against Maguire, for the attack on the Dutchmen, and he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. On another

occasion, he and some friends were returning in the evening from the woods, after a "jollification," when one of them "incautiously discharged his gun into the tent of Major G——:" the ball passing in rather close proximity to that gallant gentleman's head. For this Maguire and another of the party were tried for malicious shooting. Maguire defended himself in court in a speech of much tact and ability, and took occasion to repudiate the charge, industriously circulated against him, of being a "professed duellist." He was acquitted, but soon after got into another affair, which compromised his position in the army. He became the bearer of two written challenges to an officer of the Bombay European regiment, who brought him to a court-martial; and the Articles of War being very severe against duelling, Maguire was cashiered after eight years' service. On his way home, the fleet was detained a short time at St. Helena. One day, during his stay there, Maguire entered a public room, in a tavern, where a number of officers were enjoying themselves, the band-master of the regiment being seated at a piano. The officers ordered the intruder out in a *brusque* manner, which he politely declined; when they vociferated, "Throw him out of the window!" Maguire coolly presented a pistol. The officers, headed by Major Mac D——, advanced on him sword in hand. Retreating to the wall, he protested that, in defence of his life, he would shoot the first man who crossed a line he had marked. Major Mac D—— still rushed on, when Maguire fired, and shot him dead on the spot. Instantly putting the discharged pistol behind his back, he cocked and presented it, as a second one loaded, at the rest,

who fled. He was tried on the charge of murder, and acquitted, but put on board by the authorities. Not long after he had reached London he was involved in another serious squabble. Seated one evening in a box in the Golden Cross Tavern, Charing Cross, he overheard two gentlemen speaking near him in a loud tone. One of them, a Mr. T——, told the other he had "intimidated a big Irishman at the play the night before; that he had several affairs with men of that nation, and always found them to be empty swaggerers." Maguire's temper was roused at this disparagement of his countrymen, and he called on the gentleman to retract the calumny. The other refused, when Maguire threw his glove in his face. A meeting was immediately arranged, the parties to fight with swords until one was killed. They adjourned to an adjoining room, and placed four candles in it, one at each corner. Maguire stood on the defensive, to ascertain his adversary's mode of fighting, and received three slight wounds, from which the blood flowed copiously. He then made a "desperate display of skill," and, in a few seconds, ran his sword through the body of his adversary, who fell on the floor, bathed in blood. The gentleman's wound was bound up, and fortunately proved not to be mortal.

After this, Maguire is found engaged as principal or second in numerous "affairs of honour," up to the year 1812, when he published his Memoirs. These transactions were duly chronicled in the police office reports and newspapers of the day. In one of these "affairs," Captain Maguire writes to the friend of his antagonist, "I protest solemnly that I *will follow him all over the world until I make him explain.*"

But it would take a work in itself of considerable magnitude to record all the eccentricities, strange adventures, and vicissitudes in the life of Captain Bryan Maguire: I will not stop to narrate how he was shot through the lungs by an attorney, who, awkwardly enough, insisted on firing across a table, and how neither died, though both were dangerously wounded; nor will I record his frequent *rencontres* with bailiffs in their attempts to arrest him for debt; nor his extraordinary escapades when arrested and confined, as, for instance, his distilling alcohol in an old iron kettle (transformed by his ever-fertile genius and mechanical skill into a portable still), and his keeping his fellow prisoners in a perpetual round of inebriation, to the amazement of the unconscious governors, whose vigilance prevented the possibility of the smuggling into the prison of spirituous liquors. I must not, however, omit mention of his shooting practice at break of day, from the windows of his lodgings in St. Andrew's Street, Dublin, at the cross on the "Round Church;" or of his retreat from the officers of justice to the county of Wicklow, where, located in an old thatched cabin on the brink of a hill, he threw up a fortification of earthworks, and mounting an old brass field-piece, defied his enemies, while he levied voluntary contributions from the neighbouring farmers, who were rather pleased with his outlaw mode of life, acting as an independent chief among them in open defiance of the law.

The good citizens of Dublin will not fail to remember how in the evenings, about four o'clock, the Captain was to be seen bearded like a pard, promenading up and down Sackville Street, on the single flag path which

adorned the outer edge of the footway on the post office side, with a "huge Irish blackthorn" in hand, and how every person on his approach gave way and stepped aside upon the muddy footway.

These strange freaks, which in the present day would necessitate a lengthened visit to a prison or an asylum, were then viewed, among a certain class of Irish sporting gentlemen, as harmless eccentricities, and the amusements of an accomplished "fire-eater," in his lighter moments.

But eccentric follies and vain-glorious feats, sooner or later, must terminate. As time wore on, Captain Maguire became entangled in a heavy Chancery suit for his wife's fortune, which he never realized, and he became reduced, step by step, to the extreme of poverty, eking out a precarious subsistence from the casual contributions of a few friends. Writing to one of these on the 28th of May, 1830, he says, "I request to see you, without delay, if possible. My son George is dying. I am unable to go to you. I am served with notice by the landlord, and have neither house nor home to go to." His son George, a fine intelligent lad of twelve years old, did die, and the unfortunate parent, who, whatever may have been his faults and follies while in the heyday of youth, health, and prosperity, had at least the strongest natural feelings, would not part with the remains of his child, but embalmed the body with his own hands—for he had acquired a knowledge of the art in the East—and placed the case in his bed-room, where he kept it for some years. Writing again, in the month of February, 1831, about the Chancery suit, which made but slow progress, under the rules of pro-

cedure in those days, he observes, "It compels me at this season of the year, and the roads so bad, to send my son (Charles), ragged and nearly barefooted, to you with this. * * * Margaret died of starvation while the suit proceeded." And on the 27th of June, 1831, he writes again to the same party, "Nothing but the very deplorable state to which you have seen me reduced would make me trespass on you for the trifle I mentioned, to purchase some medicine to soften the dreadful cough I have—being shot through the lungs once—the cough may end fatally with me if it is not attended to. * * * I say from my heart may God defend every unfortunate mortal that is situated like yours, truly, B. B. Maguire."

When the news of the assassination of his elder brother was communicated to him, Bryan Maguire, the once dashing officer and dare devil, the chief of the proud lords of Fermanagh, was found in a large old-fashioned waste-house at Clontarf Sheds, denuded of every comfort. The room he occupied had for furniture neither drapery nor carpet, but a single deal table, a chair, and an old form. On the floor was a mattress of the poorest description, on which he lay, with barely any covering, day and night, for his wearing apparel was in pawn: his old gun and a brace of rusty pistols, last remnant of former days, hung over the chimney-piece, and the embalmed body of his eldest son still rested in a shell in a corner. His second and only remaining child, Charles Maguire, a fine strong enduring boy of fourteen years of age, a mere drudge and servant of all work to his father, was his sole companion. In the next year, 1835, Captain Maguire was ejected from this, his last

asylum, at the instance of one who had in better times professed himself his friend. The unfortunate man did not long survive his eviction, but died, a few months after, somewhere about Finglas, and not a stone marks where he sleeps in death. Charles Maguire, his last surviving son, remained with him to the last, and then went on board a merchant vessel as a common sailor. He was never heard of more.

# The Oglanders of Nunwell and of Normandy.

"Jussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
Sospite cursu."—HORACE.

NORMANDY! The very name has something pleasing and noble in its sound. That fair province of France possesses a double charm. Beautiful as a country, it is for us more beautiful still in those historic and genealogical memories, which attach it to England for ever. "Omnes boni nobilitati favemus," and certes, all within these realms who show such favour, must mingle with it a feeling of filial reverence for Normandy. The Norman spirit and energy, joined to Saxon industry and perseverance, made the whole British people what they are. No less truly, the Norman love of race grafting itself on the Saxon love of land, created that combined pride of birth and tenacity of estate, which formed our higher classes into a nobility that, whether titled or untitled, has not, for conduct, cogency, and cohesiveness, had its equal in the world. Yet Normandy, itself, after parting with the host of adventurers who crossed over to found such mighty names and mighty houses in England, has not, in very many instances, preserved the original stems from which those adventurers came; and this for the simple reason that most of those stems were

not at the time of the Conquest of much import in the mother country, though the offshoots from them grew into such goodly trees in the country to which they were transplanted. Even with regard to those Norman families who were of standing and power in Normandy, when their sons sought their fortunes in England under William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, few have survived the havoc that changes of dynasty and revolution have caused in France, and consequently few have brought their existence, much less their position and prosperity, through intervening centuries, down to the present day. Among the rare exceptions to this state of things, a very remarkable instance occurs in the very ancient family of Oglander or Orglandes, which was a goodly Norman race when William won England at Hastings, and which same race now flourishes in undiminished credit, both on Norman and on British soil.

In the Isle of Wight, about one mile from Brading, and about four miles from Ryde, stand on an eminence the beautiful house and grounds of Nunwell, whence the spectator has beneath him a glorious panorama of the whole island, and a fine view also into the mainland. Nunwell is the seat of Sir Henry Oglander, Bart., and has been the chief residence of the English Oglanders for close upon 800 years.

In the lovely department of the Orne, in Lower Normandy, nigh to Bellême, is the old Château of Lonné, the seat of the present Count d'Orglandes, the representative of a house which has held its Norman lands from times beyond the memory of man.

I will, with the reader's permission, take a glance at

the descent of either Oglander, French or English. To begin with that of the Baronet of the Isle of Wight.

Sir Henry Oglander's immediate ancestor came from Caen, a fit town to inaugurate so lengthy and so honourable a pedigree. Caen, indeed, has this in common with the Oglander race, that, among the cities of Europe, it is one of those which have, perhaps, had the most sustained duration. It has constantly borne, through ages to the present time, a combined reputation for profound learning, historic celebrity, and architectural splendour.

"Caen," says M. Trebutien, in his elegant preface to his history of the place, "was the city of William the Conqueror's predilection, and he left upon it the mark of his strong hand—the eternal impression of his power and his greatness. No other town, probably, is so rich in noble memories, nor, as has been said, sums up better the national and Christian past of France. Architecture, science, arms,—a large share of this triple glory of our country has fallen to Caen."

From such a city, then, whose churches, schools, monuments, and very streets, preserve at this hour their pristine vigour and grace, it well became an Oglander to issue when about to found a line that eight hundred years have left unscathed. This Oglander, the ancestor of the present Sir Henry, was Richard de Okelander, who left his native Caen to act in England as a Marshal of the Conqueror. Richard de Okelander, intent on rendering essential services in promoting the conquest, went, by William's leave, with William FitzOsborne, in his rank of Marshal, on an expedition against the Isle of Wight. Having effected the reduction of that island

he settled there at Nunwell; and there his successors, in an uninterrupted male line to the present period, have had their principal abode. In proof of this, and particularly of their doings during the reigns of Kings Henry III., Edward I., and Edward II., several deeds, inquisitions, records, and documents can be adduced. From this Richard came Robert Oglander, who died in the 30th year of Henry III., having married Roberta, daughter of Sir Theobald Russell, of Yaverland, Knight, ancestor of the Duke of Bedford, and from Robert descended Sir John Oglander, Deputy-Governor of Portsmouth, in 1620; and in 1624, Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight. Sir John was a stanch cavalier, and during the disastrous Civil War, suffered much from his zealous attachment to the royal cause, both in person and fortune. He was confined for some years in London by the Committee of the Commons, and was obliged to pay a large sum to procure his discharge. He married Frances, daughter of Sir George More, of Losely, in the county of Surrey, Knight, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. Sir John's son and successor, Sir William Oglander, Knight, of Nunwell, was even a more distinguished cavalier than his father. He was knighted by the hand of King Charles I.; he sat as Member of Parliament for Newport in 1664; and he was also Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight. The good service he did to royalty on the field and in the senate, was rewarded at the Restoration. In memory of his father's and his own fidelity, he was created a Baronet the 12th December, 1665. The wonted good fortune of Sir William's house was, however, for a time marred by the ill-luck of the only one of his daughters who mar-

ried. This lady, Dorothy Oglander, took for husband Sir Hugh Middleton, of Hackney, who was created a Baronet in 1681, as an honour paid to the memory of his grandfather of New River celebrity. He did not, however, inherit that grandsire's prudence, or love of water, for he was a spendthrift and a drunkard. After much misery, his wife fled from him with her only child, a daughter, and eventually obtained a divorce by Act of Parliament. Sir Hugh himself sunk to the very depths of degradation, and is believed to have died a pauper at Kemberton, in Shropshire, under the assumed name of William Raymond. With him ended the last titled descendant of that famous Sir Hugh Middleton, whose New River scheme commencing at Islington, benefited all London, and whose statue, very properly situate above a fountain, now adorns the merrie town of Islington itself. But to return to the Oglanders. Sir William Oglander's grandson, Sir William Oglander, the third Baronet, added another estate to the family possessions, by marrying Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Strode, Knight, of Parnham, in Dorsetshire (by his second wife, Anne, Lady Poulet, relict of John, Lord Poulet, of Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, and daughter of Sir Thomas Browne, of Walcot, in Northamptonshire, Bart.). Through this alliance, the Oglanders now own the fine seat of Parnham, near Beaminster. Sir William, the third Baronet's granddaughter, Susannah, was the wife of the well-known John Glynn, Serjeant-at-law, Recorder of London, and M.P. for Middlesex; Sir William's great grandson, whose mother was a daughter of the ducal house of Grafton, is Sir Henry Oglander, the seventh

Baronet, and the present worthy head and representative of the Oglanders of Nunwell.

A few words now upon the Norman Oglanders, or D'Orglandes, as they are called in France. They, of course, are the main stem of the family, and they boast of even more than a Norman descent; for they say that before their coming to Normandy they had lands and station in Norway. The word Oglander supports this; for "Og" is a well-known Norwegian proper name, and "lander," attached to it, infers the possession of a fief or domain. I need not here enter into the long details of the Norman pedigree. Suffice it to say that, in all ages, the Orglandes were of honourable, and frequently of historic note in France. Their arms are placed in the Crusaders' Hall in the palace of Versailles. Foulques d'Orglandes, in the time of the Crusades, was a brave and active soldier of the Cross. The Orglandes were Barons and Counts of Briouze, a hamlet in the department of the Orne, not far from the famous battle field of Tinchebrai, where Robert of Normandy forfeited his liberty and his dukedom to his brother, Henry I. Antony, first Count de Briouze, was a stanch and valiant supporter of the League; and he and his brothers, the Seigneurs of D'Anvers and Plain Marais, held the town of Avranches in a long and memorable siege, in 1590, against the Duke of Montpensier. Nicolas, Count de Briouze, was a distinguished soldier in the beginning of the last century; and his great-grandson was a person of such rare merit that he deserves even here a more than passing notice. This was the late Count D'Orglandes and De Briouze, Nicolas-Francis-Camille-Dominique, whose memory is held in high esteem in Normandy, and whose

biography has been recently written with much grace and spirit by a brother Norman noble, the late Count De Beaurepaire, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary from France at Madrid. Nicolas, Count D'Orglandes, it appears, attained a high public reputation during the stormy periods of the Revolution, Empire, and Restoration in France. Like the Oglanders of England, in the Civil War, he was a stanch royalist: he showed his courage by standing firm to the King, and never emigrating, even amid the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The Count was engaged in one remarkable plot, viz., that which was formed to rescue Louis XVI. on his way to the scaffold. The Count had his Château of Briouze burnt by the rabble. He, on the return of the Bourbons, represented the Department of the Orne, in the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1823 he was made a Peer of France. He was also a Gentleman of the Chamber to Louis XVIII. and Charles X. M. D'Orglandes died at Paris, in his ninety-first year, on the 14th April, 1857. He left an only son, his successor, and three daughters, of whom the eldest, by her marriage with Louis, Count De Chateaubriand, has allied the Oglanders to the head of one of the most illustrious families in France—illustrious indeed by descent, but made far more so by Count Louis's uncle, François-Réné, Viscount De Chateaubriand, that great and good statesman, and brilliant orator and writer—the Edmund Burke of France. Chateaubriand's career of honour, of loyalty, and of devotion to constitutional freedom, and his admirable works will no doubt be fully appreciated by posterity, not only in his native country, but everywhere where

the purity and chivalry of Christianity have civilized the world.

Nicholas, Count D'Orglandes' only son, Armand Gustavus Camille, is the present Count D'Orglandes, and, seated at his Château de Lonné, near Bellême, represents this ancient family, which, as I have thus shown, has been so singularly preserved both in England and in France.

I should also remark, that the name Orglandes, though not on the roll of Battle Abbey, appears on the roll of the companions of the Conqueror, recently placed in the church of Dives, in Normandy.

It should be observed that the roll at Dives differs from that of Battle Abbey, as the latter is the roll made of those who actually fought at Hastings; and the former is the roll of those who assembled for the expedition, and were otherwise engaged in furthering the conquest of England. The name of Orglande or Oglander, as we have said, is among the names enregistered, but it appears at the end of the roll in a kind of supplement to it, showing, no doubt what was the fact, that Oglander, or Okelander came from Caen after the victory of Hastings, and furthered the Conqueror's interest by some subsequent act, such as subduing the Isle of Wight.

## The Discovery.

"... Where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

BURNS.

THERE is great insecurity in the preservation and production of Wills, prior to their reaching official custody. Under the present system, the only chance, in many instances, of their appearance in due course, is the honesty of those who keep or find them. Let us suppose a case:—A person writes on a loose sheet of paper, with due attestation, the disposition of his property; and, with that feeling of secrecy which very often accompanies the making of a Will, places it carefully away in some out of the way corner, drawer, or press, tied up possibly in a bundle of old leases, or concealed in the middle of a packet of letters. At his death, the usual search is made, but the important document is not forthcoming, and the heir-at-law takes possession. Years elapse; the new proprietor improves the estate, and establishes himself and his family, and, probably, contracts liabilities on the strength of it. Suddenly, on examining waste papers, or, perchance, in making alterations in his house or furniture, he stumbles on the long-

hidden Will of his predecessor, conveying every shilling, every acre he has, to another! Horror-stricken at the discovery, he hesitates what he should do. An honest man, "uncaring consequences," decides on immediate restitution: but one cannot help imagining a different sequel to the story. The fatal sheet of paper may be consigned to the fire that is temptingly at hand, and the rightful owner robbed for ever of his inheritance.

Again, when an heir-at-law succeeds a distant kinsman, he is kept for years after in perpetual anxiety lest a Will may turn up or be concocted.

Independently of these cases, there is still another danger: in most instances a Will is made by the family solicitor, and is placed in his hands, for years, probably, before the death of the testator. Safe custody and due production depend here again on the honesty and care of the actual holders, though it must be added, to the honour of the legal profession, that, as a general rule, the trust imposed on them is faithfully fulfilled.

Surely this state of insecurity in the custody of Wills ought not be. A remedy at once suggests itself, which I venture to propose. An Act of Parliament should require that every Will, to be valid and operative, should be deposited within six months after its execution in a public department, such as the Court of Probate, or other court, appointed for the express purpose. The allowance of time, six months, would provide for a last illness. The testamentary document, when lodged, might be in a sealed cover, which should not be opened until after the death of the testator. Of course, if several Wills of the same person were deposited, the latest in date would, as now, supersede the others.

In the case of an heir-at-law gaining possession, a search at this Will Office, or Depository of Wills, would at once ascertain whether or not there was any Will in existence of the last proprietor.

Can any reasonable argument be adduced to prove that this official custody, above all suspicion, and all danger of carelessness, fraud, or influence, is not far and a way better, safer, and more conducive to the public weal, than that dependent on the secret concealment of a testator, the honesty of a discoverer, or the integrity of a professional agent? People seem to forget how important, how vital, are the interests involved in this question of the custody of Wills.

Bad, however, as the custody of a Will is with us, it is infinitely worse in France, where the sole place of deposit before and *after* the testator's death, is the bureau of the notary who prepares the document. The French record system is, in all other respects, most admirable: the "Palais des Archives" in Paris is the model of what record offices should be, and in each Department of France, there is a repository of records under a trained archivist.

A year or two ago I examined the Record Depository at Caen, in Normandy, in the charge of M. Eugène Chatel, and, if we may take that as a fair specimen of provincial record offices in France, I cannot conceive a better system. The learning of the archivist and the intelligence of the scholar and historian had combined to produce an admirable classification, and an easy and direct mode of reference. Is it not then surprising that the only documents, the custody of which is lax, are those very documents of all others the most important,

the Wills of the country? The French archivists feel and deeply lament the want of a suitable place of official deposit.

With us, the Legislature has been evidently anxious on the subject. In the Probates Act, of 1857, there is a clause requiring that "a depository should be provided under the control and directions of the Court of Probate for all such Wills of living persons as shall be deposited therein for safe custody," and further suggesting that living persons should therein deposit their Wills, but this enactment has proved of no practical value, and is, I believe, a dead letter. No depository has been provided, no regulations made, and nothing really done in the matter. To effect the desired object the Act of Parliament must be *compulsive* not simply *permissive;* a Will must be rendered inoperative that is not lodged in due course in official custody.

With these few observations on a point of considerable public and private importance, and in corroboration of my assertion that an official place of deposit for Wills of living persons is most desirable, I will proceed with my story, the facts of which are within my own personal knowledge:—

PETER WARREN LOCKE, Esq., of Athgoe Park, co. Dublin, claimed descent from an ancient family—the Warrens of Athgoe—who are stated by tradition to have been there seated from the time of Strongbow. Mr. Locke had three sisters, of whom Mrs. Skerrett, of the co. Galway, and Mrs. O'Carroll, of the co. Limerick, were widows at the time of his death.

Of Mr. Locke little is known except that he was a gentleman of retired habits, spending his time on his estate at Athgoe, and taking pleasure in improving and beautifying it. Late in life, he married Margaret, sister of the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., but by that lady had no issue. Previously, however, he had had an illegitimate son and an illegitimate daughter, to each of whom he gave a good education. At the time of Mr. Locke's decease about the year 1832, the son was dead, but the daughter was living. Almost immediately after, an attempt was made to gain probate for a pretended Will of the deceased, but after a legal investigation, the Court of Prerogative rejected it, and granted administration, as in a case of intestacy, to Mr. Locke's sisters and co-heiresses. Thereupon Athgoe Park devolved on the eldest of those ladies, Mrs. Skerrett, and the estate of Castleknock and Blanchardstown, worth £2,000 a year, besides other property, was divided between her and her sister, Mrs. O'Carroll. Mrs. O'Carroll had two sons and a daughter. John O'Carroll, the second son, was appointed agent to the estate, and the daughter married Carrol Patrick Naish, Esq., of Ballycullen, co. Limerick. The eldest son, Redmond O'Carroll, after obtaining honours at Trinity College, Dublin, had become a barrister, but had little or no practice; he married Mary Goold, niece of Sir George Goold, Bart., and resided for some time in Great Charles Street, Dublin.

Mrs. Skerrett and her sister entered on the full enjoyment of the property, kept adequate establishments, and, as the acknowledged heiresses of the Lockes of Athgoe, took up their position in society.

Miss Locke, the natural daughter of Mr. Locke, was invited to Athgoe Park, and, out of regard for their deceased brother, a settlement was made upon her.

Matters had gone on smoothly at Athgoe for some time when an apparently trivial circumstance occurred to disturb them.

A tenant on the Castleknock estate did not pay his rent, and it became necessary to look at the powers of his lease. Mr. Redmond O'Carroll, the barrister son, went to Athgoe Park for that purpose, feeling very certain that either the original or a copy would be found among the family papers. For some time the quest was in vain, but a "mouldering chest" at the head of the stairs was remembered, and in this was discovered a bundle of leases long forgotten. Mr. Redmond O'Carroll took these to his house in Great Charles Street, in order to have a thorough search for the lease required. Sitting in his study that evening and going through the different documents, a paper casually fell out of the bundle. He took it up off the rug and was about to restore it to the packet, or to commit it to the fire as worthless rubbish, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, he found it was his uncle, Mr. Locke's, Will, made some years previously, during the lifetime of his natural son. To that son it bequeathed all his estates and property, and, in the event of the son's demise, it gave everything to the natural daughter, Miss Locke.

And now comes a very remarkable example of honour and integrity. For a moment, Redmond O'Carroll might have been staggered: for a moment the remembrance of his wife and little children rendered utterly destitute

may have crossed his mind, for a moment all the horror of the future may have appeared to him; but there was no hesitation, no sophistry, no false reasoning. It was a case of "duty's unerring light"—a case in which high principle rendered its possessor strong against the temptation to swerve from rectitude, presented by the fortuitous opportunity of securing a considerable estate by the suppression of a bit of paper, which no one was aware of, and which no one would have missed. The Will he knew was the Will of his uncle, who had full power over the property, and, however unjust that Will might be, diverting from the family their ancient inheritance, one act of duty only remained for the unfortunate man to perform, and that act he nobly and promptly did. Debarring side pretences, and guided solely by his own sense of right, Redmond O'Carroll, without a thought of ignoring or destroying the fatal document, placed it safely in his coat pocket, tied up the bundle of leases, and, calling a cab, drove off on the instant to the eminent counsel, Sir Michael O'Loghlen. Having ascertained from Sir Michael that the Will was perfectly correct according to law, he forthwith proceeded to Athgoe Park, where he handed over to Miss Locke's own safe custody the important paper, which deprived him of the succession to a considerable property.

The next morning, Miss Locke went to Dublin, applied to a solicitor, and placed the matter in his hands. The agency was taken from Redmond's brother, John O'Carroll, who thus lost his only source of income; [illegible]d possession of the whole property, obtained by the [illegible]ntary resignation of Mrs. Skerrett and Mrs. O'Car-

roll. Not long after, Miss Locke married a Dublin solicitor, and to his debts and extravagance the greater part of her fortune was sacrificed.

Redmond O'Carroll when he gave up the Will had no means of supporting himself, his wife and children, but he preferred the repose of a clear conscience, "*Mens sui conscia recti*," and the performance of a stern act of duty to wealth and position dishonourably gained. As a means of eking out a livelihood, he let the upper part of his house in lodgings, and the Commissioners of National Education, in admiration of his conduct, made him, at the suggestion of the late Archbishops Whately and Murray, their law adviser, at a salary of £100 a year. But he was not of that apathetic, easy nature, that could assort itself with the altered state of things. He spoke not of his disappointment, he kept his feelings in his own breast, and he died within a brief space, possibly of a broken heart.

His wife, the sharer of his sentiments, and of his ruined fortunes, was not unworthy of the husband she had lost. She resolved to earn her own bread, and now after many years of hard struggling, is the respected matron of the Grangegorman Prison, Dublin. Of her two sons, poor Redmond O'Carroll's only children, one is a Jesuit priest, and the other a barrister, has lately joined the Oratoriens at Brompton.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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